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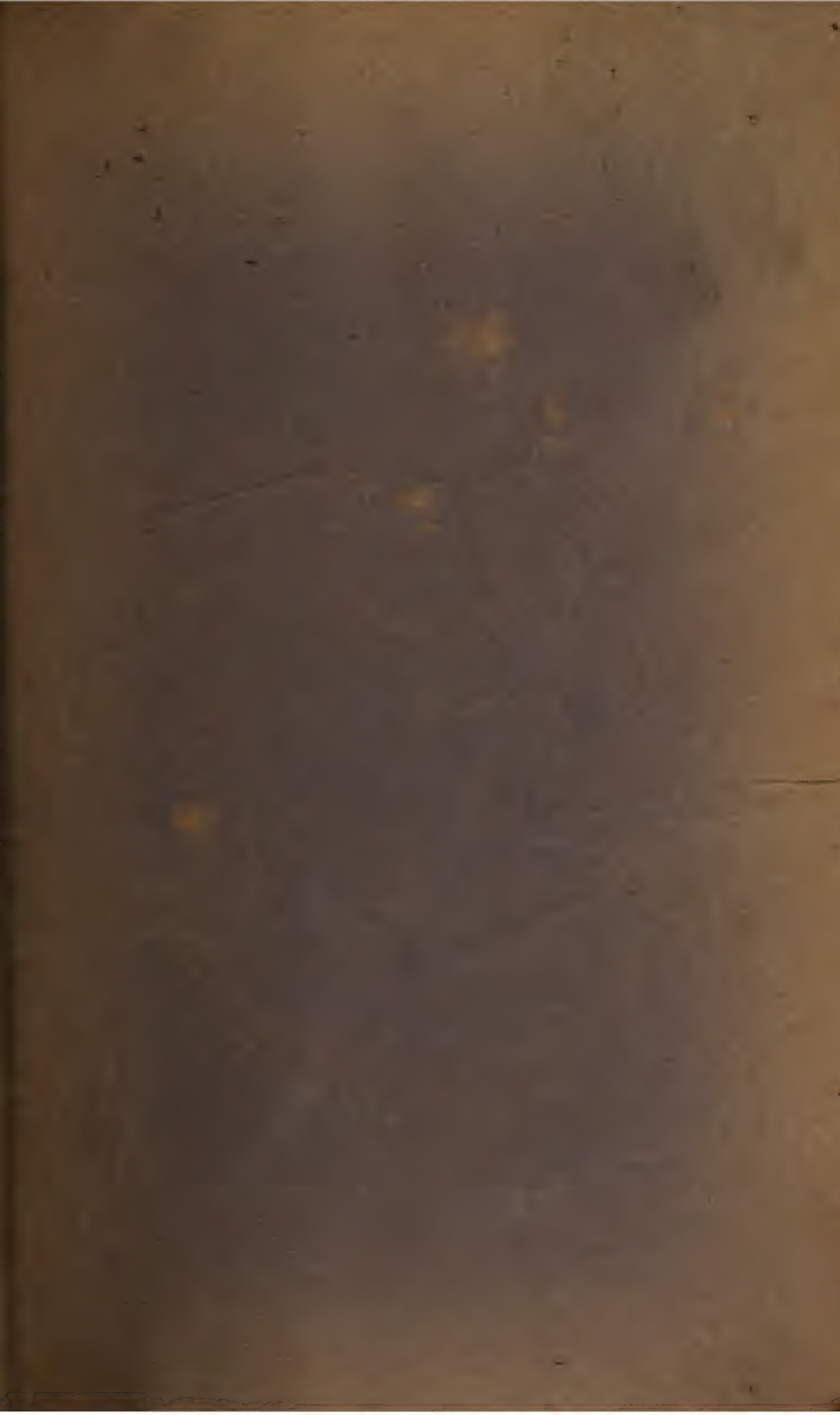
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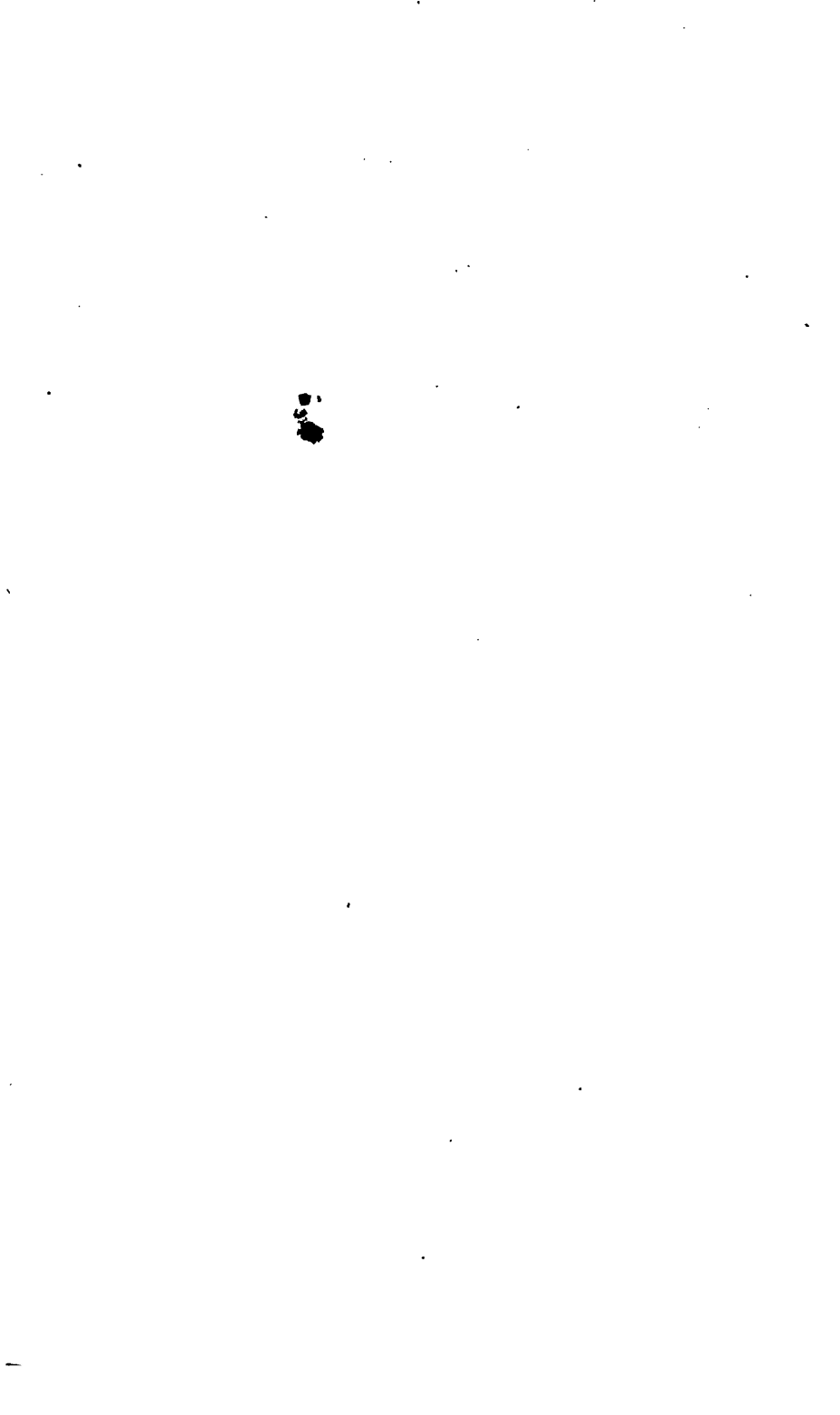
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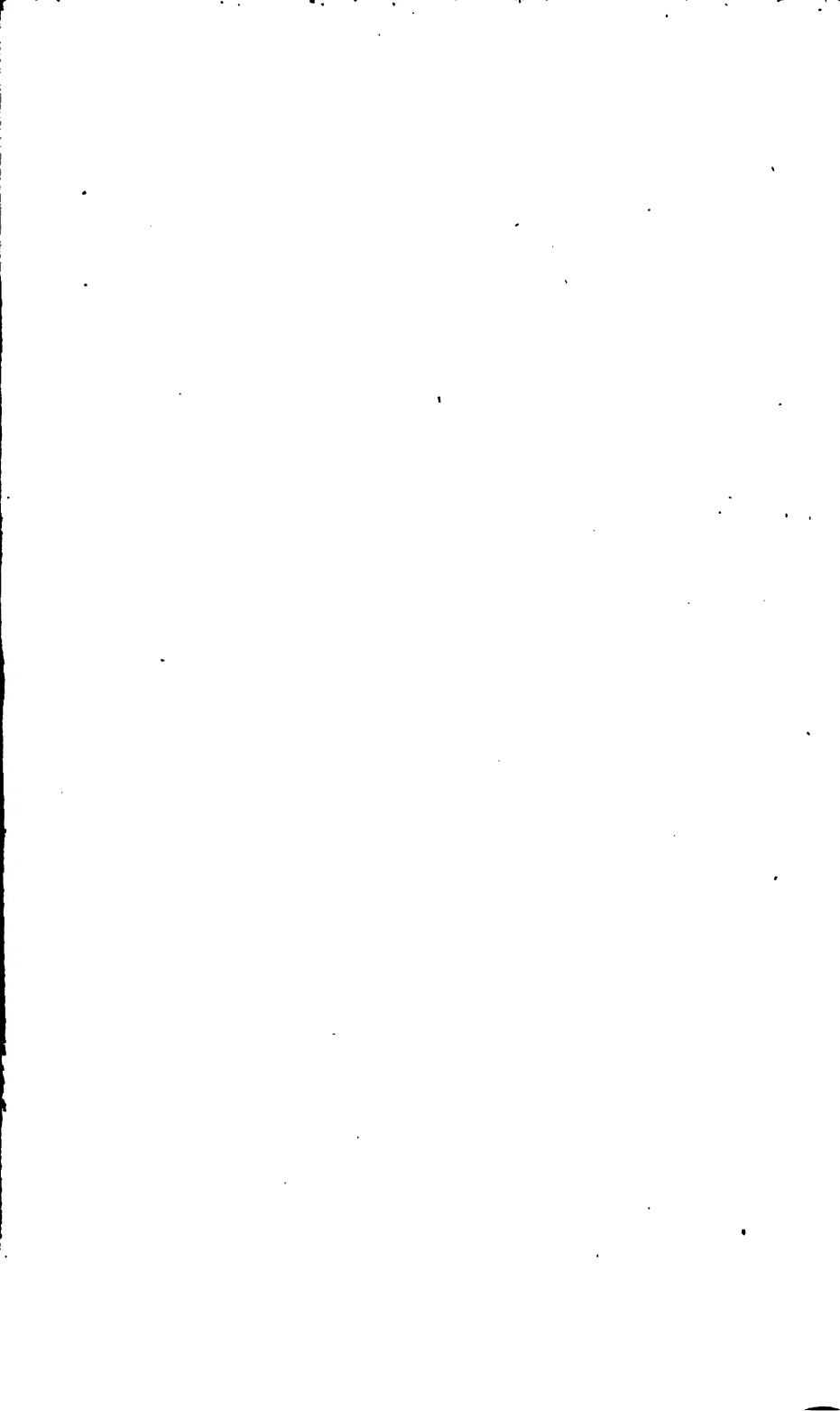
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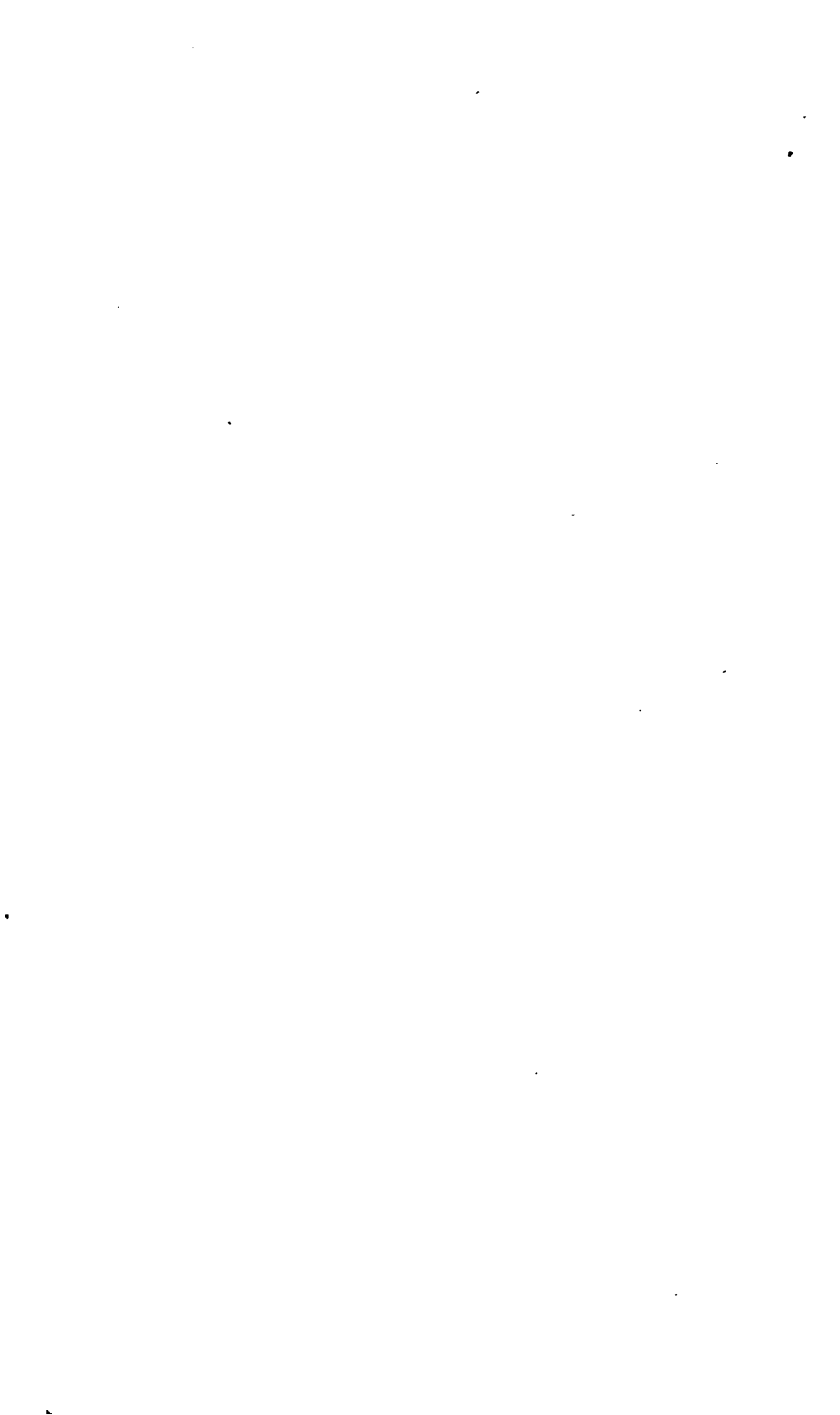
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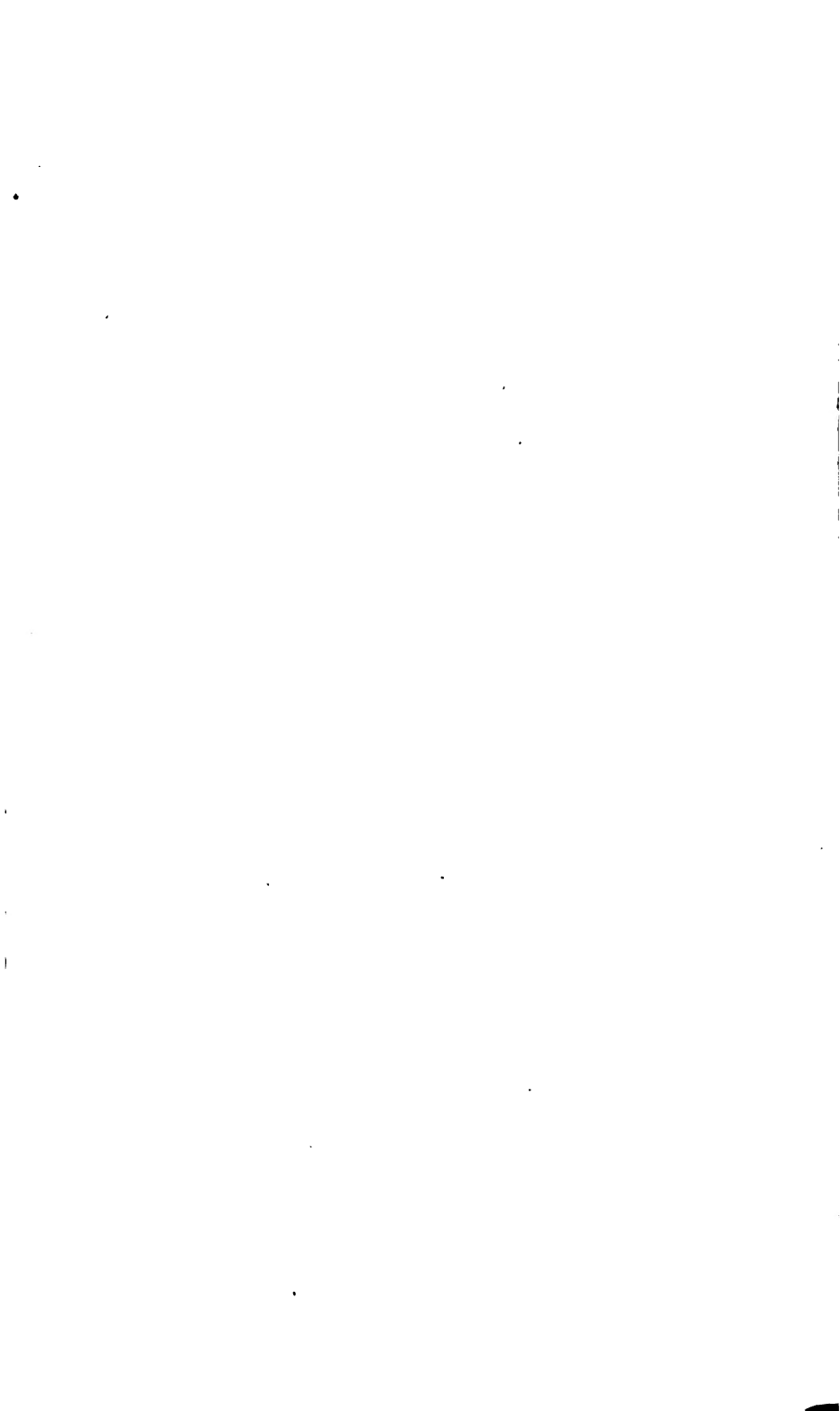














THE
MONTHLY REVIEW,

FROM

JANUARY TO APRIL INCLUSIVE.

1836.

VOL. I.

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ERRATUM.

In the first page of this number, line 5 from top, after "*prospects of this*," add the word "*country*."

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1836.

ART I.—*Pencillings by the Way*. By N. P. WILLIS, Esq. Author of "Melanie," the "Slingsby" Papers, &c. London: Macrone. 1835.

To those of our readers who may not be aware of the notoriety which these *Pencillings* have obtained, in consequence of the merciless manner in which the *Quarterly Review* visited them, before they were formally published in this country, part of the author's preface will furnish considerable information. "During several years' residence in Continental and Eastern countries, I have had opportunities (as *attaché* to a foreign legation) of seeing phases of society and manners not usually described in books of travel. Having been editor, before leaving the United States, of a *Monthly Review*, I found it both profitable and agreeable to continue my interest in the periodical in which that *Review* was merged at my departure, by a miscellaneous correspondence. Foreign courts, distinguished men, royal entertainments, &c. &c.—matters which were likely to interest American readers more particularly—have been in turn my themes. The distance of America from these countries, and the ephemeral nature and usual obscurity of periodical correspondence, were a sufficient warrant to my mind that my descriptions would die where they first saw the light, and fulfil only the trifling destiny for which they were intended. I indulged myself, therefore, in a freedom of detail and topic which is usual only in posthumous memoirs—expecting as soon that they would be read in the countries and by the persons described, as the biographer of Byron and Sheridan, that these fruitful and unconscious themes would rise from the dead to read their own interesting memoirs. And such a resurrection would hardly be a more disagreeable surprise to that eminent biographer, than was the sudden appearance to me of my own unambitious letters in the *Quarterly*."

This explanation certainly ought to soften our censure of the author's conduct in publishing detailed conversations heard during those confidential moments, when he was the object of unbounded hospitality, as described by himself, in the various countries which he visited, where his status, and no doubt his talents, were a universal passport to the best society. In this edition he has also

expunged some of the most offensive passages as they at first appeared in America, though we are surprised to find that such statements as contain Moore's alleged opinions regarding O'Connell have not been withdrawn, which it was extremely unjustifiable ever to publish—nothing being more likely to injure the character and exasperate the feelings of parties than such a practice. It betrays a sort of cowardly treachery, of which the public should be sensitively jealous; nor is the example which Mr. Willis has afforded, likely in future to benefit his countrymen, when similarly situated with himself, at the time these *Pencillings* were written. Not that he is the reverse of a flatterer, for he is almost uniformly the most courteous panegyrist that we ever met with. He is always, when speaking of domestic scenes, amid sunshine, and gives his sketches all the high colouring which a young bridegroom might be expected to bestow upon the character of his wedding guests. Still, when even besmearing his subjects with extravagant praise, and sometimes dealing out a measure of adulation that must be sickening to every one of his sober-minded themes, we feel that there is often such a breach of delicacy in his manner, as should for ever make him shy of encountering their presence; and by this criterion, the offences that he has committed may be best estimated.

Leaving out of view, however, the question of impropriety as regards the practice of making private life and confidential conversations the subject of publication, these *Pencillings* are exceedingly clever, spirited, and elegant. To Englishmen, the last volume is particularly interesting, because a number of the most celebrated scenes and characters of the country are therein described. This volume, therefore, will obtain our chief attention. The very first of his letters, however, which is descriptive of cholera, rioting, and the *Hôtel Dieu* in Paris, will furnish us with a favourable specimen of his talent and attractions as a writer.

"I waited, perhaps, ten minutes more for my friend. In the whole time that I had been there, ten litters, bearing the sick, had entered the *Hôtel Dieu*. As I exhibited the borrowed diploma, the eleventh arrived, and with it a young man, whose violent and uncontrolled grief worked so far on the soldier at the door, that he allowed him to pass. I followed the bearers up to the ward, interested exceedingly to see the patient, and desirous to observe the first treatment and manner of reception. They wound slowly up the staircase to the upper story, and entered the female department—a long, low room, containing near a hundred beds, placed in alleys scarce two feet from each other: nearly all were occupied, and those which were empty, my friend told me, were vacated by deaths yesterday. They set down the litter by the side of a narrow cot with coarse but clean sheets, and a *Sœur de Charité*, with a white cap and a cross at her girdle, came and took off the canopy. A young woman of apparently twenty-five was beneath, absolutely convulsed with agony. Her eyes were started from the sockets, her mouth foamed, and her face was of a frightful, livid purple. I never saw so horrible a sight. She had been taken in perfect health only three hours before, but her features looked to me marked with a year of pain. The first attempt to lift her produced

violent vomiting, and I thought she must die instantly. They covered her up in bed, and leaving the man who came with her hanging over her with the moan of one deprived of his senses, they went to receive others who were entering in the same manner. I inquired of my friend how soon she would be attended to. He said, 'possibly in an hour, as the physician was just commencing his rounds.' An hour after, I passed the bed of this poor woman, and she had not yet been visited. Her husband answered my question with a choking voice and a flood of tears.

"I passed down the ward, and found nineteen or twenty in the last agonies of death. They lay quite still, and seemed benumbed. I felt the limbs of several, and found them quite cold. The stomach only had a little warmth. Now and then a half groan escaped those who seemed the strongest, but with the exception of the universally open mouth and up-turned ghastly eye, there were no signs of much suffering. I found two who must have been dead half an hour undiscovered by the attendants. One of them was an old woman, quite gray, with a very bad expression of face, who was perfectly cold—lips, limbs, body and all. The other was younger, and seemed to have died in pain. Her eyes looked as if they had been forced half out of the sockets, and her skin was of the most livid and deathly purple. The woman in the next bed told me she had died since the *Sœur de Charité* had been there. It is horrible to think how these poor creatures may suffer in the very midst of the provisions that are made professedly for their relief. I asked why a simple prescription of treatment might not be drawn up by the physician, and administered by the numerous medical students who were in Paris, that as few as possible might suffer from delay. 'Because,' said my companion, 'the chief physicians must do every thing personally to study the complaint.' And so, I verily believe, more human lives are sacrificed in waiting for experiments than ever will be saved by the results. My blood boiled from the beginning to the end of this melancholy visit.

"I wandered about alone among the beds till my heart was sick, and I could bear it no longer, and then rejoined my friend, who was in the train of one of the physicians making the rounds. One would think a dying person should be treated with kindness. I never saw a rougher or more heartless manner than that of the celebrated Dr — at the bedsides of these poor creatures. A harsh question, a rude pulling open of the mouth to look at the tongue, a sentence or two of unsuppressed comment to the students on the progress of the disease, and the train passed on. If discouragement and despair are not medicines, I should think the visits of such physicians were of little avail. The wretched sufferers turned away their heads after he had gone, in every instance that I saw, with an expression of visibly increased distress. Several of them refused to answer his questions altogether.

"On reaching the bottom of the Salle St. Monique, one of the male wards, I heard loud voices and laughter. I had heard much more groaning and complaining in passing among the men, and the horrible discordance struck me as something infernal. It proceeded from one of the sides to which the patients had been removed who were recovering. The most successful treatment had been found to be punch—very strong, with but little acid; and being permitted to drink as much as they would, they had become partially intoxicated. It was a fiendish sight positively. They were sitting up, and reaching from one bed to the other, and with their

still pallid faces and blue lips, and the hospital dress of white, they looked like so many carousing corpses. I turned away from them in horror."—*v. ol. i, pp. 8—13.*

The moment he set foot on English ground, the author finds so many comforts and pleasureable subjects, that he seems to have been at a loss where to begin with his eulogy. The waiters in the Ship Hotel at Dover, made him feel like being waited on by gentlemen. The rich Turkey carpet in the coffee-room fitted so snugly—the mahogany tables were so nicely rubbed—there were bell-ropes that *would* ring the bell—doors that *would* shut—a landlady that spoke English, &c. that altogether a greater contrast to what is to be seen in similar places on the continent, could scarcely be imagined. He found Englishmen the most open-hearted and social people in the world, and yet they are ever saying of themselves that they are just the contrary. In the course of an hour, though there were a number of persons in the room, almost every one of them had addressed to him some remark provocative of conversation. The next morning, when the coach rattled up to the door, and while the servants were putting on his way-worn baggage, he stood looking in admiration at the carriage and horses. They were four beautiful bays, their coats shining like a racer's. The coach was admirably built, and though it would carry twelve or fourteen people, it covered less ground than a French one-horse cabriolet. He mounted to the top, and at the announcement of the ostler, "all right," away shot the four fine creatures, turning their small ears, and stepping together with the ease of a cat, at ten miles in the hour. "The driver was dressed like a Broadway idler, and sat in his place, and held his 'ribands' and his tandem-whip with a confident air of superiority, as if he were quite convinced that he and his team were beyond criticism—and so they were."

Now, all this, and much more to the same tune, is not only strikingly descriptive, but just that which we like to see a stranger have an eye for. Then, England is "all one garden," between Dover and London, and scarcely is there a cottage, in these seventy miles, "where a poet might not be happy to live."

"From the top of Shooter's Hill we got our first view of London—an indistinct, architectural mass, extending all round to the horizon, and half enveloped in a dim and lurid smoke. 'That is St. Paul's!—there is Westminster Abbey!—there is the Tower!' What directions were these to follow for the first time with the eye!

"From Blackheath, (seven or eight miles from the centre of London), the beautiful hedges disappeared, and it was one continued mass of buildings. The houses were amazingly small, a kind of thing that would do for an object in an imitation perspective park; but the soul of neatness pervaded them. Trellises were nailed between the little windows, roses quite overshadowed the low doors, a painted fence enclosed the hand's-breadth of grass-plot, and very, oh, *very* sweet faces bent over lapsful of

work beneath the snowy and looped-up curtains. It was all home-like and amiable. There was an *affectionateness* in the mere outside of every one of them.

"After crossing Waterloo Bridge, it was busy work for the eyes. The brilliant shops, the dense crowds of people, the absorbed air of every passenger, the lovely women, the cries, the flying vehicles of every description, passing with the most dangerous speed—accustomed as I am to large cities, it quite made me giddy. We got into a 'jarvey' at the coach-office, and in half an hour I was in comfortable quarters, with windows looking down St. James's-street, and the most interesting leaf of my life to turn over. 'Great emotions interfere little with the mechanical operations of life,' however, and I dressed and dined, though it was my first hour in London.

"I was sitting in this little parlour alone over a fried sole and a mutton cutlet, when the waiter came in, and pleading the crowded state of the hotel, asked my permission to spread the other side of the table for a clergyman. I have a kindly preference for the cloth, and made not the slightest objection. Enter a fat man, with top-boots and a hunting-whip, rosy as Bacchus, and excessively out of breath with mounting one flight of stairs. Beefsteak and potatoes, a pot of porter, and a bottle of sherry followed close on his heels. With a single apology for the intrusion, the reverend gentleman fell to, and we ate and drank for a while in true English silence.

"'From Oxford, sir, I presume?' he said at last, pushing back his plate, with an air of satisfaction.

"'No, I had never the pleasure of seeing Oxford.'

"'R—e—ally! may I take a glass of wine with you, sir?'

"'We got on swimmingly. He would not believe I had never been in England till the day before, but his cordiality was no colder for that. We exchanged port and sherry, and a most amicable understanding found its way down with the wine. Our table was near the window, and a great crowd began to collect at the corner of St. James's-street. It was the king's birth-day, and the people were thronging to see the carriages come in state from the royal *levée*. The show was less splendid than the same thing in Rome or Vienna, but it excited far more of my admiration. Gaudiness and tinsel were exchanged for plain richness and perfect fitness in the carriages and harness, while the horses were incomparably finer. My friend pointed out to me the different liveries as they turned the corner into Piccadilly—the Duke of Wellington's among others. I looked hard to see his Grace; but the two pale and beautiful faces on the back-seat carried nothing like the military nose on the handles of the umbrellas.

"The annual procession of mail-coaches followed, and it was hardly less brilliant. The drivers and guards in their bright red and gold uniforms; the admirable horses driven so beautifully; the neat harness; the exactness with which the room of each horse was calculated, and the small space in which he worked, and the compactness and contrivance of the coaches, formed altogether one of the most interesting spectacles I have ever seen. My friend, the clergyman, with whom I had walked out to see them pass, criticised the different teams *con amore*, but in language which I did not always understand. I asked him once for an explanation; but he looked rather grave, and said something about 'gammon,' evidently quite sure that my ignorance of London was a mere quiz.

"We walked down Piccadilly, and turned into, beyond all comparison, the handsomest street I ever saw. The Toledo of Naples; the Corso of Rome, the Kohl-market of Vienna; the Rue de la Paix and Boulevards of Paris, have each impressed me strongly with their magnificence, but they are really nothing to Regent Street. I had merely time to get a glance at it before dark; but for breadth and convenience, for the elegance and variety of the buildings—though all of the same scale and material—and for the brilliancy and expensiveness of the shops, it seemed to me quite absurd to compare it with any thing between New York and Constantinople—Broadway and the Hippodrome included."—vol. iii, pp. 68—73.

No one can quarrel with this complimentary style, and seldom is he less laudatory. Then why find fault? Let us proceed a little farther. He had a letter of introduction to Lady B—— (Blessington), whose personal conversation and house put the author in raptures. Next evening he visited her again, and meets one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," a hale, handsome man, apparently fifty. On the opposite side of Lady B—— stood Henry B——, the brother of the novelist. "I liked him at the first glance." Others are named and lauded, and though in a strange land, he thanked Heaven that his mother tongue was the language of its men of genius. Another occasion soon arrives, when he meets at her ladyship's house, among a dinner party, the poet Moore.

"Mr. M——!" cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. M——!" cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady B——, he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime-minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favourite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them, (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upward), and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

"Dinner was announced, the Russian handed down 'miladi,' and I found myself seated opposite M——, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is panelled reflecting every motion. To see him only at table, you would not think him a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he *sits tall*, and with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears."—68—73.

Now, this is coming disagreeably close; but what is Moore made to utter of O'Connell?

"He is a powerful creature," said M——; "but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of '*thinking on his legs*,' is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and

a sway permitted to it, which was always more dangerous to a country than any thing else. Lord A—— is a wonderful instance of what a man may do *without* talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. P— is a fine speaker, but, admirable as he had been as an Oppositionist, he failed when he came to lead the House. O'C—— would be irresistible, were it not for the two blots on his character—the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still willing to attack. They may say what they will of duelling: it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school, which made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so. Then, in O'C——'s case, he had not made his vow against duelling when P— challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and P— went to Dover on his way to France, where they were to meet; and O'C—— pleaded his wife's illness, and delayed till the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two:

Some men, with a horror of slaughter,
Improve on the Scripture command,
And 'honour their'—wife and daughter—
'That their days may be long in the land.'

"The great period of Ireland's glory was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son was, 'Be always ready with the pistol!'"—vol. iii, pp. 101—103.

We wonder why such paragraphs as these have not been suppressed in the present edition of the *Pencillings*. Were it to become customary for gentlemen not merely to abuse the confidence of social and domestic circles, by prating of everything that therein was seen, but to retail the opinions of others, especially when these opinions may compromise the party, is one of the most unpardonable offences that an author can commit. The passage now quoted contains, however, the most exceptionable matter that we have discovered in the work. But much of what we have afterwards to quote, exhibits in not a few instances that sort of minutely personal description, which would make any modest man blush to remember, whenever the subject so handled chanced to cross his path.

Mr. Willis had a letter to Professor Wilson, the Christopher North of Blackwood's Magazine, with whom he breakfasted in Edinburgh.

"I was punctual to my hour, and found the poet standing before the fire with his coat-skirts expanded—a large, muscular man, something slovenly in his dress, but with a manner and face of high good-humour, and remarkably frank and prepossessing address. While he was finding me a chair, and saying civil things of the noble friend who had been the medium of our acquaintance, I was trying to reconcile my idea of him, gathered from portraits and descriptions, with the person before me. I had imagined a thinner and more scholar-like looking man, with a much paler face, and a much more polished exterior. His head is exceedingly ample,

his eye blue and restless, his mouth full of character; and his hair, of a very light sandy colour, is brushed up to cover an incipient baldness, but takes very much its own way, and has the wildness of a Highlander's. He has the stamp upon him of a remarkable man to a degree seldom seen, and is, on the whole, fine-looking, and certainly a gentleman in his appearance; but (I know not whether the impression is common) I expected in Christopher North a finished and rather over-refined man of the world, of the old school, and I was so far disappointed.

"The tea was made, and the breakfast smoked upon the table, but the professor showed no signs of being aware of the fact, and talked away famously, getting up and sitting down, walking to the window and standing before the fire, and apparently carried quite away with his own too rapid process of thought. He talked of the American poets, praised Percival and Pierpont more particularly; expressed great pleasure at the criticisms of his own works that had appeared in the American papers and magazines—and still the toast was getting cold, and with every move he seemed less and less aware of the presence of breakfast. There were plates and cups for but two, so that he was not waiting for another guest; and after half an hour had thus elapsed, I began to fear he thought he had already breakfasted. If I had wished to remind him of it, however, I should have had no opportunity, for the stream of his eloquence ran on without a break; and eloquence it certainly was. His accent is very broadly Scotch, but his words are singularly well chosen, and his illustrations more novel and poetical than those of any man I ever conversed with."—pp. 160—162.

During breakfast the name of Blackwood, the publisher of the Magazine that goes by the same name, was introduced, of whom Wilson, the editor, spoke with the warmest affection. Blackwood was at this time in his last illness. But had he lived to read what is now before us, although it is highly complimentary, can it be doubted that neither he nor Wilson could have been pleased by its publication? The Professor, without question, never dreamt that the privacy of his parlour, and the sanctity of his most solemn affections and opinions, were to be desecrated by exposure to the rude gaze of any one. What if he had, in the fulness of his confidence in the well-recommended stranger, uttered some severe sentence regarding any absent man? Can it be supposed that the Penciller would have been backward to give it light? We believe not; he shows by what follows, how little was his regard for sympathies and attachments of old friends, even with respect to the ardent and benevolent editor of Blackwood's Magazine; for all who know any thing of Wilson are aware that the warmest qualities of the heart, as well as the most independent opinions, characterise his conversations equally as his writings.

"I spoke of the 'Noctes.'

"He smiled, as you would suppose Christopher North would do, with the twinkle proper of genuine hilarity in his eye, and said, 'Yes, they have been very popular. Many people in Scotland believe them to be transcripts of real scenes, and wonder how a professor of moral philosophy can descend to such carousings; and poor H—— comes in for

his share of abuse, for they never doubt he was there, and said every thing that is put down for him.'

" 'How does the Shepherd take it?'

" 'Very good-humouredly, with the exception of one or two occasions, when cockney scribblers have visited him in their tours, and tried to flatter him by convincing him he was treated disrespectfully. But five minutes' conversation and two words of banter restore his good-humour, and he is convinced, as he ought to be, that he owes half his reputation to the 'Noctes.'

" 'What do you think of his 'Life of Sir Walter,' which Lockhart has so butchered in Fraser?'

" 'Did Lockhart write that?'

" 'I was assured so in London.'

" 'It was a barbarous and unjustifiable attack; and, oddly enough, I said so yesterday to Lockhart himself, who was here, and he differed from me entirely. Now you mention it, I think, from his manner, he *must* have written it.'

" 'Will H—— forgive him?'

" 'Never! never! I do not think he knows yet who has done it, but I hear that he is dreadfully exasperated. Lockhart is quite wrong. To attack an old man, with gray hairs, like the Shepherd, and accuse him so flatly and unnecessarily of lie upon lie—oh, it was not right!'

" 'Do you think H—— misrepresented facts wilfully?'

" 'No, oh no! he is perfectly honest, no doubt, and quite revered Sir Walter. He has an unlucky inaccuracy of mind, however; and his own vanity, which is something quite ridiculous, has given a colouring to his conversations with Scott, which put them in a very false light; and Sir Walter, who was the best-natured of men, may have said the things ascribed to him in a variety of moods, such as no one can understand who does not know what a bore H—— must sometimes have been at Abbotsford. Do you know Lockhart?'

" 'No, I do not. He is almost the only literary man in London I have not met; and I must say, as the editor of the 'Quarterly,' and the most unfair and unprincipled critic of the day, I have no wish to know him. I never heard him well spoken of. I probably have met a hundred of his acquaintances, but I have not yet seen one who pretended to be his friend.'

" 'Yet there is a great deal of good in Lockhart. If he were sitting there, opposite you, you would find him the mildest and most unassuming of men, and so he appears in private life always.'

" 'Not always. A celebrated foreigner, who had been very intimate with him, called one morning to deprecate his severity upon Baron D'Haussez's book in a forthcoming review. He did his errand in a friendly way, and, on taking his leave, Lockhart, with much ceremony, accompanied him down to his carriage. 'Pray don't give yourself the trouble to come down,' said the polite Frenchman. 'I make a point of doing it, Sir,' said Lockhart, with a very offensive manner, 'for I understand from your friend's book that we are not considered a polite nation in France.' Nothing certainly could be more ill-bred and insulting.

" 'Still it is not in his nature. I do believe that it is merely an unhappy talent he has for sarcasm, with which his heart has nothing to do. When he sits down to review a book, he never thinks of the author

or his feelings. He cuts it up with pleasure, because he does it with skill in the way of his profession, as a surgeon dissects a dead body.'—vol. iii, pp. 164—168.

Wilson and Lockhart have long been bosom friends; and their mutual friendships have been often tried. But will any one say, that another trial of their attachment was not prepared by what we have now quoted, and which should at least never have appeared in the present edition of these *Pencillings*? Then as to Hogg, (of whose death we were advertised, whilst these same *Pencillings* were under our criticism), were his “dreadfully exasperated feelings” to be solaced by the publication of the above conversation about Lockhart? We can hardly doubt that that extraordinary poet and sensitive man, read the very passage we have last quoted, not long before the commencement, or it might be during the severity of his last sickness; and if he was “dreadfully exasperated” before, regarding the unsuspected author of the *butchering* article in Fraser, was he likely to be mollified by the above disclosure, not merely as to the editor of the Quarterly, but of his real friend Professor Wilson? If such disclosures embittered the latter days of a man who had with a marvellous strength of mind long borne up against misfortunes, and no small share of ridicule and sometimes obloquy, we venture to say that the evil done in this single instance, is far greater than all the benefit or pleasure to be derived from the author’s lively and engaging pictures of scenery or society. His *Pencillings* have a beauty indeed, that renders the most offensive of them dangerous in proportion to their fascination. But he has not yet done with Wilson.

“I asked if he had written a poem of any length within the last few years.

“No, though! I am always wishing to do it. Many things interfere with my poetry. In the first place, I am obliged to give a lecture once a day for six months, and in the summer it is such a delight to be released, and get away into the country with my girls and boys, that I never put pen to paper till I am driven. Then Blackwood is a great care; and, greater objection still, I have been discouraged in various ways by criticism. It used to gall me to have my poems called imitations of Wordsworth and his school; a thing I could not see myself, but which was asserted even by those who praised me, and which modesty forbade I should disavow. I really can see no resemblance between the *Isle of Palms* and any thing of Wordsworth’s. I *think* I have a style of my own, and as my *ain bairn*, I think better of it than other people, and so pride prevents my writing. Until late years, too, I have been the subject of much political abuse, and for that I should not have cared if it were not disagreeable to have children and servants reading it in the morning papers, and a fear of giving them another handle in my poetry, was another inducement for not writing.

“I expressed much surprise at what he said, for, as far as I knew the periodicals, Wilson had been a singularly continued favourite.

“Yes, out of this immediate sphere, perhaps—but it requires a strong mind to suffer annoyance at one’s lips, and comfort oneself with the praise

of a distant and outer circle of public opinion. I had a family growing up, of sons and daughters, who felt for me more than I should have felt for myself, and I was annoyed perpetually. Now, these very papers praise me, and I really can hardly believe my eyes when I open them and find the same type and imprint expressing such different opinions. It is absurd to mind such weathercocks; and, in truth, the only people worth heeding or writing for, are the quiet readers in the country, who read for pleasure, and form sober opinions apart from political or personal prejudice. I would give more for the praise of one country clergyman and his family, than I would for the momentary admiration of a whole city. People in towns require a constant phantasmagoria, to keep up even the remembrance of your name. What books and authors, what battles and heroes, are forgotten in a day!"—vol. iii, pp. 174—176.

We believe that this is not a perfect sketch either of what Wilson said or appeared. Surely at least the Professor never apprehended that his guest was to mark his looks, words, and opinions, with such a spirit of minuteness, as the whole of the Letter evinces, from which we have taken the last citations. Neither can we understand how any one can speak so precisely to the terms of a conversation that lasted for hours. At any rate, unless the manner, the intonation, and circumstances peculiar to the speaker at the time were given, we cannot be sure that the very words uttered, were used in the same sense with which they are repeated.

Francis Jeffrey, now one of the Lords of Session, is next given, but not with the same minute detail as to his conversation. He is described as being below the middle size, slight, rapid in his speech and motion, never still, and glances from one subject to another with less abruptness and more quickness than any other man the author had ever known. If met accidentally he would have been taken "as a most witty and well-bred gentleman of the school of Wilkes and Sheridan." Lord Brougham was at the time a guest of the learned Reviewer, but Mr. Willis had not the pleasure of meeting him in private, otherwise the ex-Chancellor would have figured in these pages at full length; for the author is one of the most fearless and lively, if not the most accurate draftsmen that ever scribbled. At a ball, however, he saw Lord Brougham, whose "ugliest and shrewdest of human faces, flitted about through the crowd."

Scotch hospitality seems to have been extended to our American *attaché* in good earnest—the noble as well as the literary of the land vying with each other in their attentions to one who made it a never failing practice to write out at length, as soon as the privacy of his own chamber afforded him an opportunity, whatever he thought of all that transpired in his presence, or was memorable. If all travellers and strangers were to follow his example, such hospitable doors would cease to be opened to them, however highly recommended by introductory letters. Gordon Castle receives due notice in these Pencillings, and the ways and appearances of several

of the titled ones of the land are spoken of in a way not unlike what we should expect from a Yankee.

"The immense iron gate, surmounted by the G— arms, the handsome and spacious stone lodges on either side, the canonically fat porter in white stockings and gay livery, lifting his hat as he swung open the massive portal, all bespoke the entrance to a noble residence. The road within was edged with velvet sward, and rolled to the smoothness of a terrace-walk; the winding avenue lengthened away before, with trees of every variety of foliage; light carriages passed me driven by ladies or gentlemen bound on their afternoon airing; a groom led up and down two beautiful blood-horses, prancing along, with side-saddles and morocco stirrups; and keepers with hounds and terriers, gentlemen on foot, idling along the walks, and servants in different liveries, hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gaiety before me. I had hardly noted these various circumstances, before a sudden curve in the road brought the castle into view, a vast stone pile with castellated wings; and, in another moment, I was at the door, where a dozen lounging and powdered menials were waiting on a party of ladies and gentlemen to their several carriages. It was the moment for the afternoon drive."—vol. iii, pp. 184, 185.

Every one of these aristocrats were strangers to the author; even the Duke of Gordon himself was only known through a letter of invitation. By and by, however, a tall white-haired gentleman of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered and welcomed him to the castle. This was the duke, who conducted him to the drawing-room previous to sitting down to dinner. "Dinner was announced immediately, and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room." This settlement of a difficult question on the part of such characters, need not, we think, have astonished any person, who had heard the names that were enumerated to the author. It would have been much more strange if there had been any squabbling on the matter in such a place.

"I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-two, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had but just been introduced. The duke probably anticipated as much, and as I took my seat he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had, upon my right, Lady—, 'the most agreeable woman in Scotland.' It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

"I have been struck everywhere in England with the beauty of the higher classes, and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I never had seen 'Heaven's image double-stamped as man, and noble,' so unequivocally clear. There were two young men and four or five young ladies of rank—and five or six people of more decided personal attractions could scarcely be found; the style of form and face at the same time being of that cast of superiority which goes by the expressive name of 'thorough-bred.' There is a striking difference in this respect between England and the countries of the continent—the *paysans* of France, and the *contadini* of Italy, being physically far superior to their degenerate

masters; while the gentry and nobility of England differ from the peasantry in limb and feature, as the racer differs from the dray-horse, or the greyhound from the cur. The contrast between the manners of English and French gentlemen is quite as striking. The *empressment*, the warmth, the shrug and gesture of the Parisian; and the working eyebrow, dilating or contracting eye, and conspirator-like action of the Italian, in the most common conversation, are the antipodes of English high breeding. I should say a North American Indian, in his more dignified phase, approached nearer to the manner of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self-possession under all circumstances, that incapability of surprise or *dereglément*, and that decision about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty that he is acting absolutely *comme il faut*, is equally 'gentlemanlike' and Indianlike. You cannot astonish an English gentleman. If a man goes into a fit at his side, or a servant drops a dish upon his shoulder, or he hears that the house is on fire, he sets down his wine-glass with the same deliberation. He has made up his mind what to do in all possible cases, and he does it. He is cold at a first introduction, and may bow stiffly (which he always does), in drinking wine with you, but it is his manner; and he would think an Englishman out of his senses, who would bow down to his very plate, and smile, as a Frenchman does on a similar occasion. Rather chilled by this, you are a little astonished when the ladies have left the table, and he closes his chair up to you, to receive an invitation to pass a month with him at his country-house; and to discover, that at the very moment he bowed so coldly, he was thinking how he should contrive to facilitate your plans for getting to him, or seeing the country to advantage on the way.

"The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table; the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *liqueurs* were brought in, when the wines began to be circulated more slowly; and at eleven, there was a general move to the drawing-room. Cards, tea, and music, filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening, which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing, but which is marked in my tableta as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels."—vol. iii, pp. 191—195.

In the preface Mr. Willis says, that fortunate in his introductions, almost embarrassed with kindness, and, from advantages of comparison gained by long travel, qualified to appreciate keenly the peculiar delights of English society, he has been little disposed to find fault. Every thing pleased him. The aristocracy form a class indeed, which he seems almost inclined to worship. Such a party as that which he met at the Duke of Gordon's, would, we suspect, turn the heads of most of our American brethren, for they are sorely bit with the mania of exclusiveness among themselves. It was with something like surprise that our author found the company at Gordon Castle like others of the human race. The following sketch, however, of the Earl of Aberdeen, has in it something of what constitutes the offensive feature of the book.

"I was left with Lord A—— in the breakfast-room alone. The

Tory ex-minister made a thousand inquiries, with great apparent interest about America. When Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Wellington Cabinet, he had known Mr. M'Lane intimately. He said he seldom had been so impressed with a man's honesty and straightforwardness, and never did public business with any one with more pleasure. He admired Mr. M'Lane, and hoped to enjoy his friendship. He wished he might return as our Minister to England. One such honourable, uncompromising man, he said, was worth a score of practised diplomatists. He spoke of Gallatin and Rush in the same flattering manner, but recurred continually to Mr. M'Lane, of whom he could scarce say enough. His politics would naturally lead him to approve of the administration of General Jackson, but he seemed to admire the President very much as a man.

"Lord A——— has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character. He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him; a pair of coarse check trousers very ill made; a waistcoat buttoned up to the throat, and a cravat of the most primitive *negligé*, his aristocracy is certainly not in his dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him and balances on his heels; in conversation his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an indefinable superiority in high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation to any shrewd observer. It is only in his manner toward the ladies of the party that he would be immediately distinguishable from men of lower rank in society."—vol. iii, pp. 199—201.

We like him better when describing the Duke's breed of setters and hounds, which are celebrated throughout the kingdom; and with this branch of a large *aristocratic* establishment, we close our extracts from Mr. Willis's sparkling and gossiping volumes. There is little doubt of their being greedily and extensively read. Independent of their descriptive liveliness, they offer tempting fare to the lovers of small scandal and prying impertinence, which has ever been characteristic of the mass of readers of light literature.

"I was rather startled to be introduced into the small enclosure with a dozen gigantic blood-hounds, as high as my breast, the keeper's whip in my hand the only defence. I was not easier for the man's assertion that without it, they would 'hae the life oot o'me in a crack.' They came around me very quietly, and one immense fellow with a chest like a horse, and a head of the finest expression, stood up and laid his paw on my shoulders, with the deliberation of a friend about to favour me with some grave advice. One can scarce believe these noble creatures have not reason like ourselves. Those slender, thorough-bred heads—large, speaking eyes, and beautiful limbs and graceful action, should be gifted with more than mere animal instinct. The greyhounds were the beauties of the kennel, however. I never had seen such perfect creatures. "Dinna tak' pains to caress' em, Sir," said the huntsman, 'they'll only be hangit for it!' I asked for an explanation, and the man, with an air as if I was uncommonly ignorant, told me that a hound was hung the moment he betrayed attachment to any one, or in any way showed signs of superior

sagacity. In coursing the hare, for instance, if the dog abandoned the scent to cut across and intercept the poor animal, he was considered as spoiling the sport. Greyhounds are valuable only as they obey their mere natural instinct; and if they leave the track of the hare, either in their own sagacity, or to follow their master in intercepting it, they spoil the pack and are hung without mercy. It is an object, of course, to preserve them, what they usually are, the greatest fools as well as the handsomest of the canine species, and on the first sign of attachment to their master, their death-warrant is signed. They are too sensible to live! The Duchess told me afterwards that she had the greatest difficulty in saving the life of the finest hound in the pack, who had committed the sin of showing pleasure once or twice when she appeared.

"The setters were in the next division, and really they were quite lovely. The rare tan and black dog of this race, with his silky, floss hair, intelligent muzzle, good-humoured face, caressing fondness, (lucky dog! that affection is permitted in *his* family!) quite excited my admiration. There were thirty or forty of these, old and young; and a friend of the Duke's would as soon ask him for a church-living, as for the present of one them. The former would be by much the smaller favour. Then there were terriers of four or five breeds, of one family of which (long-haired, long-bodied, short-legged and perfectly white little wretches) the keeper seemed particularly proud. I evidently sunk in his opinion for not admiring them."—vol. iii, pp. 202—204.

ART. II.—*On the mental Illumination and moral Improvement of Mankind; or an Inquiry into the means by which a general diffusion of Knowledge and moral Principle may be promoted. Illustrated with Engravings.* By THOMAS DICK, LL.D. Author of "The Christian Philosopher," "Philosophy of Religion," "Philosophy of a Future State," "Improvement of Society by the Diffusion of Knowledge," &c. Glasgow: Wm. Collins. 1835.

THERE is a period, not obscurely predicted in the Scriptures, when knowledge and wisdom will be universal over the face of the earth. But it seems to be a very unwarrantable doctrine which presumes, that such a period or state of things will be brought about otherwise than with the co-operation of mankind, or than by his own physical, intellectual, and moral activities and renovation. We believe that Dr. Dick is perfectly sound, when he says if it is inquired, "when we may expect the millennium to commence? I reply, just when we please." It is, as regards the whole world, the same as in the case of a single person—he may be perfectly virtuous if he will;—in like manner the unanimous concurrence of mankind, if they were willing to exert their energies, and the means within their power, might now commence the period of the millennium. But we need not speculate about this, as at all likely to be immediately realized. The progress of the mental illumination and moral improvement of human beings has never in any stage of their amelioration been thus rapid; so that for a length of time yet to

come, there is reason to fear that philosophers and philanthropists will have to labour, not merely to hasten the approach of the universal concurrence above alluded to, but even to convince many that such would be efficacious. Many, indeed, will still maintain that the idea of a millennium of knowledge and virtue is a mere dream of a distorted or enthusiastic imagination ; nor would much more apparent proofs than any that they can comprehend, as already existing, convince them that there has ever been an onward movement to the bright and much-desired era in question. Not so our author ; nor is he sparing, backward, or unconfident in the statement of his reasons, views, and convictions on the subject. His doctrine imports that not merely does the period approach, when knowledge and moral excellence will prevail throughout the human family, but that the magnificent result will be obtained, through a new system of education, viz. an intellectual and moral system, such as has never yet been put to the test to any considerable extent, but which may both practically and easily be introduced, if mankind and communities will but just set about it with the same seriousness and perseverance with which many other schemes have been studied and pursued.

That the ground-work and general detail of Dr. Dick's doctrines on this subject are perfectly sound, few who candidly peruse the pages now before us will think of contradicting. As for ourselves, although the same convictions have long been entertained, to which these pages lead the mind, yet we never before could half so well give a reason for the faith that was in us, as, after their perusal, we could now do. It has been with little less than unmingled delight and complete acquiescence that we have examined his facts and arguments ; nor, were we asked to point out an evidence that went to the support of the brilliant hopes within us, regarding the destinies of future generations of mankind in this world, could we so shortly do it as by naming the publication of the present work. There have of late years been many, and even enlarging proofs of the approach of a new era as regards every thing belonging to the social, intellectual, and moral condition of the human family. The exertions and opinions of influential individuals, the impulse felt and lent by the British legislature, the complexion of the literature of the last few years, nay, the sort of undefined expectancy, unstaidness, and solicitude of the community, all point to a coming event of a great, and we believe bright character in man's history ; so that the time seems to have arrived when the subject and sentiments of the work before us will meet with a deliberate and unbiassed consideration from the reflecting part of the British nation.

Our author not only advocates, but outlines a new system of education on a comprehensive scale, and widely different from any that has yet been generally introduced in any country ; and the subject is so important, while the care and talent bestowed upon it by the author are so remarkable, that we must endeavour to ex-

hibit his views and arguments at considerable length, knowing that the novelty of some of them will not be less striking than the conviction which he often produces is complete.

Dr. Dick opens his treatise by arguing that the mental illumination and moral improvement of mankind are attainable and practicable, if the machinery within their power were once fairly set in motion. If, says he, minds once feeble and benighted, and ignorant as the wild ass's colt have, by proper training, been raised near the highest pitch of moral and intellectual attainments, other minds, by similar training, may be elevated to the same degree of perfection. Whatever man has hitherto achieved, man may still accomplish. It only requires that the means be simplified and extended, and brought within the reach of every one whose faculties are capable of cultivation.

"That this object has never yet been effected, is not owing to its impracticability, or to any insuperable obstacles which lie in the way of its accomplishment; but because the attention of mankind has never yet been thoroughly directed to it; and because the means requisite for promoting it, have never been employed on a scale proportionate to the extent and magnitude of the enterprise. The influential classes of society, in every country, have been more absorbed in the pursuits of avarice, ambition, war, devastation, and sensual gratifications, than in meliorating the physical and moral condition of their species. The tenth part of the treasures which have been wasted in the prosecution of such mad and immoral pursuits, had it been properly directed, would have been more than sufficient to have brought the means of instruction within the reach of every individual of the human race, and to have transformed the barren wastes of every country into the appearance of a terrestrial paradise. There is no government under heaven, so far as we are acquainted, (if Prussia and the United States of America be not excepted,) where the instruction of the great mass of the people forms a prominent and specific object in its administration. On the contrary, in several instances, even within the limits of Europe, it is well known, that the intellectual instruction of the lower orders is prohibited by a law: for example—A royal Sardinian Edict, published in 1825, enjoins, 'that henceforth no person shall learn to read or write who cannot prove the possession of property above the value of 1500 livres,' or about 62*l.* 10*s.* sterling. And it is well known, that the greater part of the lower classes in Russia, Austria, and Poland, are, from their situation, debarred from the benefits of instruction. Even in Great Britain, where the light of science shines with peculiar effulgence, the exertions of philanthropists have been damped in their attempts to diffuse knowledge among the people; heavy *taxes* have been imposed on the means of its diffusion; men of knowledge have been persecuted and neglected, while men devoted to war and bloodshed have been loaded with wealth, and exalted to the highest stations of dignity and honour; no national scheme, supported by the state, has ever yet been devised for its universal propagation among all ranks, and no sums set apart for this purpose, while the treasures of the nation have been wasted in extravagance, and, in too many instances, devoted to the support of vice, tyranny, and intolerance."—pp. 21—23.

To state and illustrate the various means by which a more extensive diffusion of knowledge may be effected, and the general improvement of society promoted, is the main object of the author's work, in which the state of education in this country (especially Scotland, with which he must be supposed best acquainted, and which has often been cited as admirable), and the principles on which it ought to be conducted, are chiefly discussed. Many, we dare say, will start, when they hear that even in North Britain, and still more in most other countries, the education of children, and the youthful (to whom, with a strange and irrational perversion, the term *education* is generally confined), has hitherto, both in the form of communication and essence, been totally misunderstood, and that it requires only the application of common sense, as acquired and supported by experience, to see how the great faults in the system are to be amended or reduced. But let them hesitate to express a peremptory sentence, till they hear what may be stated on the subject, and we are confident that many things and customs which they were in the habit of admiring as unimproveable, are, after all, essentially erroneous and bad.

What is the ultimate object of all scholastic education? It amounts to this, as is well answered by the author—to convey to youthful minds, in a gradual manner, a view of the nature and qualities of the objects with which they are surrounded—of the general appearances, motions, and machinery of external nature—of the moral relations in which they stand to the Great Author of their existence, and to one another, and of the various duties which flow from these relations—to direct their affections, tempers, and passions in such a channel as will tend to promote their own comfort, and the general harmony of society, and to prepare them for the nobler employments of an immortal existence. In short, all education should be a gradual training of mankind, so as to make them more knowing and wise here, and better fitted for the world that is to come. But how have these objects hitherto been systematically sought after? Why, by communicating sounds rather than ideas, and words rather than things. Man has been treated rather as a machine than as a rational and immortal creature. Without following our author in his glance at the state of education through the various kingdoms of continental Europe, let us attend to some of his strictures on its character and form, as conducted generally in his own enlightened and unsurpassed country, in so far as this matter is concerned. He says truly, that by the great majority of his countrymen, education is considered as consisting merely in the acquisition of pronunciation, spelling, and grammar—of writing, casting accounts, and the knowledge of languages; and these acquisitions are regarded chiefly as they prepare the individual for engaging in certain *secular* employments. By others it has been confined to the communication of the elements of thought, and the improvement of the intellect; while by a small number, it

has been regarded chiefly as the formation of character and the cultivation of moral habits ; whereas it consists of all these combined in harmonious order.

Every one of the chapters of Dr. Dick's work might furnish us with sufficient matter for a long paper—the subject in each being of extreme importance, and the manner of its treatment remarkably happy and powerful. Take some passages of a general nature, on the present modes of education in the author's country, and which we can testify are faithful pictures.

“ At that period of life when the minds of the young are beginning to expand—when they ardently thirst after novelty and variety—when they are alive to the beauties and sublimities of nature, and listen with delight to the descriptions of other countries, and the tales of other times—instead of being gratified with the exhibition of all that is interesting in the scenes of creation and the history of man—they are set down in a corner to plod over unknown characters and strange sounds—no pleasing objects are exhibited to inspire them with delight—their memories are burdened, and even *tortured*, while their understandings are neglected ; and, after many painful efforts, intermingled with cries and tears, while the detested lash is hanging over their heads, they are enabled to repeat, like a number of puppets, their medley of grammar rules, their psalms, their hymns, their catechisms, and their speeches from the English and Roman classics, pouring out their words with a velocity like water bursting from a spout, *without a single correct idea, connected with their exercises*, ‘understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm.’—Hence, it has too frequently happened, that the school-room has been viewed as a prison, their teachers as a species of tyrants, and the scholastic exercises in which they engaged, as repugnant to their natural vivacity, and subversive of their youthful pleasures. Hence they have frequently been driven to the village school, like sheep to the slaughter, and like criminals to a jail, or carried on the shoulders of their companions, amidst cries, and lamentations, and forebodings of punishment.

“ In seminaries of a higher order than those to which I now allude, five or six years are generally spent in learning the declension of nouns, the conjugation of verbs, and the rules of syntax, and in acquiring a smattering of the Roman classics ; while at the close of this tedious, and to the pupil, *revolting* process, he retires from the seminary to the shop, the counting-house, or the university, nearly as ignorant of the common phenomena of nature, of the sublime discoveries of modern times, of the principles of the arts and sciences, and the laws of moral action, as if he had been born in Patagonia, or the centre of New Holland. If he has acquired anything at all, which may be denominated *knowledge*, it consists chiefly in a jumble of notions about the squabbles of heathen gods and goddesses, detached fragments of Roman history, the Metamorphoses of Ovid, the fictions of Pagan mythology, and the revengeful encounters of destroying armies and ambitious despots. While his mind is familiar with the absurdities and impieties of ancient superstition and idolatry, he not unfrequently quits the scene of instruction as ignorant of the character and attributes of the true God, of the doctrines of the Christian religion, and

of the tempers which it inculcates, as if he had been tutored in a Pagan land.

“Even in those seminaries which are devoted to the *religious* instruction of the young, the same absurd and inefficient system to which I have alluded is too frequently acted upon: Instead of exhibiting to the understandings of the young the character and perfections of the Deity, and the truths of Christianity, by familiar and popular illustrations deduced from the economy of nature, and the *facts* of revelation; a great proportion of their Sabbath-school exercises consists in repeating, with a disgusting flippancy and vociferation, their catechisms, psalms, paraphrases, hymns, and Scripture passages, assigned them as *tasks*, and in listening to the crude expositions of certain abstract theological dogmas, to which they can attach no precise or well-defined notions, and which do not enter into the essence of the Christian system: In certain schools of this description, I have witnessed the attention of the children almost exclusively directed to the *mere repetition* of the Shorter Catechism, and other compends of Divinity; and that, too, in a most inaccurate, irreverent, and vociferous manner, without a single attempt being made to convey any *idea* to the understanding of the nature of the truths repeated—while the catechumens seemed to be much gratified and relieved in having got their memories disburdened of the ungracious tasks imposed upon them. In other schools, where the teachers had acquired a smattering of systematic theology—after the memorial tasks were despatched—I have listened to a series of crude dissertations addressed to the young respecting the covenant of works and of grace, predestination, absolute and conditional decrees, faith, the Trinity, and similar topics, together with long-winded exhortations, occasionally intermingled with boisterous and unhallowed threats and denunciations, because the young did not yield a profound attention to such abstract speculations. Yet all this goes by the name of *religious* instruction; and, when it is found to produce little influence on the moral conduct of the young, the effect is attributed solely to the corruption of human nature, and to the withholding of the influences of Divine grace—a sentiment which goes far to attribute to the ‘Only Wise God’ those effects which are produced by the folly and the injudicious schemes of men.—As it is painful to exercise the memory to any extent on words unconnected with ideas, so it frequently happens, that a disrelish for religion and its services is induced, in consequence of the labour and drudgery with which they are thus associated. In these seminaries, too, the duties of Christian morality are too frequently thrown into the shade: Christianity is not a mere theory, but a *practical system*; for all its historical details, its doctrines and precepts, its promises and threatenings, have an ultimate reference to the regulation of the temper and affections, the direction of the conduct, and to the general renovation of the moral powers of man, in order to his preparation for a higher state of moral and intellectual excellence. And, therefore, it ought to be one of the grand objects of religious instruction to cultivate the moral powers, to direct the temper and affections, and to show, by familiar illustrations taken from the scenes of active life, how the principles of Christianity ought to operate in all the diversified circumstances and relations of society.

“It forms, at least, no *prominent* object, in our schools, to meliorate

the tempers of the young, to counteract the principles of malice, envy, and revenge—to inspire them with kindness and benevolence—and to train them to moral excellence. On the contrary, the mode in which they are treated has frequently a tendency to produce *obstinacy, dissimulation*, superstition, pride, *hatred*, and *disaffection*. The spirit of unchristian emulation, contention, and revenge, is indirectly fostered by the books they read, the discipline by which they are trained, the amusements in which they indulge, the false maxims and Pagan sentiments which are interwoven through the whole course of their education, and by the admiration which is attempted to be excited in their breasts of barbarous heroes and the butchers of mankind. The active powers of the young being thus allowed to take the natural bent of their depraved inclinations, selfishness, pride, malice, and other malignant passions, are allowed to spring up and flourish, without feeling the force of those salutary checks which might impede their progress, or destroy them in the bud; and thus perverse habits and dispositions are induced, which ‘grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength,’ till at length they display themselves with diabolical energy in the scenes of domestic life, and on the theatre of the political world, amidst the contentions of communities and ‘the tumults of the people.’”—pp. 56—63.

But the author does not confine himself to general denunciations of the present systems of education, as regards the development of the moral and intellectual powers of immortal beings, and as regards its preparation for a future state; but he illustrates his position by an analysis of the prevailing practices, as also by detailed descriptions of what he would substitute, whereby all may judge between him and his predecessors or opponents; for there have been thousands of systems proposed, and, almost every week of late, treatises are put into our hands, on the all-important subject of national education, proving at least a concern to be awakened and general on the subject. None of these treatises, however, have we found to be nearly so full, so specific, or so well fortified as the present; and although mighty changes must take place, ere the whole of the machinery here described could be possibly introduced, it would be a rash conclusion, in the present age of change and advancement, to pronounce it as unattainable or visionary. For, if it be true that the day is to come when knowledge shall cover the earth, as the waters do the channel of the deep, marvellous reformatations and revolutions must previously occur.

We come, however, to the manner in which the author illustrates some of his general positions as to the existing systems of education.

“In the first place, one glaring defect which runs through the whole system of initiatory instruction (except in very rare instances) is, *that no attempt is made to convey ideas to the youthful mind, along with the elementary sounds of language and the art of pronunciation.*’ Provided children can *mouth* the words, and vociferate with alacrity the different sentences contained in their lessons, it appears to be a matter of little importance in the eyes either of teachers or of parents, whether or not they appreciate the meaning of any one portion of the sentiments they

read. Although the great object of education is 'to teach the young idea how to shoot,' it is almost the only object which is thrown into the shade; and those scholastic exercises which are only the *means* of education, are almost exclusively attended to as if they were the *end*. The young are thus treated as if they were only so many puppets, placed on a stage to exhibit a series of mechanical movements, and as if they were not possessed of the smallest portion of intellect, and were entirely destitute of affections and passions. Yet, it is undeniable, from fact, that children, at a very early age, are capable of receiving a variety of ideas into their minds, and of exercising their reasoning powers respecting them. Present an engraved landscape to a boy of four or five years of age, especially as exhibited through the *Optical Diagonal Machine*, where he will see every object, in its true perspective as it appears in nature—he will at once recognise and describe, in his own way, the houses, the streets, the men, the women, the roads and carriages, and the land and water of which it is composed, and express his opinion respecting them. Present well-executed engravings of a horse, a cow, a lion, an elephant, or a monkey, and he will soon learn to distinguish the one from the other, and will feel delighted with every new exhibition that is made to him of the objects of nature or of art. And, therefore, if sensible objects, level to his capacity and range of thought, and with which he is in some measure acquainted, were uniformly exhibited in his first excursions in the path of learning, his progress in knowledge would nearly correspond to his advancement in the art of spelling and pronunciation.

"Another defect which pervades the whole system of scholastic instruction in our country, and of which the former is a native consequence, is, *that there is scarcely one of our elementary books adapted to the capacities of youth, and calculated to excite their attention and affections, by its interesting and instructive details:*

"Not to mention the dry and uninteresting lists and details contained in most of our spelling-books, and the vague and sombre moral instructions they exhibit—let us fix our attention, for a moment, on the general train of subjects contained in "Barrie's Collection," and "Tyro's Guide," and in "Scott's Beauties of Eminent Writers"—the books most commonly used in the parochial and other schools in this country—and we shall soon perceive that they are every thing but calculated for the purpose intended. These works (which, like some others of the same fry, seem to have been constructed by means of the scissors) chiefly contain extracts illustrative of the beauties of sentiment and composition:—Speeches on political subjects formerly delivered in the Roman, Grecian, and British Senates—Characters of Pope, Dryden, Milton, or Shakespeare—Descriptions of the battles of Poitiers, Hastings, Agincourt, and Bannockburn—Abstract eulogiums on virtue, oratory, and the art of criticism—prosing dissertations on the cultivation of taste—on happiness, retirement, and meditation—Speeches and Epilogues of stage-players, political disquisitions, foolish tales, parables and allegories—Falstaff's encomiums on sack."—pp. 64, 65, 67, 68.

Many such-like extracts might be named, the beauty or excellence of which is not, however, denied; yet more unsuitable subjects, consistent with decency, could scarcely have been selected for the education of the young; especially when we consider that the sen-

timents conveyed in many classical specimens are repugnant to the spirit of genuine Christianity. How are we to speak of an attempt to imbue the children of mechanics, for instance, with a taste for the beauties of literature, at the expense of sound principles of morality and religion? Nay, though such specimens were pure in sentiment, and their beauties perceptible, what is the amount of useful instruction which they contain, as regards children? We say, little or nothing, until they attain years beyond those of school-boys. Highly beautiful, sentimental extracts are only for advanced students of elocution or eloquent writing. The author proceeds to say—

“Another error which runs through our scholastic instruction is, that, while the cultivation of the judgment is neglected, *the memory is injudiciously, and often too severely exercised.* The efforts of memory, in most cases, especially when exercised in the retention of mere sounds and terms, are generally attended with painful sensations; and, when these sensations are long continued, they frequently produce a disgust at the objects and employments of education. Long passages from Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, or Pope, are given out for recitation to the young, while they are still incapable of appreciating the meaning of a single sentiment in the task prescribed; and the facility with which they can recollect and vociferate a number of jingling sounds is considered by many as the best evidence of their progress in the paths of instruction. The period has not long gone by (if it have yet passed) when the repetition of the first chapter of the first book of Chronicles, of the tenth chapter of Nehemiah, of the hundred-and-nineteenth Psalm, or of half a dozen chapters in the New Testament, by a schoolboy—with a disgusting vociferation, and a uniform velocity, like water dashing over a precipice, was regarded, both by parents and teachers, as an evidence of extraordinary genius, and as an achievement in education of far greater importance than if he had drawn an outline of universal history, or sketched the geography of the globe. Of all the exercises of memory to which the young tyro is accustomed, there is none more injudicious and more painful to the pupil, than that by which he is constrained to get by rote the Shorter Catechism, at the early age at which it is generally prescribed. At the age of five or six, before he is capable of understanding a single sentiment of the system of Divinity, and even before he can read with ease any one of its questions and answers—he is set to the ungracious task of committing its vocables to memory, as if he were a mere machine, formed solely for mechanical movements and the emission of sounds. The reluctance with which this task is generally engaged in; the painful sensations which accompany it; the correction which follows its neglect; the ludicrous blundering; and the complete destitution of ideas with which it is generally attended—all conspire to show the absurdity of the practice. I am fully persuaded, that the unpleasant associations connected with this task have, in many instances, produced a lasting disgust, both at the pursuits of learning, and the instructions of religion.”—pp. 74, 75.

The common argument in favour of this practice is, “that it is laying in a store of religious vocables for after reflection, and that the answers will be perfectly understood in riper years.” But, is the answer not satisfactory, which says, that “whenever the words of

a proposition are committed to memory without being understood; their meaning will afterwards be seldom inquired after or perceived?" Again—

“In our schools and seminaries, as presently conducted, *grammar is attempted to be taught at too early an age*. Grammar is an abstract branch of the philosophy of mind; and, therefore, to enter with intelligence and interest into its spirit, the foundation of its rules and their application—requires some degree of knowledge, observation, and maturity of judgment, not generally possessed by juvenile minds; and, consequently, to attempt to teach it to infants, *in a systematic form*, seems almost as preposterous as it would be to attempt to instruct them in the Newtonian philosophy, or in the Hutchinsonian system of metaphysics. The little urchin of six or seven years of age, may, indeed, be taught to repeat the definitions of all the parts of speech, and of all the moods and tenses of verbs—the inflections of nouns and verbs, and even the whole of the rules of syntax; but such exercises are always accompanied with a certain degree of labour and disgust, which tend to sour the mind in its progress through such scholastic instruction. And after all the mental anxiety and toil endured in such mechanical exercises, they acquire not, perhaps, a single correct idea on the subject, especially in the abstract and superficial manner in which it is taught in our common schools, and are unable to appreciate any one useful purpose to which such exercises are subservient. To distinguish a *noun*, or the *quality* of a noun, or the nature of a *verb*, and to correct a simple sentence in which a verb disagrees with its nominative, are exercises which children may be taught at an early period, by familiar examples, and which might be rendered both amusing and instructive, without the formality of technical terms, complex rules, or abstract systems; but to proceed much farther than such easy exercises, before the intellectual powers are somewhat matured, appears to be wasting time and money, and mental anxiety, to no purpose. Even the elements, or the more popular parts of natural history, geography, astronomy, and experimental philosophy, could be taught with much better effect, at such an early period, than the abstract study of verbs and adverbs, conjunctions and declensions, and metaphysical rules, the foundation of which no child can comprehend; because, in those departments of knowledge, sensible objects and pictorial representations can be presented to the view of the juvenile mind as elucidations of the facts and principles inculcated.”—pp. 79—81.

In regard to the art of writing, which is chiefly a mechanical exercise, and in some measure a matter of taste, Dr. Dick holds that too much fastidiousness often prevails. Schoolmasters have often indeed been chosen merely on account of their excellence in this branch; and yet it is now considered fashionable to write an illegible scrawl. The modes of teaching arithmetic, generally observed, are likewise objected to, as being too abstract, and detached from objects of sense. Other miscellaneous circumstances are mentioned as having a tendency either to impede the education of the young, or to render it disagreeable and irksome; such as that there is a deplorable want of ample accommodation, and of convenient school furniture—that the children are confined too long in

school—the exercise of undue severity towards them, and the want of a disposition to bestow commendation where it is due—the practice of hurrying children too rapidly from one book to another—and the attempt to teach three or four branches of education at the same time. The following remarks are sweeping, but not the less true.

“ It is, therefore, pretty obvious that no general or extensive improvement in the system of education can be expected, till a *strong conviction* be produced in the minds of the intelligent public of the *necessity* of a more rational and efficient system being adopted, and till a powerful and simultaneous movement take place among all classes, in order to the erection and endowment of seminaries calculated to produce a *moral* and an *intellectual* education. For many of the principles which pervade the present mode of tuition require to be *completely reversed*, and a system organized which shall form the foundation of the future progress of the human race—which will bear the test of succeeding and enlightened ages—which will render the acquisition of knowledge pleasant and desirable to the young—and which will embrace every thing that is interesting to man as an intellectual being, as a member of society, and as a candidate for a blessed immortality.

“ In the meantime, I am fully convinced (however extravagant and paradoxical the sentiment may appear), that the great majority of our youth acquire more real and *substantial knowledge*, during their play hours, and in their various amusements and intercourses with each other, than they acquire during the formal process of teaching while in school. At these times they acquire a rude knowledge of the appearances and qualities of various objects; of some of the laws of Nature and its general scenery; of the forms, economy, and varieties of vegetables; of the habits and instincts of animals; of the application of several mechanical powers; and of the various modifications of human temper and action. Their games at shuttle-cock, nine-pins, marbles, balls, and tops—their exercises in swimming, running, climbing, swinging, and jumping—their visits to museums, menageries, and other exhibitions of natural and artificial curiosities—their views of the shipping, and the operations connected with it in seaport towns—their occasional excursions to the delightful and romantic scenes of the country, and the daily spectacle of the ebbing and flowing of the sea, of the sun shining in his glory, and of the moon walking in brightness among the host of stars—convey to their minds fragments of useful knowledge, more diversified and practical, than anything they acquire from their catechisms, spelling-books, grammars, and ‘English Readers,’ in the manner in which they are generally taught. In school they acquire, indeed, the *means* of knowledge, in being taught the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic; but as they are seldom taught to apply these means to their proper ends, little knowledge is thereby acquired; and, in the majority of instances, they depart from school, and pass the remainder of their lives, without ever thinking of making the further cultivation of their minds even a subordinate object of pursuit—glad that they are at length released from the confinement and drudgery connected with scholastic discipline. As a proof of this, I need only appeal to the ignorance, the prejudices, the foolish opinions, and the wayward passions which still pervade the greater portion of the inferior ranks of our popu-

lation; and even of the middling and higher classes—and the disinclination which so generally exists to rational investigations, and to prosecuting the path of mental improvement.”—pp. 99—101.

In proceeding to the consideration of what the author calls a comprehensive and improved system of education, we have a chapter of extraordinary value. He begins with the education of the young, during the period of infancy; for he treats the subject as one comprehending every thing which is requisite to the cultivation and improvement of the faculties bestowed upon human beings, during the whole of that interval which lies between the cradle and the grave. He quotes here what is said in one of our Encyclopædias, in the article Education, where it is defined to be “that series of means by which the human understanding is gradually enlightened, between infancy and the period when we consider ourselves as qualified to take a part in active life, and, ceasing to direct our view to the acquisition of new knowledge or the formation of new habits, are content to act upon the principles we have already acquired.” Just so; this authority wrote in accordance with general opinion and practice, and therefore altogether misapprehended what education should be. We shall now quote a few passages from Dr. Dick’s work, regarding the different stages of life, and corresponding modes and points of education. First, as to the period of infancy—

“At the moment a child is ushered into the world, and first draws into its lungs the atmospheric air, it may be said to commence its education. What its sensations are, when it has emerged from the watery fluid with which it was surrounded, and inhales this new element, it is impossible to determine; but from the sounds which it utters, we may reasonably conjecture that they are attended with pain. It struggles and cries—hunger produces an uneasy sensation—it feels a want—that feeling opens its lips, and makes it seize and greedily suck the nourishing breast of its mother. At this period its eyes are generally dull and languid; it seems to keep them fixed and idle; they want that lustre which they afterwards acquire; and if they happen to move, it is rather an accidental gaze than an exertion of the faculty of seeing. But, after some months have elapsed, its vision becomes distinct, its organs are fortified, and it becomes susceptible of various impressions from surrounding objects. Then the senses of seeing, hearing, tasting, touching, and smelling begin to act with a certain degree of vigour; all the avenues to the mind are thrown open; the objects of nature and art rush in crowds to their respective organs of sensation, and engrave an indefinite assemblage of ideas upon the mind, though perhaps with a certain degree of irregularity and confusion. In this first stage of existence, the various sensations it feels, and the multifarious external objects it perceives, may be considered as so many instructors conveying the rudiments of knowledge to the infant mind.

“As the infant advances in its new career, multitudes of objects of various descriptions begin to solicit its attention.”—pp. 108, 109.

A thousand objects strike the senses of the infant while it is borne at the breast, and its memory begins to be exercised. At

length it crawls, stands erect, steps, runs, climbs, and looks down with a feeling of danger, from remembered falls—with innumerable other movements and experiences, from all of which it gathers knowledge.

“The child (whom we shall now distinguish by the masculine pronoun) now runs about through the garden or in the fields, and perceives a variety of objects and operations. He sees a stone thrown into the water, and sink to the bottom; he sees a piece of wood or the leaf of a tree fall into the same water, and yet float on the surface; he amuses himself with numberless experiments of this kind, and from these he gradually acquires his first ideas of the specific gravity of bodies. If he take the stone and the wood out of the water, and by chance they fall upon his feet, he learns that the heavier body falls with more force than the lighter, from the unequal degree of pain occasioned by the fall, and has his mind impressed with the idea of their unequal hardness and weight. He strikes a table with a stick, and soon after, a pane of window glass with the same weapon; he perceives the glass broken to shivers, while the table remains as before, and thus learns the difference between substances that are hard, and those that are brittle, and that some bodies are broken with a blow which others can resist. He views with pleasure a brilliant light, and ventures to put his fingers to the blazing hearth, or to the flame of a candle, but feels a sudden sensation of acute pain, which warns him of the danger of using too much familiarity with fire, notwithstanding its alluring aspect. He sees a cow, a dog, or a cat, and is told its name, and, after frequent repetitions, he learns to connect the sound with the object which it is intended to represent. He sees a horse walking along a road, and afterwards its figure as represented in an engraving, and soon learns to recognise the resemblance of the one to the other. In short, every person with whom he is acquainted, every individual object of which he becomes fond—his rattles and his bells, his drums and his whistles, his little coaches and his jumping Jacks, may all be considered as so many instructors conveying lessons to his opening mind. In acquiring the information such objects are calculated to afford, *repeated exertions of the understanding* must necessarily be made. The knowledge of any particular object, as to its powers and qualities, cannot be supposed to be attained without an effort similar to that which an adult person must exert, when investigating the laws of Nature, and the general economy of the universe. For, everything a child sees or hears, in the first instance, all the marks and characters of Nature, and the qualities and operations of surrounding objects, are as much unknown to him as the sciences of Philology, Mathematics, and Astronomy, to the untutored savage; and, consequently, require a certain degree of attention and reasoning before the knowledge of them can be acquired.”—pp. 111, 112.

He is now, by the end of his second year, a little student. But we must pass over the Doctor's remarks—excellent, and beautifully tender, as truly considerate as they are, which he throws out as to the physical, moral, and intellectual education of infants, in so far as the attention of parents and guardians are concerned—that we may introduce some paragraphs on infant schools, which have now been established in most of the populous towns, and in some of the

villages of the British empire ; and which, wherever they have been conducted properly, have been accompanied with many interesting and beneficial effects—although, before society at large feel the full influence of such seminaries, they will require to be multiplied a hundred fold. But, what a wonderful result would be experienced in twenty years hence, were this multiplication now to take place, if we may judge from the fruits of the experiments already made ! Let it be remembered that teaching infants to read is not the main objects of the schools in question.

“ The principal objects of infant schools ought therefore to be—to exhibit to the view of children as great a variety as possible of the scenes of nature and the operations of art, either by directing their views immediately to the objects themselves, or by means of pictorial representations—to teach them to *distinguish* one object from another, to mark its peculiar qualities, to *compare* one object with another, and to deduce certain truths or conclusions from them—to instruct them how to use their voices, their eyes and ears, their hands and feet—to teach them the properties of numbers, the magnitudes, distances, and relative positions of objects, the forms and habits of animals, the different classes and uses of vegetables and minerals, the various objects to be seen in the fields and gardens, and the general aspect and phenomena of the atmosphere and the heavens—to impress their minds with the existence of a Supreme Being, of their continual dependence upon him, of his Goodness, Power, and Omnipotence, and of the duties they owe him—to teach them the fundamental maxims and rules of the Christian system, and make them reduce them to practice—to train them to kindness and affection towards one another, to habits of cleanliness, neatness, and regularity in all their movements, and to conduct themselves with moral order and propriety, both in the school, the play-ground, and in their domestic associations—in short, to develop all the intellectual and moral powers of the mind, at a much earlier period than has hitherto been deemed expedient, in order to prevent the growth of vicious habits and false opinions, and to prepare them for all the subsequent instructions and scenes of action through which they may afterwards pass, that they may become blessings, instead of curses, to the world, and rise up in wisdom and knowledge, and in favour with God and with man.

“ The establishment of infant schools in *heathen lands*, wherever it is practicable, *will, I conceive, be the most efficient means of undermining the fabric of Pagan superstition and idolatry, and of converting unenlightened nations to the faith and practice of our holy religion.* When we would instruct adults in any thing to which they have been unaccustomed, we find the attempt extremely difficult, and frequently abortive, in consequence of the strong influence of long-established habits. In like manner, when we attempt to expound the truths of Christianity to the heathen, and enforce them on their attention, we encounter innumerable difficulties, arising from preconceived opinions, inveterate habits, long-established customs, ancient traditions, the laws and usages of their forefathers, the opinions of their superiors, and their ignorance of the fundamental principles of legitimate reasoning ; so that comparatively few of the adult heathen have been thoroughly converted to the Christian faith, notwithstanding the numerous missionary enterprises which have been car-

sied forward during the last thirty years. But if infant schools were extensively established, in all those regions which are the scene of missionary operations, we should have thousands of minds prepared for the reception of Divine truth, having actually imbibed a portion of the spirit of Christianity, and being unfettered by those heathenish prejudices and habits to which I have alluded. Every infant school, and every school of instruction conducted on the same principles, at which they might subsequently attend, would become a seminary for Christianity; and we might, on good grounds, indulge the hope that the greater part of the children trained up in such seminaries, when the truths and foundations of religion were more fully exhibited to them, would ultimately make a profession of adherence to its cause and interests, and regulate their conduct by its holy requisitions. In this case, instead of a few insulated individuals occasionally embracing the religion of the Bible, we should frequently hear (to use the language of Scripture) of 'nations being born at once, and a people as in one day.' For, the young thus instructed, when arrived at youth and manhood, would exert a most powerful influence on their fathers, mothers, friends, and relatives, and on all around them—while their own minds have been brought under the most salutary influence, being pre-occupied with those truths and habits which will preserve them from the contamination of the heathenish practices which prevail around them."—pp. 169, 170, 190—192.

These are brilliant prospects; and indeed in the regions of southern Africa have such institutions been recently established to some extent, and been accompanied with many beneficial effects. Those, however, who desire full information on the nature and detail of infant schools, should have recourse to the treatise on "Infant Education," by Mr. Wilderspin, the enthusiastic and successful labourer in behalf of the youngest of our race, and to Mr. Stow's "Moral Training."

In advancing to treat of schools for young persons, from the age of five or six to that of fourteen years, Dr. Dick finds room for many changes and improvements as compared with the old systems. Our readers may be sure that something like the reverse of that which has been blamed so much by the author, in the existing institutions, is advocated by him here. School-rooms, methods of teaching, departments of knowledge to be taught, and many other incidental particulars are discussed in this part of the work, which we cannot in any moderate space do justice to. We shall only quote the concluding paragraph of this lengthened portion of the volume, with the view particularly of replying to a doctrine maintained by Mr. James, as may be seen in the last number of our Journal, viz. that the children of mechanics and the labouring population, should not be allowed, generally, a high education, lest it should make them discontented with their sphere in life.

"But although I have admitted, that, during the first stage of instruction, only a few fragments of knowledge would be communicated, yet before the course is finished, a very considerable portion of all that is really useful in the sciences might be imparted to the young. Suppose that, on

an average, every child is able to read with tolerable fluency by the time he is arrived at the age of seven or eight, and that the course of instruction for every member of the community shall be prolonged till he arrive at the period of fourteen years—in the course of six or seven years, a summary view of all the more interesting principles and facts connected with the sciences above specified, might be communicated, even supposing that half a year were exclusively devoted to each. But there would be no necessity for restricting the pupil to one branch of knowledge at a time. While, at one hour, he was receiving instructions and witnessing experiments in natural philosophy or chemistry, during other hours of the same day he might be prosecuting arithmetic, algebra, geometry, or composition. Thus, during little more than the time usually spent in acquiring a knowledge of Latin and Greek, a very considerable portion of useful knowledge might be acquired, which would expand the range of the juvenile mind, increase its sources of enjoyment, and lay a broad foundation for future usefulness and improvement. And I trust there are few, in modern times, who will hesitate to admit, that the knowledge thus acquired would be infinitely preferable, in point of utility, to all the scraps of classical literature usually picked up, during the same period, at our grammar schools. But why, it may be asked, should such an extent of knowledge be communicated to the *lower orders* of mankind? I answer, in a few words, Because they are rational beings, furnished by their Creator with faculties capable of acquiring it; because it will increase their enjoyments and render them more useful in society; because it will tend to prevent vices and crimes, and to raise their souls above the degrading pleasures of intemperance and sensuality; because it will render them more expert in their mechanical professions; because it will fit them for becoming improvers of the arts and sciences, and for taking a part in all those movements by which society may be improved and the world regenerated; and because they are beings destined to immortality, and therefore ought to be instructed in every department of knowledge which has a bearing on the future world to which they are advancing, and which is calculated to prepare them for its pleasures and its employments.”—pp. 442, 443.

Moral and religious instruction and Sabbath-schools next occupy the attention of our author. Many of the hints thrown out on these topics, with which Dr. Dick is so well acquainted, are invaluable; they are sensible, grave, and earnest, as the magnitude and solemnity of the subjects demand. But we go forward to something that is said of schools for young persons, from the age of fourteen to the age of twenty and upwards, which are contemplated and insisted on in a manner perfectly consistent with the writer's doctrine, that the interval for education is as lengthened as that which extends from the cradle to the grave.

“It is one of the grand defects of our present system of education, that it is considered as terminating about the period when our youth arrive at the age of fourteen or fifteen years. Prior to this period, little more than the *rudiments* of knowledge can be communicated, even where education is conducted on an intellectual plan. The whole period of our existence should be considered as the course of our education; and there is no portion of human life of more importance in this respect than that which

intervenes between the age of fourteen and the age of twenty. At this period, the rational powers are advancing towards perfection, and are capable of acquiring clear and expansive views both of scientific truths and of scriptural doctrines. At the same time the moral powers and propensities are beginning to arrange themselves on the side either of virtue or of vice; and, in the great majority of instances, the character of the future man depends on the intellectual views and the moral habits which are then formed. It is therefore a matter of the utmost importance, that the human mind, at this interesting period, should be properly directed as to its views of truth and of duty, and guarded against the temptations and allurements which might turn it aside from the paths of rectitude. It is somewhat unaccountable, that this important period in the life of man—so pregnant with blessings or curses to society—should have been almost overlooked in the view of the Christian philanthropist, and that no specific arrangements have been made to promote moral and intellectual instruction during its continuance. About the age of fifteen the greater part of those who have enjoyed a common education are employed as apprentices or servants. At this period, new passions begin to operate, and new pursuits engage their attention. They mingle with new associates, are frequently exposed to vicious indulgences, and, in many instances, are set free from the restraints of their parents and guardians. If, in such circumstances, no rational or religious instruction is regularly imparted, they will be apt, as too frequently happens, to be led away by their vicious companions, and their sensual appetites, into the paths of folly and intemperance. Hence the propriety of establishing institutions, and arranging a system of instruction adapted to the wants and the circumstances of this interesting portion of our population.”—pp. 484, 485.

The subjects named for the study of the class mentioned, and which might be varied according to circumstances, are the physical Sciences—Logic, in a popular and practical manner—Practical Mechanics—Ethics, and Evidences, &c. of Christianity.

“Such institutions have never yet been established, so far as I know, in any part of the civilized world; nor can we hope for their establishment, till the influence of *avarice* be in some measure undermined—till our shops and manufactories be shut up at more early hours than they now are, and till our labourers, shopkeepers, and artisans, have more leisure to devote to the cultivation of their moral and mental powers. Many of our manufactories are kept open till between the hours of eight and nine in the evening; and our grocery stores, and other shops, till near the hour of midnight; so that, from seven in the morning till near eleven at night, our apprentices have scarcely two hours of leisure, even for their meals. Such long hours of labour, during which many of the working classes are obliged to toil from day to day, tend not only to retard the progress of the human mind, but to reduce mankind to a species of slaves, or mere animal machines; leaving them scarcely any reasonable portion of their existence, either for cultivating their intellects, or for preparing for the world to come.”—pp. 488, 489.

As a necessary branch of the machinery of the system advocated, the qualifications of teachers, and seminaries for their instruction, engage the author's particular attention. He is no

longer for such teachers—who have often been selected, or who have frequently thrust themselves into the sacred office of schoolmasters, as were deemed unfit for any thing else; but he insists on means and encouragement being afforded, whereby a highly-educated, gifted, dignified, and morally excellent order of men might be the instructors of the young. The next chapter, which maintains and points out what the author considers to be sufficient data whereon to prove the practicability of establishing such an enlarged and universal scheme of education as he has advocated, within the British nation, we cannot by a few extracts sufficiently explain. No doubt this work will have an extensive circulation, and we must implore all reflecting persons to study its contents, for these concern every member of society. If private individuals will but lend their attention to such dissertations as the present, they will soon afterwards set to work in good earnest in a field where their influence will ascend and direct the highest powers in the land. We shall only farther quote the author's recapitulation, and part of his eloquent conclusion, that the preceding observations and extracts may be the more fully appreciated and felt.

“In the preceding pages I have endeavoured to illustrate a variety of topics in reference to the education and general improvement of all classes of society—particularly the physical, moral, and intellectual instruction of infants—the advantages which would result from the universal establishment of infant schools—the seminaries which require to be erected for the instruction of youth from the age of six to the age of fifteen years—the plan and arrangement of school-rooms, and the objects and apparatus with which they should be furnished—the principles on which school-books should be constructed—the modes of teaching, by which substantial knowledge and moral principle may be communicated—the *branches of knowledge which should be taught to all classes of the community*—the *rational and intellectual processes* by which a knowledge of them is to be conveyed—the moral and religious instruction of the young—the manner in which Sabbath schools should be conducted, and the qualifications requisite for every teacher in such institutions—the seminaries which require to be established for young persons of both sexes from the age of fifteen to the age of twenty years or upwards—the qualifications requisite for teachers of all descriptions, and the seminaries which ought to be established for their instruction—the *practicability* of establishing all such institutions—the *utility* of such improvements in education, in counteracting crime, raising the moral and intellectual character of man, and preparing the way for the approach of the millennial era—the *principles* on which national systems of education should be established—mechanics' institutions, and the improvements of which they are susceptible—with a variety of *miscellaneous hints in reference to the diffusion of knowledge and the improvement of general society*.

“Were such institutions once established throughout every part of our country and of the world at large, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christianity, and conducted with activity and zeal—there can be little doubt that they would, ere long, be accompanied with the most interesting and beneficial results.

"In the progress of such institutions—when they shall have been brought into full operation—I behold, in the prospect of future ages, the most important transformations, and the most glorious results, in the improvement both of the *intellectual* and of the *physical* world. I behold the surface of the earth, at no distant period, adorned with vegetable and architectural beauties and embellishments—our deserts transformed into fruitful fields—our marshes drained—our moors and heath-clad mountains adorned with fruitful trees—our gardens producing the fruits of every clime—our highways broad and spacious, accompanied with cleanly footpaths, and at the distance of every half-mile furnished with seats and bowers for the shelter and refreshment of the passing traveller, and every bower furnished with Penny Magazines and other works for the instruction and amusement of every one who has leisure to peruse them—our abominable lanes and closes, the seats of physical and moral pollution, completely demolished and laid open to the light of heaven—our narrow streets expanding into spacious squares, cheered with the solar beams, and with rural prospects, and ventilated with the refreshing breeze—our densely crowded cities almost completely demolished, and new cities arising from their ruins, on noble and expansive plans, corresponding to the expansive state of the human mind.

"I behold the ministers of religion expatiating, amidst thousands of intelligent worshippers, on higher themes and more diversified topics than those to which they are now necessarily restricted—not confining their attention merely to first principles, and to a few fragments of the Christian system, but taking the whole of Divine Revelation as their textbook, and deriving their illustrations of it from the records of Providence, and from all the diversified scenes of the universe.—In fine, I behold the human soul, thus elevated and refined, and endowed with multifarious knowledge, dropping its earthly tabernacle in the dust, and, in another and a higher region of existence, contemplating the economy of other worlds, exploring the wonders of Divine Wisdom and Omnipotence throughout the immensity of creation, prying into the mysteries of human redemption, rising nearer and nearer to the Divinity, expatiating amidst objects of beauty and beneficence, and beholding new scenes of grandeur and felicity rising to view, in boundless perspective, while ages, numerous as the drops of the ocean, are rolling on.

"Let none imagine that such views are either romantic or Utopian—they are the *necessary results* of what will undoubtedly take place, when knowledge and Christian principles are universally diffused. It is owing chiefly to *ignorance* and the prevalence of *malignant principles*, that science has been so slow in its progress, that contention and warfare have wasted and demoralized the nations, that the earth has been left barren and uncultivated, that savages have been permitted for ages to roam without arts and instruction, that religion has been neglected, and that so many evils, physical and moral, have been introduced into the social state. Remove the cause of existing evils, and opposite effects will be produced—effects surpassing, in benignity and grandeur, every thing which has occurred since time began. In the present age, distinguished from all the periods of time which have hitherto elapsed, these effects are *beginning* to appear. All the movements now going forward in the moral, political, scientific, and religious world, have an evident bearing on the approach of a more auspicious and enlightened era."—pp. 661, 662, 665—667.

ART. III.—*Posthumous Records of a London Clergyman*. Edited by the REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D., Author of the "Oriental Annual." London: John W. Parker. 1835.

WHAT a beating about does a title to a book often cost a writer, before he can be satisfied! If the subject of it be serious and important, it is difficult to find sometimes any two or three words sententious and comprehensive enough to become a consistent and happy guide to all that is to follow. Or if the work be of a slighter frame, such as a tale, a poem, or an ephemeral essay, how necessary does the writer feel it that he should arrest the attention of the reading world by some *heading*, whose euphony, alliteration, emphasis, or felicitous allusion, will be sure to send the imagination upon some brilliant career, although, after all, it may turn out no better than a wild-goose chase.

"Posthumous Records of a London Clergyman" seemed to offer something definite for our conjectures to speculate about, wherein serious subjects, and the vicissitudes which one of the sable brotherhood had experienced or witnessed in the course of his ministrations, or peeps into the secular ways of the world, were likely to be impressively described. Now, although we have no reason to complain of the want of religious phraseology in these records and references to religious solemnities, we did not anticipate from the title that there should only follow a string of fictions, in which gloomy or exaggerated pictures of life are wrought up, something after the manner, (though by a very inferior hand), that the "Diary of a Physician" was modelled. The editor or author withholds not his name, however, and is already favourably known by some other volumes belonging to the lighter classes of literature. But when we read in the introductory chapter thus—"The friend of my youth is gone to the inheritance of the good. 'May my last end be like his!' We were playmates in our infancy, schoolfellows in our childhood, associates at college, and friends in our manhood;" we never dreamt that highly-coloured stories of love, crime, madness, or misfortune, were to be the burden of this departed friend's literary bequest. However, Mr. Caunter declares that "the whole of his papers were willed to my trust, with an especial request that I would take charge of them, and do with them whatever my own judgment should suggest." Again—"In accordance, therefore, as I conceive, with the implied wish of their author, I give the following sheets to the world, as a bequest of one who loved it sincerely; not for its own sake, but for His who made, and likewise so loved it, that he laid down his life to ransom it from the penalty of a broken law." This, and a good deal more that is told about the "departed," is very like serious work, and ought not to be used as a clap-trap to make any credulous boarding-school subscriber to a village circulating library believe such extravagant and improbable tales as follow. We shall give the

cream of two of them, and then our readers will judge whether the most solemn language and doctrines of religion can be innocently employed in the framework and support of such romances.

After various vicissitudes experienced as a tutor and preacher in London, by our "Clergyman," soon after he took orders, he goes on to record that he was presented to a living worth six hundred a year. His patron was a wealthy commoner, of an ancient family in the North of England, and the living lay within a mile and a half of his mansion, where he became an almost daily guest—the son, a youth of about sixteen years of age, becoming, at the especial request of his father, the patron, our Clergyman's pupil. There was an only sister, who had just entered her eighteenth year, and who is described as a creature in all respects extraordinary. And now for a specimen of laboured extravagance.

"Her person seemed truly angelic, and there was something altogether unearthly in the whole character and expression of her beauty. Her form was so slight as to appear almost etherealized, and yet so admirable in its proportions, that there was no mistaking the symmetry. But a singular thing in this girl was, the sensitive and intense consciousness which she felt of her own attractions; and so indelibly was this fixed on her mind, that it became its sole and absorbing idea. She imagined herself a sort of incarnation of beauty;—an unaccountable delusion that amounted to a perfect mental disease; and she would stand before a mirror, frequently for hours together, breaking forth into vehement bursts of admiration.

"To describe her perfection of form and feature is utterly impossible. It was so transcendent that she really appeared justified in the notion which she entertained; for it seemed altogether superhuman. Hers was not that mere physical beauty of which health, complexion, and figure, are the chief elements, but an abstract loveliness, apart from shape and features, which was, indeed, an emanation from them, but still, in itself, positive and distinct, though more immediately perceptible to the mind than to the eye. It produced a sort of atmosphere around her, and enveloped her as a halo. Her face was as colourless as the finest Parian marble, but, like the surface of that beautiful material, spotless and without blemish. Its texture was of the most exquisite delicacy; and the small azure veins, which streaked her fair Grecian forehead, gave a sentiment and expression to the countenance, altogether identical with, and peculiar to itself. Her eyes were of a bright deep blue, fringed with long black lashes, which imparted to them an eloquence—the magic eloquence of beauty, even when they were closed. The lids were so transparent as then only to veil, not eclipse, the lustrous orbs that beamed beneath them.

"When I have occasionally seen those fine sable fringes droop languidly upon the alabaster cheek, and quiver upon the fairy surface as if instinct with life, I have been quite amazed at the surpassing loveliness of the object before me. Nature had, indeed, produced a marvellous work, yet the jewel, enshrined within this precious casket, was by no means a gem of the first order. Unrivalled in body as was this fair girl, her mind was upon the whole, feeble, though certainly not commonplace. There were occasional coruscations, but they were quick, bright, and evanescent. She was the centre of her own universe, the sun of her own sphere, the

idol of her own idolatry. The great abstract notion which appeared to engross her whole soul, was the pre-eminence of her beauty. It was almost the sole subject of her thoughts by day, and of her dreams by night. She was not without kindly affections, but the one focal idea, to which every aspiration, every motion of her mind, gravitated, and in which it ultimately became absorbed, overbore and crushed them. The better feelings of her nature were paralyzed by her morbid vanity. The elements of good were copiously mixed up with her moral temperament, but they had become stagnant by suppression; so that, to strangers, she frequently appeared that which she was not."—pp. 20—22.

"And there was a something altogether unearthly in the whole character of her beauty." Not being acquainted with anything but what is earthly, it is the less to be wondered at that we can form no distinct idea of the angelic creature from the above description. There is also a something about *that something* that is neither lucid nor characteristic; but we must take the portrait as it is, and see if the unearthly girl becomes more natural. The first circumstance that follows the outline of her beauty certainly is ordinary and intelligible enough. It is that the clergyman had not long been acquainted with her, before it became obvious to him that she was slowly but gradually dying. Yet, as was also no way extraordinary, her danger escaped the observation of her family and of herself.

There lived in the neighbourhood of the clergyman's patron, Mr. P——, a neat, dapper little man, upwards of fifty, with a head like a thorn-bush in May—as white and as fragrant with scented pomatum, and who always wore top-boots and buckskin breeches, except when dressed for an evening party, when his spare legs were lost in a wilderness of pantaloons—who took it into his head to fall in love with the unearthly creature. The wooer had long been a particular friend of the girl's father, and withal was a man of great property in Westmorland, therefore the latter approved of his suit. But when Mr. P——'s predilection was mentioned to the young lady herself, she declined the offer, and her personal dislike afterwards increased towards the little dapper man. In this dilemma, what do these North-of-England, shallow-pated worthies do, but request the professional influence of our clergyman, who, by-the bye, is a young man (and if we can believe his own representations of himself, one who has a knack of gaining the confidence and deep esteem of others), to endeavour to reconcile the angel "to the consummation of an object so much desired by her whole family."

"When I broached the subject to her, the answer which she made was strikingly characteristic of the singular tone of her mind.

"My dear sir," said she, exciting her languid features into an animated smile, 'did you ever read the story of *Beauty and the Beast*? Would you wish me to realize that silly fiction? I ask you seriously, do you think the Almighty ever intended that so much beauty as mine should be allied to so much deformity as Mr. P——'s? Indeed it would be an utter desecration of the temple in which my soul is enshrined, to attach a mud hovel to it by way of portico.'

" 'But, my dear madam,' I said, 'with submission, I think you look too much at externals, and seem to forget that the beauty which does not appear on the surface, may exist intact and pure within. You must surely allow that there may be a beautiful mind as well as a beautiful body; and, indeed, I think it is no questionable speculation of philosophy, that what is beautiful in the essence deserves far more to be prized than what is merely beautiful in the gross.'

" 'This is all very fine, I dare say; but to me it conveys no positive perception. Your essence is too subtle for the eye to deal with, and I don't pretend to judge of what I can't see; but, as for the gross, as you call it, that which makes my soul dance with rapture to look at, and my brain to whirl with a thrill of delight, is to my mind worth all the essence in the universe, which does not show so much visible beauty as there is colour on a gnat's wing.'

" Finding that I was only casting fuel upon the kindling fires of a most pertinacious prejudice, by the line of argument I had adopted, I changed my mode of assault, by trying how far an appeal to her filial obligations would stagger her resolution.

" 'Well, said I, 'supposing you to be right, is there not a delight in obeying your father upon earth, a duty second only to obeying your Father which is in Heaven?'

" 'Certainly, when our obedience to the one is not an act of disobedience to the other. But I must tell you that when an earthly father enjoins a daughter to do that which is repugnant to her own soul, and which, in consequence of this very repugnance, might lead her into guilt, he commits an offence against God; she would, consequently, likewise offend against God by obeying, and thereby, in her own person, ratifying such an injunction.'

" I felt the force of this argument so strongly, that, for the moment, I was unable to reply. It so nearly accorded with my own views, that I could not conscientiously urge her further, when I saw her antipathy to be so firmly fixed; I therefore said, 'Well, if it is really a matter of conscience, I should look upon any attempt to warp that conscience not only as an impertinence, but as a sinister act. If you never could love Mr. P—— you are justified in refusing him.'

" 'There's a good soul,' said she, playfully interrupting me; 'tell my father so; tell him that I never will marry any one whom I don't love; tell him I don't love Mr. P——; that I can't love Mr. P——, and that I never will love Mr. P——. Tell him this, and I'll reward you some day, by letting you into a secret: you shall know whom I do love. Try till your wits are gone, you'll never guess.'

" Saying this, with a smile of more than usual animation, she nodded, and darted through the door into another room."—pp. 25—27.

Mr. P—— was not only disappointed, but excessively angry, when he heard what was the result of the clergyman's interview with the young lady; but she only laughed "at what she called the old man's glumpiness." The father, however, became reconciled, the chief inconvenience resulting from the misunderstanding between the two old friends being that the patron, who liked to have two bottles of port to his own cheek each day after dinner, had no one

to keep him company, our clergyman being rather a milk-and-water man, and one who affected the society of the ladies, we presume.

The *beauty* continued to decline, and advice was called in, the truth being no longer imperceptible to her parents. An eminent physician confirmed the worst suspicions, which "thunderstruck" the father, and "paralyzed" the mother. Nay, "the information came upon them like the sudden shock of an earthquake." The physician advised a tour to the south of France, or to Madeira, though he was well aware that she could only be taken "there to die." This, we think, was therefore a cruel deceit on the part of the doctor—but let that pass. The chief difficulty in the way of such a tour was her unconquerable love of home—another extraordinary feature in a vain girl's character. What was then to be done?

"I was therefore requested to sound her upon the subject. I began by remarking that she had lately grown thin.

" 'Oh, no,' she replied gaily, 'not too thin, I dislike fat girls exceedingly, there is something very unfeminine in being fat.'

" 'Yes, but—'

" 'I beg your pardon, there is no but in the case; under no circumstances can a fat woman look feminine. I would rather be as slender as the stalk of a hyacinth, than have my bones covered with an incumbrance of gross flesh. To my mind I'm just what I should be, and I have therefore no desire to be stouter.

" 'Surely,' said I, 'you wish to have flesh enough to keep you in health.'

" 'So I have, I am not ill.'

" 'You look more delicate than usual.'

" 'Can a woman look too delicate? Delicacy is her highest moral and physical beauty; why then should you wish I had less of what constitutes the perfection of woman's nature?'

" 'But I spoke of delicacy neither in its physical nor in its moral acceptation, literally considered; I used it in a qualified sense, as implying bodily prostration. I fear your health is suffering.'

" 'No, I assure you, no, you are quite mistaken; my health has been improving lately. See what a colour I have—I begin to fear I am getting too healthy.'

" 'That colour may not be a proof of health, it may imply fever, and the physician does not think you are well. He recommends change of climate.'

" 'Nonsense, change of climate! I hate doctors; they must say something, or how could they expect their fee? He knows nothing about me. He is an old woman,' she said with some petulance.

" 'Surely, you cannot think that any man, well born and liberally educated, would be so base as to recommend your undertaking a long and painful journey, unless he really thought it would be for your benefit! No, believe me, he undoubtedly thinks a change necessary for you, and as your parents wish it, I am sure you will readily give your consent.'

" 'Indeed, I shall not, for I am sure it would kill me to go abroad. I don't like to quit my home; and besides, I have an especial attraction to this spot. Don't you remember my telling you that although I did not

love Mr. P——, I loved some one. Now try if you cannot guess who that one is.'

" 'Really I cannot—for in such matters I am the most unobserving person in the world.'

" 'I dare say you are. Well, then, since you are too dull to find out, take this Bible, and as soon as you get home, turn to the twelfth chapter of the Second Book of Samuel, and the seventh verse will make a marvellous discovery.' Saying this, she put a small pocket Bible into my hand, extorting from me a promise that I would not open it until I returned to the rectory-house."—pp. 35—37.

The seventh verse of the twelfth chapter of the Second Book of Samuel, which we may be sure the clergyman turned up as impatiently as he ever did any text, contains these words, "Thou art the man," under which a strong pencil line was drawn. We had suspected so much, but still cannot sufficiently marvel at the parents using such a confessor and deputy to their matchless daughter. But how did the discovery affect the young man of the church?

"I confess, though I felt flattered by so signal a preference, I was under considerable embarrassment how I should communicate my feelings to this singular but interesting girl. Her unexpected declaration, communicated so ingeniously, but so solemnly, certainly increased the interest I had always taken in her happiness since my arrival in her neighbourhood. The more I considered the matter, the more I felt a glow in my breast towards her; yet my conscience had too plainly told me that it was altogether free from the stimulus of abstract affection. I soon became sensible that my heart was receiving an impression through my vanity, and I, therefore, stifled every ebullition as it arose; but the question with me was, how I should declare myself to the fair being whose affections I had so unconsciously won. It was clear she had not long to live; fearing, therefore, that, in her delicate state, an extreme opposition to any settled wish might produce serious consequences, especially in one who had never been accustomed to have a single wish opposed, I came to the determination of allowing her to suppose that her feelings were reciprocated by me, but without expressly confirming it by words.

"When we met, I simply told her how flattered I was by her preference—kissed her white transparent fingers, and she seemed to take for granted that my feelings were too intense for utterance.

"From this time, she treated me with a confidence that greatly increased my interest about her. I found that she had scarcely turned her thoughts to religion, and when I ventured, one day, to touch upon the subject, she said:

" 'Surely the Deity could never have brought into the world so beautiful a frame as mine, either to torment it here or to punish it hereafter. What harm have I done during my innocent life? Why, then should I occupy myself with thinking upon gloomy things, and persuade myself to look upon God as an omnipotent terror, when the very charms with which he has invested this frail body satisfy me that I am here in the likeness of his divine image, encircled with a glory which can never die. Shall I confess to you that I love to gaze at my myself, and to contemplate in myself such an exquisite work as none but Omnipotent

tence could have formed? You smile. The foolish world may call me vain, but my conscience tells me that I do homage to God in admiring the beautiful production of his hand; for although it is exhibited in my own person, is it, therefore, the less to be admired—the less a divine creation? I worship the Divinity in contemplating my own beauty, which is his boon. Such vanity as mine is a homage to God, and surely homage to him is a virtue.”—pp. 35—37.

There is a *something* throughout this tale that strikes us as altogether unnatural, and not far short of disgusting. We do not believe that anything like it in spirit nor in literal construction ever did or can take place. We do not aver that there is any improbability in the clergyman’s confession, when he says that the glow in his breast towards the lovely girl “was altogether free from the stimulus of abstract affection,” for such purity does not seem to belong to his nature, as depicted by himself. However, along with her pride, the beauty, it will be seen, is somewhat of an idolater, and afterwards she defends herself in a way worthy of an infidel, endowed with more mind, and better read, than one should have expected of such a looking-glass worshipper.

The beloved clergyman was honest enough to communicate to his patron the girl’s unsolicited love, and although it was far from giving satisfaction, it was judged best, considering her dying condition, not to thwart her in any whim or fancy. But still she had no apprehension of danger. He was therefore allowed the freest access to her, and towards him she cherished the same confidence that usually passes between those who are affianced to each other. But—

“I could not bring her to cast a thought upon that eternity to which she was so rapidly hastening. To her it was a dream, and she flung it from her thoughts, like an unwelcome vision of the night. I never saw her that she had not the looking-glass at her side, and it was a truly singular feature in her character, a moral idiosyncrasy, if I may so say, that the greatest enjoyment of her life was the contemplation of her own person, as reflected by the mirror beside her. I almost daily saw a change. She continually spat blood, but this did not seem in the least to alarm her, so fully was she possessed with the idea that God would not destroy so beautiful a work. She fancied herself the casket in which a heavenly gem was enshrined, and therefore placed beyond the reach of death until age should render her a fitter victim. I one morning asked if she never felt any apprehension of death?

“‘None whatever,’ she replied; ‘I know I shall not die, as I am; I feel that my time is not yet come.’”—p. 43.

Nay, it was after this, and various other dialogues, that one day “she spoke to me upon the subject of making some arrangements for our marriage.” Upon this he felt himself bound no longer to withhold from her the full truth regarding her approaching death.

“I did all I could to prepare her for her trial, but she was restless and disquieted. She was not to be comforted; still she could not believe that her hour was so nearly approaching.

"It happened that, the following day, she rallied a little, and she caught at this gossamer-thread of hope, as if it was to sustain her through the dark valley of her coming trial. At our next interview she met me with a smile, and talked of recovery and of life with, to me, distressing energy. I attempted to dissipate her delusion, but in vain. She certainly appeared better, and was, therefore, persuaded the climax of her disorder had passed, and that she was rapidly recovering. The pertinacity with which she clung to life was a sad thing to witness. She would not allow a hint to be given of her dying: the idea was so terrible she could not endure it; but the marvel was, that she really did shut it out from her thoughts, and brought her mind to the conviction that she should not yet go to her account. At my urgent entreaties, however, she allowed me to pray by her; and I finally induced her to receive the sacrament. This seemed to quiet her, in spite of her unaccountable infatuation. Reduced as she now was, and so weak that she could, at times, scarcely raise her arms, her glass was constantly beside her. She did not appear conscious that her beauty had faded, for she was still lovely. Even at the eleventh hour, her whole thoughts were chiefly absorbed in the contemplation of her own personal attractions. Nothing could abstract her from the one dear subject of admiration, save occasionally, when the mind seemed to be, for the moment, cloyed with the luxury of its own reflections. Though I now and then diverted her from this all-engrossing object, yet, like the bent bow, the greater the tension of the string the stronger the impulse of reaction, so, in proportion as her thoughts were turned from the centre to which they gravitated, their natural momentum was increased as soon as the resisting power was withdrawn, and they invariably returned, with renewed ardour, to their first and favourite tendencies.

"I had a second time administered the sacrament, which she received with her whole family around her, who all communicated with her. After the exertion was over, she seemed composed; and we all quitted the room, hoping that she might sink into a quiet slumber.

"I was seated near the door, and, rushing in hastily, followed by the family and Mr. P——, witnessed a scene never to be forgotten. The unhappy girl was at the foot of the bed in her night-dress. She had grasped one of the bed-posts, but too manifestly in the pangs of dissolution. Her eye was directed upward, with a look so brilliant as to give an awful intensity to the expression of mental agony, which beamed from it with the piercing lustre of a diamond. Her brow was furrowed, her cheeks and lips bloodless; she gasped and clung to the bed-post, uttering, in a faint scream, 'No, no!—I won't die—I can't die—I'm too beautiful to die! God of mercy crush me not! No, it shall not be—it cannot be.'

"Her voice grew fainter—her head drooped; but suddenly raising it with singular energy, her eye beaming with the same deep, lucid expression as before, she said, gaspingly, 'What is this?—I cannot;—no—I cannot—no—no—I will—not—die.'"—pp. 49—52.

We jump forward to the last story in the volume, which is designated the "Two Friends." Our clergyman, whilst he is in London (for he does not remain long in the country, though possessed of a living of six hundred a year), where at last he settles, was one day called to visit a female, who was about the middle age, and who for a length of time had been labouring under mental

aberration, her madness being that of melancholy. On the occasion mentioned, she had burst a blood-vessel in the chest, in a violent fit of coughing, and with the approach of death the cloud had entirely passed from her mind. She was tranquil, collected, and perfectly sensible. She declares that she is prepared to die—that she has “no misgivings,” but still that it would be a great consolation if the sacrament were administered to her. (Was it right to administer such an ordinance to one who had no misgivings? But a word about this holy institution afterwards). After the solemnity was concluded, the invalid tells a long story about love, murder, and suicide, a few fragments of which we must extract, to exhibit the writer’s skill and taste in tale-telling.

“ ‘I was born in Cumberland, and had a twin brother. We were the orphan children of parents in easy circumstances, who left us a small but competent income. We lived with an uncle, an inflexible man, who became our guardian on the death of our natural protectors. We respected him as a father, and obeyed him as such. In the neighbourhood lived a farmer, with two children—a son and a daughter. We were playmates together in infancy, and grew up with mutual regard, which ripened, at length, into a warmer feeling. The young men had an attachment for one another of the most ardent kind, and each, moreover, loved the sister of the other, which was reciprocated with equal fervour by those sisters.’ ”—p. 334.

The uncle and the father were tipplers together frequently, and almost as frequently fell out when warm with drink; and on one occasion they quarrelled about the two friends, the nephew and the son, which was the better and more dexterous of them at certain games and athletic exercises. It was therefore proposed by the old drunkards, that their respective young men should try their skill with the broad sword; and though the youths were at first shocked at the proposal, length of time, dissention-sowing, and at last in a match at single-stick, where they encountered one another, a protracted struggle, and an undecided issue to the contest, prepared them for the mortal trial with swords, goaded on as they were—the one by his uncle, the other by his father. “The old men exulted at what each conceived would be the probable issue.”

“ ‘I will relate to you the sad event, as it was told to me by my uncle, when writhing under those pangs of remorse to which he ultimately fell a victim. The combatants met in a remote part of a common, little frequented. They met in mortal combat; the father of the one, and the uncle of the other being the only persons present, besides the principals, upon this sanguinary occasion. The sun had just poured his level rays over the horizon, when the parties reached the ground. Those who had once been the dearest friends, were now about to join in deadly strife. When they met, each impulsively grasped the other’s hand, but a word from my uncle subdued the rising ebullition, and they stripped for the encounter. There was a sadness in the countenance of both, which sufficiently showed with what a reluctance of spirit they were about to place each other’s lives in jeopardy.

" ' They commenced the encounter with extreme caution, on e side, displaying all the skill for which they had acquired so much celebrity. There was greater anxiety in both to exhibit that skill, without inflicting a wound, than to do one another a mischief. They continued their play for some time, with equal advantage, not much to the satisfaction of the two spectators, who looked savagely on, watching every thrust and foil with an impatience for the result, as unnatural as it was furious. At length my brother inflicted a slight flesh-wound in the arm of his adversary, which gave an instant impulse to the spirit of the latter, and he pressed forward with a vigour that showed a strong desire of retaliation. My brother foiled all his louniges, and parried every stroke, with deliberate and wary skill. Excited at length, by the pain of his wound, and the consciousness of his rival having obtained a slight advantage over him, he advanced with increasing vehemence; but, finding all his efforts unavailing, his attack became so fierce, that my brother, seeing he was really anxious to take his life, purposely dropped the point of his sword, received that of his opponent into his heart, and fell dead. The wretched survivor no sooner saw what he had done, than he was seized with frantic remorse. My uncle rushed to his nephew, and raised him from the reeking earth. The blood streamed from his bosom. The heart had been reached, and its pulses were now still. The eye was fixed, and there was an expression upon the countenance of sad, but mild, reproach.

" ' The father ran to the son, and embraced him in an extacy of ferocious triumph, but the wretched young man pushed from him the hoary savage, raised the point of his weapon to his own breast, with a bitter curse, and instantly fell upon it. The parent shrieked, and held out his arm to stay the stroke;—it was too late. The fatal instrument had transfixed his son, and the father and uncle were left to that remorse which was the awful penalty of their future days. They were tried for their lives, and acquitted for want of evidence. The old men were henceforth despised and loathed—being shunned as murderers, whom the law had failed to punish, but from whose souls the moral guilt could never be purged out.' "—pp. 347—349.

One of these precious old men afterwards died of apoplexy on his way home from the public house, the other flung himself from a cliff and died shockingly mutilated, and the narrator herself lost her reason, only to be recovered so long as to tell this story, as it would seem, for she was, according to her own testimony, quite prepared to die before. Nor, be it remembered, is it a short story for any one at the gates of death to tell, especially such a one as the invalid is previously described to be—attenuated and exhausted. There are also as many florid and well rounded sentimental passages in the narration, as any plump and healthy girl who may be in love could concoct in her most laboured correspondence. These things, however, and the whole theatrical effect, together with the monstrous improbabilities of the story, are quite usual with many tale-tellers of the present day, and therefore we pass them over without farther criticism, admitting at the same time, that as tales, there are within the boards of the present volume some vigorous descriptions, some effective colouring, some strong combinations, with a

great deal of bad taste, as well as rugged language and repulsive ideas. Somehow or other, most of the tales, instead of melting, soothing, and elevating our feelings, have offended them, and, as before said, more by their spirit than their language. But a word as to the author, and one of the incidents constantly introduced by him into these tales.

Whether the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D. or any other person, be the writer of these tales, is of no importance to us. The alleged editor is a clergyman, and answerable for the work, whether taken as author or editor. We shall therefore ask him a few questions, without volunteering answers to him, for the affair is his. First, do these "Posthumous Records" give a fair view of the business and experiences of a London clergyman? Mr. Caunter should know; and it is a much more serious question, than whether, as tales, the "Records" be good or poor. Secondly, since we find in most of the tales, even in the case of a convicted and confessed murderer, the sacrament administered as a perfect panacea, without any ascertained preparation on the part of the recipient, is the ordinance not desecrated, in so far as the authority of the editor goes? Thirdly, are the romances fit objects and places for the constant interlarding of scriptural language, and the introduction of the most solemn religious discussions, and death-bed expostulations or lessons? And fourthly, has the object of the present work been judiciously chosen, or happily accomplished—that object being declared to be "to enforce some of the sublime truths of Christianity, by shewing, in the way of practical illustration, (we start at the phrase *practical illustration*, as being most inappropriate, and substitute *fanciful improbability*), the issues of moral good and of moral evil?" Fifthly, does the following sentence in the preface contain sound theology—"Fear is, perhaps, the strongest passion in the human breast; and therefore it is, that we are much more readily withdrawn from iniquity, by the apprehension of the evil consequences that accrue from it, than won to virtue by the blessings to which it is allied?" Whether does fear repel, or love gain most?—whether is the law or the Gospel the more potent agents?

ART. IV.—*My Old House, or the Doctrine of Changes.* London: Simpkin and Marshall.

To those who are fond of bold speculations and fanciful philosophizings, the present treatise furnishes ample opportunities of indulgence. Under the above somewhat whimsical title, the author professes to treat of what he considers a tendency belonging to the whole order of nature to be in a ceaseless state of alteration and of progress. He speculates as to "the laws to which those great changes which occasionally vary the scene of human life seem to be subject—and endeavours to point out the rules which ought to be applied to all such events, with the view of determining whether

they are in accordance with the progressive tendencies of nature, or are to be regarded as but occasional irregularities, or retardations of her course." Again he says, "by far the greater part of the treatise relates to subjects which respect the general order of nature and of Providence, and, as such, fall more directly under the class of purely philosophical disquisitions." The changes in nature and human history that have taken place, and those that are to happen during an indefinite and unimaginable series of years, are accordingly guessed about in a confident and gratuitous style. The author's speculations seem to us to be singularly vague and inconclusive, and certainly quite at variance with revelation, particularly in that portion of the work in which he treats of the "future changes relative to the entire condition of the earth," and to which we shall principally turn. In the preceding portions, he introduces much that is common-place and self-evident, and not a few repetitions. It appears to us too, that his strong conservatism is at odds with not a few of his theories as to the progress of human institutions; and that his immoderate admiration of the reign of toryism, during the greater part of the time that George the Third sat upon the throne, as compared with the late and present periods of change and anxiety regarding many great questions, is nothing short of being offensive and grossly unjust. He with an air of triumph asks—

"When, in the whole history of human communities, was there ever a period so filled, as that to which we have now alluded, by 'bright and glorious,' and prosperous, and unrivalled occurrences?"

The *heart* of the country was then sound to its inmost core;—if there were any disaffected or disappointed persons, smarting under exclusion from political distinction—they were at least forced to hide their ill-will amidst the general burst of loyalty that was heard every where around them;—multitudes of armed citizens covered the entire face of the country, burning with patriotic zeal to repress any attempts which foreign ambition or foreign hatred might make to do one disgraceful act to the unsullied glory of our land;—and as all hearts were thus united, they also felt that their union was in the most sacred and justifiable of all causes—because they were in fact leagued together to defend the noblest specimen of human policy and human skill that had ever existed among the communities of men.

"The *prosperity* of the country kept pace with this overpowering sentiment of affection in the breasts of its inhabitants—commerce was extended—arts flourished—cities were carried to their highest pitch of adornment—the country was becoming like one vast and perfectly cultivated garden—riches flowed through the land in ten thousand living streams—and wherever there was talent or skill or capacity for labour of any kind, there were numberless opportunities for their employment, and no heart knew what it was to waste its best and most healthful hours in hopeless looking for something on which its labour might be expended.

"The *glory* of the country during these fortunate years surpassed every thing that either history had recorded, or that human imagination

even could have anticipated;—wherever either the navy or the army of Britain went forth, victory in her most splendid achievements, never failed to attend them;—and a name of renown was gained for her among men, which impressed all nations with the conviction that, as she was the most fortunate in her internal arrangements, and had in fact the noblest of all prizes to defend, she was, also, equally fortunate in the character of her defenders—and was at once the most prosperous—the most glorious—and the most energetic, and happy of kingdoms.”—pp. 15, 16.

There is nothing here of the public debt that was during these years incurred, or of the human blood that was shed, or of the many evils endured in consequence of these “splendid achievements.” He who speaks so much about the progressive character of all human institutions, and the constant tendency of nature towards a more perfect state, cannot allow himself to go along with the movement, and for one forms an exception to the generality of many of his own rules. He declares—

“No doubt there are *many* persons who have passed through all the glories of that long period—and who yet are now running, under the impulse of a spirit of innovation, into the worst excesses of scornful feeling against all that they have seen and witnessed. But this is only what might have been expected in any such period of excitement as that which is now in progress—for at all times there are vast multitudes of persons who live entirely at the mercy of the impulses of the moment—and whose minds are constitutionally destitute either of that steadfast and calm reflection—or of that healthy tone of feeling which are necessary for enabling them to form a just estimate of even the best blessings that may have fallen to their lot. Yet even amidst these, there are thousands who, when the impulse of present circumstances has passed or been abated, will look back with sentiments corresponding to those I have been endeavouring to describe, to the years that made up their boyhood and youth—and who, when the right cord of their heart is touched, will willingly admit that these were the years of true enjoyment—and that one of the best blessings of existence is to have been born in a period when society was not only prosperous but peaceful—and when full scope was given to all the energies, of which the various individuals composing society, might be in possession.

“But there are *thousands* and tens of thousands whose minds are entirely in unison with the cords I have been attempting to touch—and who look upon the attempts that are made to cover the long years of Britain’s glory with infamy, as one of the worst symptoms of the state of the public mind—and a fearful omen of the coming years of misery and degradation through which it is destined to pass.”—pp. 19, 20.

Yet the very next section is headed, “Folly of supposing that the progressive cause of nature has terminated;” and then he adds, “it is amusing to observe to what an extent men who live in times of long continued stability may be brought to believe that the state of the world in which they exist is the last that is to take place—that however the stream of time may continue to run, it is to pass innocuously by the institutions with which they have become

familiar." And again, "this disposition never was more strongly manifested than in the case of a great multitude, (referring to the thousands and ten of thousands now praised), of those whose lives had been spent amidst the state described."

We have alluded to the common-place and undisputed character of many things laid down in these pages with the most exemplary gravity and formality. Here is an instance:—

"We think it further desirable, that at all times, but especially in times of progressing knowledge—and in reference to societies whose relations are extremely complicated, the direction of affairs should be entrusted only to men of liberal views, and whose minds are at the farthest point of advancement which the knowledge of their age has attained—but, at the same time, we think it still more desirable that the men to whom the management of affairs is actually entrusted, should be persons not so prepossessed with their own ideas as to force them either incautiously on the community, or without a wise and vigilant regard to the wants which are felt and confessed by the body of the people whom they are appointed to rule.

"Liberal principles, though—theoretically stated—they may be of the greatest beauty, and most unquestionable truth—may, however, when attempted to be reduced to practice, without this cautious regard to circumstances—and especially without a wise observance of the expressed and felt wants of the community—become the most inapplicable and dangerous of all things—insomuch, that even the general education of the people—at least, in the style, and to the degree in which it has sometimes been advocated—and, however incapable of being negated on mere abstract or theoretical grounds—is not a plan to be pursued with beneficial effect in all circumstances, because it may only engender notions which unfit those who entertain them for the duties of their actual station in life—and should therefore be adopted, with at least as much caution as any other scheme of improvement whatever."—pp. 210, 211.

Doctors differ. We have, in another part of the *Monthly Review* for this month, found a more sensible and more talented man maintaining quite an opposite doctrine regarding the education of the people. Doctor Dick, indeed, looks in a more rational way than the present author, towards a highly improved stage in human affairs and happiness, as we shall soon see from the extracts to be made from the latter. But before proceeding to the prophecies about the distant future, we must cite another passage, in which our *Conservative* speaks in a disparaging tone of the people, that intimates how stationary has been his political and social feelings.

"For the people themselves, we think it desirable, that they should be made to understand, that there are situations of difficulty in human affairs, which cannot be attributed to any palpable or discoverable error on the part of their governors, but which are the result of the advancing state of these affairs themselves—that, consequently, all attempts on the part of the people to intermeddle with such situations, are an error of judgment on their part, and never have failed to aggravate the evils they have sought to remove—that these are, in truth, the very times when the peo-

ple, if they understood their own true interests, which are those of the community as a whole, should be most averse to any hasty exercise of the powers that have been entrusted to them, although these always have been the very times when that exercise has been most rashly undertaken—and that the interests of the community will, in such circumstances, be best promoted, and the difficulties that are felt be most surely abated, by each individual directing himself, with all his assiduity, and in the most orderly spirit, to the fulfilment of the task which, as a labourer in the common vineyard, he has been appointed to perform—and, by a patient endurance of the evils of which, it may be, not any error of his superiors, but the unavoidable course of human affairs, has called him to sustain his share.

“And lastly, it is desirable, that as the people are entitled to have some influence besides their mere restraining power—and as, with this view, they ought to have it always in their power to make any real evils that may oppress them as a body known to those who have the administration of affairs—the choice of those who are to convey their wishes to the legislature, should be regulated on the best and safest principles which human sagacity, or the political attainments of the age can suggest—the existence of a vulgar or ill-conditioned representation of the people, being one of the very worst evils that can be conceived to occur—as, on the other hand, no form of human society can be considered as constituted on the most approved and excellent model, in which all power on the part of the community, to convey a temperate and wise declaration of these evils is denied. One of the great practical problems of human policy is, consequently, so to regulate and restrict the choice of the people—that only wise and temperate men shall be entrusted with interests so important, but, at the same time, so necessary to be managed with delicacy and prudence.”—pp. 212—214.

As to the “Future changes relative to the entire condition of the Earth,” the author in various forms, and at great length, argues that the world is not only in its infancy now, but that the future existence of the earth, as respects our conceptions and modes of combination, is boundless. He believes that according to the plan Providence, future races of the human species, with new arrangements suited to their higher nature, are to occupy the places which we now inhabit, “and it may be, to tread over the face of a world which we once called our own, but which shall eventually bear no traces of having ever borne on its surface the anxious and agitated race that now cover it with their works.” It is remarkable, however, that although the author often speaks of religion, and quotes Scripture, we have not found a single reference to the Mosaic account of the creation of the world, nor any distinct acknowledgment of the doctrines of Christianity relative to an immortal state. We do not pretend to understand the theory that is to be found in a number of paragraphs, of which the following form a part, but it sounds oddly, as coming from a writer that is in the habit of referring to the Bible in many other cases.

“If now, with these views, we turn our attention to the great question respecting the origin of nature, and the first appearance of man upon it—

a question which, in all ages, has puzzled the speculations, and misled the judgments of mankind—we find, at our very entrance upon this question, the same obscurity to invest it, which is also found to meet us when we venture to speculate respecting the higher mysteries of the universe around us—or respecting the things that are to come forth when the present arrangements of our world have been completed. We find ourselves, in short, in the midst of a wondrous scene, with mystery and darkness covering its borders on all sides—but this mystery, when we adopt the views already offered, is in all of these instances found to originate in the same source—viz. that man being himself a part of nature, or of the constituted order of things on this earth—and not a being distinct from it—and in all respects fitted to state himself as its judge, is necessarily limited in his powers of apprehension and of distinct speculation to the arrangements amidst which he is stationed—and cannot, from his very nature, have any notion of powers or causes out of that order, and, therefore, so far as he is concerned, extraordinary—preternatural—and extramundane.

“But such powers or causes—though not, it may be, different in kind from those now observed, yet assuredly different in the mode and degree of their operation—must have preceded and given birth to the settled order which we now observe in life—and therefore man being himself only one part of that established order—and differing from its subordinate portions, only in the higher degree in which the universal spirit of life has been evolved in his case—the same obscurity that invests the origin of his world generally, must attach to his own first appearance on it—and, in a word, he must be viewed, as being in truth, and in justness of conception, a simultaneous production with the whole of the vast scheme in which he now finds himself—and respecting the processes of whose production he, by a very natural but fruitless effort of curiosity, has, in all ages, been so much disposed to speculate.

“There are two ideas involved in this account, and necessary for a complete comprehension of it; in the first place, that man himself is one, though it may be, the highest portion of the system around him—and, secondly, that this entire system, including man as its consummate production, has been the result of the operation of powers different in kind, or in the mode of their operation at least, from those which now offer themselves to our observation—and which, probably, were in connection with changes or agents that extended over a portion of space far beyond the reach of our powers to conceive. And hence we say, the question respecting the origin of man resolves itself into the general question respecting the origin of the entire system of the world, of which he is a part—and whatever opinion our speculations may incline us to adopt respecting the latter of these questions, must also be considered as applicable to all our doubts and curiosity, as connected with the former.”—pp. 316—319.

Where is there any evidence to support all this materialism, and these conjectures? or can there hence be any distinct conception formed of the origin of nature, and the first appearance of man? Indeed, this word *nature*, is one of the most convenient that any mystifier or guesser can use, when he neither knows what he himself means, nor wishes that his readers should be able to understand him.

The next subject discussed is that of “Human Perfectibility,”
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by which phrase the author asserts "we are not to understand that the essential elements of man's constitution are ever to undergo any alteration;" nor is the phrase to be understood as authorizing the belief, that error, and vice, and misery, to a certain extent, and in some of their forms, will not for ever continue to characterize the condition of the essentially frail and imperfect race that people this province of the vast kingdom of God; but he considers—

"In the first place, that the phrase is justified by the consideration that the mere physical nature of man is susceptible of great improvements—and that if the laws of his organic structure were better understood and attended to, a race might be produced far more perfect, so far as the mere physical portion of his frame is concerned, than is generally supposed. This fact is universally admitted with respect to all the other organized and living productions of nature—and it is strange that it should have been so generally overlooked with respect to man himself, who is so deeply interested in the formation of a race in which all the fundamental properties of the species should be most fully and perfectly exhibited.

"But then, in the second place, this merely physical improvement of the species, if carried to its utmost extent, would necessarily be attended with a corresponding advancement in their intellectual and sentient properties; for by the physical structure we of course understand the entire compass of that structure, and not merely those aspects or portions of it which are externally exposed to observation—and when a finer instrument of thought or of perception was produced, there can be no question, that the thinking or percipient power itself would be proportionally increased or refined.

"Then, in the third place, having obtained a more perfectly formed physical and intellectual being, the lower propensities of that being would necessarily, by the very same process of amelioration, be modified in their influence, or contracted in their operation, so as to render them not hurtful, but assistant to the exercise of those moral sentiments on which they have at all times so important an influence; and thus a being, morally as well as physically and intellectually improved, would be generated by the fundamental amelioration on the supposition of which we are now proceeding. In fact, all the sentiments of the human being would partake of the same happy change; and thus a race would be produced vastly superior in all its attainments and endowments to the very imperfect and erring species with whose frailties, and errors, and sufferings, our past experience has made us chiefly or only acquainted.

"And, in the last place, it is obvious, that such a race would naturally require better social and political institutions, and would be at once more disposed to form them, and better adapted for their enjoyment, when formed; so that the whole aspect of life would thus gradually be changed, and a far nearer approach made to the realization of the dreams of poetry or philanthropy—though by a process very different from theirs, since our improvement would all depend not on extraordinary or sudden and violent causes, but on a wise observation and well-regulated use of the arrangements of nature herself—than the cold calculations of philosophical speculation have generally, at least, yet ventured to accredit.

"And if all this should still appear to some to be but an enthusiastic and extravagant dream, propounded in the language and made plausible

by the employment of the ideas of philosophy, rather than by the more vague and questionable terms and ideas which mere religious or political enthusiasm has been accustomed to employ for a similar purpose—it is a sufficient answer to the allegation to state, that if what we have thus represented be not inconsistent with the laws and order of nature—but quite in unison with a due, and well-regulated, and perseveringly continued use of her provisions, then, it is not beyond our purpose to state as something which at least may be conceived to be attainable—or for which there is provision made in the arrangements of nature, if these be wisely taken advantage of—and which is important, and indeed, indispensable to be proposed, as a standard to be aimed at—whether in the actual progress and destined history of the human race, this blessed consummation is ever indeed to be realized.

“But then, for the actual production of this result, or of any thing, even approaching to it, we demand an indefinite extent of time for the existence of the species—and such a gradual change in their condition favourable to this issue, as that indefinite extent may be supposed to bring forth; for it must never be forgotten, that we consider what is past of the history of mankind to comprise but the very earliest years of the infancy of our species—and to have furnished us with scarcely any thing that can be considered as a fair specimen of what—in its matured condition, and with all the advantages which that condition may be supposed to embrace—it is destined to exhibit.”—pp. 323—327.

So then, the nearer approach to perfection is to begin, and be caused, by man's physical improvement. Dr. Dick looked to education conducted upon more enlightened and extensive principles than have ever yet been introduced in any country for the hastening of a millennium, but the present authority has his eye upon handsome structures and figures, which nothing short of an indefinite period can be supposed to bring forth. Nay, he declares that “all hasty attempts to realize this issue, must be hurtful in their effect, as they are erroneous in their design and mode of procedure, for all such attempts are out of the appointed plan and progress of nature, who wills only that her purposes should be brought forth gradually and on a slowly progressive scale.” Then, we suppose mankind must stand still till nature move them, and not even attempt to improve the breed, lest the thing be done too fast; and yet we have been told a little before that if “the laws of his (man's) organic structure were better understood and attended to, a race might be produced far more perfect, so far as the mere physical portion of his frame is concerned, than is generally supposed.” Not to tarry to ask what portion of man's frame is not physical, we never met with more solemn nonsense than these and many others of the author's dreams. One would suppose, in accordance with such views of organic improvement, that the present generation of our species is of a superior *make* to their progenitors, and that at least the ancients, especially our first parents, must have been considerably inferior to the dandies that now parade their persons before the public; for certainly many of these have had their physical

frames well attended to. Indeed, in a section "on the Perpetuity of the present Order of Things," it is laid down that—

"In this series of organic and sentient life, it seems ascertained that there has been a gradual approximation to the peculiar forms which now exist upon the face of our world, and are adapted to its present constitution.

"It thus seems to be the plan of nature to proceed from the evolution of lower to higher forms as she advances in her course—and the general result of the inquiries which have been made in this august and inviting track of speculation and research is, 'that we have obtained indubitable evidence of the former existence of a state of animated nature widely different from what now obtains on the globe—and of a period anterior to that in which it has been the habitation of man—or rather, indeed, of a series of periods of unknown duration, in which both land and sea teemed with forms of animal and vegetable life, which have successively disappeared and given place to others—and these again to new races, approximating gradually more and more nearly to those which now inhabit them—and at length comprehending species which have their counterparts existing.' "—pp. 347, 348.

Were we not told in a preceding extract, that man "must be viewed as being in truth, and in justness of conception, a simultaneous production with the whole of the vast scheme in which he now finds himself?" But contradictions and inconsistencies are plentiful in these pages, as well as baseless dreams. In one chapter we have a good deal about the infancy of the world. But the following paragraph stares us in the face at this moment:—"We thus are led to view ourselves as now stationed in one series of an immense and progressive order, which has been proceeding from the *unfathomable* depths of the ages that are past, and which is to be continued throughout *boundless* ages that are yet to come forth." This *unfathomable* will match *boundless* at any time; so that there seems to have existed (if the authority now quoted be good), an eternity of material things and races of beings, as well as an eternity of them to come. Nothing is more easy than to say so—nothing more difficult than to comprehend the dictum. Our more gifted successors, however, it is hinted, will be geologists, and the study of our mouldering remains is chiefly to engage them; which, with all due regard for the science of geology, does not intimate that their choice is surpassingly intellectual.

"We expect, therefore, that the change, at whatever distance, according to our human calculations, it may occur—will give birth to a higher order of beings than that which now constitutes its chief production—for the series, we have seen, is in all probability an ascending one—unfolding in its successive periods more perfect manifestations of the living powers with which Divine Wisdom has gifted and enriched all the great scenes of its operations—and exhibiting, it may be, to the races that shall yet come forth—as we now see the traces of former creations in the remains of organization that are so abundantly diffused throughout the strata of our world—fragments of the surface on which we now

tread—and remains of the organization with which, on the face of this our 'green earth,' we have been familiar—to attest the former existence of this world which shall then have perished—and to give some hints respecting the forms of living nature by which it was characterized. And, if a more highly gifted form of intelligence is, as we have reason to apprehend, to be the inheritance of our successors in existence, their chief curiosity may be to trace, amidst the mouldering remains of our organization, the approaches which we had made to their more perfect nature—as we now pause with wonder on the remains of those vast animals whose organization seems to have come nearest to that of the more perfect forms with which we are conversant—and to have been, in epochs preceding the present, the highest specimens of the creative power of Omnipotence which the productive energies of this earth were then capable of exhibiting.”—pp. 354—356.

The author's avoidance of stating plainly his opinions respecting the doctrine of the immortality of the soul in a future world, as revealed to us in the Bible, has already been alluded to ; but if we do not misunderstand him, he maintains quite the contrary in his “concluding views.” Here, after speaking of the extensive and glorious anticipations his speculations have indulged in, he admits that these anticipations occasionally are attended with discomfort and pain, and that the heart “sighs to think that after having been called into being, and having seen so much, and been made capable of anticipating so much more, it should yet enjoy but a momentary sight of so glorious a spectacle, and be speedily called to an utter ignorance of all that is yet to happen on the grand theatre of existence.” But let us hear how he consoles us in the prospect of such utter ignorance and annihilation as we suppose him to insist on.

“But all such murmurings at the ways of Providence carry in themselves an evidence of their own absurdity, which speedily rebukes them, and disposes at least all well conditioned and thoughtful minds not only to acquiescence but to glory and triumph. And, in this instance, such sources of comfort are not far to seek. For have we not come into being as but the successors of myriads who have gone before us—and who, ‘like hirelings, have completed their day’—and if we are glad in the sight of the magnificent spectacle which has been opened to our view—and find many sources of comfort and of pure delight in the enjoyment of existence—why should we wish to interfere with the destined inheritance of others, for whom also the same glorious hopes are in reserve ? Then, it must be recollected, that we have come into existence at a time—and amidst scenes—and with connections and powers especially suited to the purposes we were intended to serve—and that if these all were changed, and we had to live amidst new scenes—and with new associates—and with all that now makes existence delightful to us taken from us for ever, there could be little of the enjoyment which we now promise ourselves from prolonged existence, which depends for its powers of giving delight chiefly upon the circumstances in which it is spent—and the disposition of the beings who partake of it, to relish the gift which Divine bounty may bequeath to them—but which, by an entire change of circumstances and dispositions, might become one of the greatest of all

burdens and curses, rather than what, with our present powers of enjoyment, we are disposed to believe it—the unfailing source of overflowing happiness.”—pp. 357—359.

We know not where, even with our present powers of enjoyment, such an unfailing source of overflowing happiness is to be found, unless it be in the hope and assurance of an endless state of existence in a world totally different from any that we now can clearly think of. He continues to say, in reference to our murmurings as to the utter ignorance that is to come over us, “that if our wish were to be gratified to the full extent in which it is felt, we must ‘live always’”

“But all nature is progressive and changing—and we, as parts of that nature, must find our happiness, not in perpetuating our existence beyond its assigned and proper limits, but in fulfilling well the part given us, during our temporary abode on earth, to perform—and in cheerfully meeting the conclusion of our day, when its labours have been completed—and its pleasures and enjoyments have been tasted with moderation. Any thing beyond that would unquestionably not add to our happiness—as it also would be inconsistent with the plan of Providence in regard to us, but would, by being in opposition to his appointments, assuredly become one of the heaviest curses that could be passed upon our nature.”—pp. 359, 360.

There never is a word about the undying nature of the human soul, and evidently the grossest belief that we have for a long time met with, in materialism, and final amalgamation with the earth, which the author insists, is in itself a great living principle; for he declares that existence and life are synonymous terms.

Altogether we have found this work a mass of unsupported speculations, whenever the author goes contrary to the great prevailing belief of Christians, and his political disquisitions inconsistent and contradictory. In certain notes and illustrations appended to the volume, and amounting to more than a third of the whole, he repeats and refutes himself over and over. He is ever supposing that nature, human history, and political institutions are in a progressive and changeable state, and yet he generally disapproves of the changes that are at present in agitation, because they are different from any “to which he could with any regard to his principles, give the sanction of his approbation.” But perchance he admits it may have occurred to some persons that he is not consistent with himself, when maintaining this disapprobation, with his general principles as incessantly advocated, whenever the present movements in the public mind are out of the question. Yet those who suspect him of inconsistency, know nothing of the matter, because,

“First. The changes now in agitation appear to him not to lead to progression, but to the reverse—or to be a tendency, not to something more liberal, more enlightened, more suited to the true condition of man upon earth, and more productive to him of happiness—but to something more extravagant, more like the errors and limited views of the ages that are past, and more fitted to disturb the comfort and to retard the pro-

gress of the race, than to carry it forward in the course in which it is desirable that it should proceed. As a friend to progression, therefore, he should be among the very last to approve of what is now going on—when the proper tendency of the movement is acknowledged and understood to be what he has now ventured to represent it—and, therefore, instead of any discrepancy between his philosophical principles and his political notions—there is the most perfect consonance and harmony between them, when the view which he is disposed to take of the essential tendency of what he sees going on around him is taken into account.

“Secondly. Those who are so intent on the regeneration of society at the present moment, have views of a very different extent, or requiring for their accomplishment a very different period of duration, from those which are advocated in the course of the present volume. The political innovators of the present times, like most of those who have preceded them in the same career, seem to be actuated by a notion, that society is about to assume its last and most perfect form; and that if their views were adopted and substantiated by actual arrangements, the utmost that the human mind could desire for the welfare of the species would have been attained. It is believed, in short, on the one hand, that whatever has been, or now is, is essentially bad, and fit to be overthrown, because quite unsuited to the state of the world, in the times in which we live—and, on the other hand, that an order of society is about to be realized, which will fully and for ever answer all the demands which the progressive tendencies of the race can be supposed to make for their due development and success. But the author has no such views, either of what has been and now is—or of what is about to take place—he looks to a vast series of ages for the evolution even of what the existing arrangements of this earth permit us to expect as likely to be accomplished—and he believes that instead of a hasty realization of the ideal good which men are fond of contemplating, an extent of time must be allowed for its development, which in the statement of it would appear to many to border on extravagance and delusion.

“In the last place, the changes or progress to which the author considers himself entitled to look—and to which only he could give his approbation or support—must be effected by means very different from those which are employed to effectuate the alterations in the social order that are at present under contemplation; violence, and excitement, and party spirit—and selfish intrigue—and all other influences similar to these, form no part of the apparatus which can be employed with effect in the realization of his views—they must be carried forward by reason—and knowledge—and science—and art—and legislation—and happiness—and virtue, gaining each and all of them those slow advances which alone give any change a permanent and beneficial influence upon life; and having this opinion of the only kind of means that ever lead to lasting and true good, he considers himself bound to resist all attempts at change founded on the adoption of other instruments of progression, as among the worst evils that can happen to society, inasmuch as they disturb the public peace, and spread inconceivable misery throughout the community at the present time—and only eventually retard instead of advancing the progress which it is desirable that the world should continue to make.”—pp. 510, 511.

A more opinionative visionary, a more absurd reasoner, we never met with, than the author of “*My Old House, or the Doctrine of Changes.*”

ART. V.—*Recollections of the Private Life of General Lafayette.* By M. JULES CLOQUET, M. D. London : Baldwin and Cradock. 1835.

THE author of these *Recollections* was one of the medical advisers of General Lafayette, who knew him intimately for a course of years, and who was present during the last moments of his life. Having been importuned by an American gentleman, in rather inflated terms, to record for him and for his fellow citizens the last scene spoken of, Dr. Cloquet acceded; and although, as he tells us, it was his first intention to write but one letter in compliance with the request, such a superabundance of materials and facts came to his hand, that instead of one, a series of communications was the result, which were afterwards translated into English for the sake of American readers, and, after receiving, as it were, the rite of baptism in America, the country of Lafayette's adoption, they found their way back again to France, when the author made certain alterations in the original manuscript, according as additional information or his leisure from professional duties permitted, without, however, destroying the confidential character of their first composition, and without any material change as to arrangement or style. In this way the work is chiefly valuable as furnishing minute information regarding Lafayette in his private life, which future historians will no doubt make use of, in throwing light upon his public career. The haste, the want of arrangement, the enthusiastic admiration expressed by the writer of these *Recollections*, will not prevent the discerning historian in after times, from deriving important advantages from them. To readers at the present time they abound with anecdotes, interesting vicissitudes, affecting lessons, and noble examples, so as to render the lively, warm-hearted Doctor's disjointed narrative curious and arresting. Lafayette was not merely a good and consistent man, who steered a prominent course through many eventful and turbulent scenes, but he was a man by himself, forming and completing a party in his own person. It is not our purpose, however, to travel beyond the present volume, which chiefly aims at displaying its subject in his private life, or at least, as the author declares, to depict him as he appeared to his admiring memorialist.

According to the picture here given of General Lafayette, it appears that his natural disposition was remarkably good; that his feelings were uniformly pure and disinterested; that intelligence was admirably developed in his case; and that his private life was, as respects candour, consistency, and philanthropy, really the counterpart of his political career. The quotations from his writings introduced are numerous, and descriptive of all this;—indeed, they form the most important portion of the work, as must ever be the case with records of an eminent man, the activity and the length of whose services enable mankind to judge fully whether

in his professed and real conduct, there has been discrepancy or concord.

Lafayette was born in September, 1757, but of his earliest years, little has been told in the pages before us. He was a weak and pampered boy, reared under all the prejudices and aristocratic ideas of the period. But scarcely had he emerged from boyhood, when America's struggle for independence secured his admiration and powerful aid; he shed his blood voluntarily in the conflict, and afterwards by his personal and family influence induced the cabinet of Versailles to recognize and support the cause to which he eminently served to bring victory, by his prowess and by his fortune. The corruption of the court of Louis XV. had not the power of seducing him. He became the commander, as indeed he was the creator of the National Guard in France, repressing the horrors of excesses with all his energies, which sullied from its very commencement the revolution that desolated the nation. But after assisting by a series of liberal measures to ameliorate the condition of France, his purity and consistency led to his proscription; and after the 10th of August, 1792, having no other alternative than to quit his country, or to violate his oaths to the constitutional government, he submitted to voluntary exile, when, in violation of the rights of nations, his enemies seized him on neutral ground, and threw him into prison, and where, for a number of years, between the dungeons of Prussia and those of Austria, he endured the most unworthy treatment. After a dreary imprisonment he was restored to liberty, though compelled to linger for a time in exile. When he again set foot in his native land, and found his countrymen fascinated by the glory of a soldier, he refused his countenance to such an iron usurpation, and led a life of obscurity, and, like another Cincinnatus, solaced himself amid the cultivation of his fields. The abdication of Napoleon, and the departure of the allied armies, led to the revival of the National Guards, and Lafayette again awoke to hope. He hastened to the tribune to defend public liberty against old prejudices, and the encroachments of a power re-established by force. He again visited also his old American companions, who with their sons decreed to him a splendid triumph; he returned once more to France, when a new revolution was about to avenge the violation of the charter, by the overthrow of those who had conspired against it. Here again, faithful to his principles, and to the confidence reposed in him by the people, he devoted his efforts to the establishment of what he considered essential to a solid basis of liberty and national happiness, and to the hour of his death he strove after the same object. But all these, and many other turns in his career, are matters of familiar history, so that it becomes us chiefly to turn to some of the features of his private and domestic life, which form the principal themes in the present volume. We shall first extract a description of Lafayette's person.

"Lafayette was tall and well-proportioned. He was decidedly inclined

to *embonpoint*, though not to obesity. His head was large; his face oval and regular; his forehead lofty and open; his eyes, which were full of goodness and meaning, were large and prominent, of a greyish blue, and surmounted with light and well-arched, but not bushy eyebrows. His nose was aquiline; his mouth, which was habitually embellished with a natural smile, was seldom opened except to utter kind and gracious expressions. His complexion was clear; his cheeks were slightly coloured, and, at the age of seventy-seven, not a single wrinkle furrowed his countenance, the ordinary expression of which was that of candour and frankness. Gifted with a strong and vigorous constitution, which had not been developed till late in life, and which had been enfeebled neither by the vicissitudes of a career passed amidst political convulsions, nor by the sufferings and privations which he had undergone during his captivity, Lafayette, notwithstanding his advanced age, enjoyed his intellectual faculties to their full extent, and was rendered by his moral energy superior to circumstances which bow down or crush the generality of mankind. During the latter years of his life his health was good, or at most troubled at but rare intervals by slight indispositions, or by transient fits of gout, the first attack of which he felt some years ago. Whenever he had occasion for medical assistance, my friend Professor Guersent visited him as his physician, and myself in my capacity of surgeon.

"Lafayette's sight was excellent; but of late his hearing had lost something of its delicacy, and the circumstance was the more perceptible whenever he felt himself indisposed. His perceptions, both morally and physically speaking, were keen, and he usually gave free vent to the manifestations of his agreeable impressions. Those of a contrary nature his strength of mind enabled him to support, or at least to dissemble, in order that he might spare his friends the knowledge of his sufferings. His physiognomy, which was habitually calm, gave a faithful reflection of the movements of his soul, and at times assumed much expression, though it was less under the influence of his sensations than of his sentiments. According to the circumstances in which he was placed, joy, hope, pity, or gratitude, tenderness or severity, were by turns predominant in his eyes and in every feature of his countenance. His deportment was noble and dignified, but his gait, since the year 1803, was rather constrained, in consequence of the accident of a broken thigh, which compelled him to lean on his cane when walking, and prevented him from sitting down with ease and quickness, on account of a stiffness in the hip joint. His other movements were easy and natural, and though he had but little suppleness in his fingers, his gestures were graceful, and rarely abrupt even in the moments when his conversation was most animated. The tone of his voice, which was naturally serious, was soft and agreeable, or strong and sonorous, according to the circumstances under which he spoke. When the subject of conversation was gay, he laughed heartily, but even the excess of his mirth was never displayed in sudden and violent bursts of laughter. He dined at home as often as possible, and his frugal meal invariably consisted of a little fish, and the wing of a fowl; he drank nothing but water. I have not the least doubt that his sobriety and temperance, and the regularity of his regimen, greatly contributed to exempt him from the infirmities of old age."—pp. 8—10.

The author goes on to say that he dressed simply, was remarka-

bly precise as to cleanliness, and led an active life, saying "that he was not at liberty to lose it (time) himself, and still less to occasion the loss of it to others." In the country he lived like a patriarch. His mental faculties were strong, solid, and generous. He was given to form favourable opinions of others, because he judged of them according to his own feelings. Truth he loved above all things, not suffering himself even in joke to utter the slightest falsehood. The author says, "he was the mirror of truth, even in the midst of political parties, whose condemnation he pronounced by presenting to them the hideous image of their passions; he thus offended without convincing them, and the mirror, being declared deceitful, was destined to be broken. I once heard him say, 'The court would have accepted me had I been an aristocrat, and the jacobins had I been a jacobin; but, as I wished to side with neither, both united against me.'" Charles X. said of him to M. de Segur, "M. de Lafayette is a perfect character, do you know? I am acquainted with but two men who have always professed the same principles—myself and Lafayette."

After having been a prisoner in Austria for years, languishing in a state between life and death, the Marquis, with some companions in similar circumstances, were offered their liberty on the part of the emperor, but on conditions which they magnanimously refused. Some anecdotes of what occurred while confined in the prison referred to, indicate the firmness and composure of Lafayette.

"He had lost all his hair, and had several times nearly fallen a victim to fevers of the worst description. If sufferings and privations of every kind—if the dampness of his dungeon and the infectious air which he breathed had deeply impaired his constitution, these destructive causes had effected no change in his moral courage. Notwithstanding the gradual decline of his physical powers, his soul seemed to have acquired greater force and energy to brave the persecutions of his jailers. In the midst of his misfortunes he was never abandoned by his coolness or his presence of mind. Thus, when, after his attempt to escape, he had been retaken and brought back to Olmütz, he was at first confined in a spacious apartment; soon afterwards an officer requested him to pass into an adjoining room. 'For what purpose?' asked Lafayette. 'That your irons may be put on,' replied the officer. 'Your emperor has not given you such an order,' said the illustrious prisoner, in a tone of firmness and assurance; 'beware of doing more than he requires, and of displeasing him by exceeding his orders through an ill-timed zeal.' Struck with this observation, the officer reflected and insisted no further; and if Lafayette was spared the appalling and humiliating torture of being ironed during the remainder of his captivity, he was probably indebted for the exemption to his answer, which was an appeal both to the justice and to the severity of the emperor. Sometimes, too, he found means to beguile his sorrows with a repartee. One day the officer on guard, who was present during his meal, and who saw him obliged to eat with his fingers, asked him if that mode was not new to him. 'No,' replied Lafayette, coolly, 'I have seen it employed in America amongst the Iroquois.'"—pp. 56—58.

Soon after he became an inmate of the dungeon alluded to, he was apprised that he would not be allowed any relaxation of the closest confinement; that he would neither hear from his family nor companions in captivity; that even his name would remain unknown in the world, for that in future, in the reports forwarded to the court of Vienna, he would be only designated by an appointed number. That was the period when the Marquis's attachment to liberal opinions were considered in Austria as well as by the ministers in England, the darkest of crimes. At the time of his early dungeon imprisonment in Austria, Madame Lafayette was detained in the prisons of Paris, and had seen her grandmother, her mother the Duchess d'Ayen, and her sister, perish on the scaffold; and but for the death of Robespierre, she would herself have shared the same fate. But she was restored to liberty, and, provided with American passports, set out under the name of Motier, with her two daughters, for Germany. On arriving at Vienna, she obtained from the emperor, not her husband's liberty, but permission for herself and two girls to share his dungeon. Her health soon became enfeebled; she demanded permission to proceed to Vienna for the benefit of medical advice, but was told if she once quitted her husband, she could not be again permitted to see him. Upon this she declared herself resigned rather to die, than she might share his captivity to the latest hour of her existence. Such domestic scenes and events as these, are too much to read of. How humanity bears up in spite of them, we cannot understand. Yet the author declares that the Marquis, notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of his stormy and persecuted existence, preserved the mildness of his character, treating even his domestics with a kindness which uniformly won their hearts. But his modes of thinking on matters relating to society in general, are not less interesting to the moralist and the philosopher. Of course, it is only the author's account that we have before us, but it is in perfect harmony with the General's public career and declarations.

"Lafayette would have desired to make but one great family of the whole human race, and to induce mankind on moral considerations to regard and treat each other as brothers. These are the sacred precepts of the Gospel, so much spoken of, so much admired, and so little practised! He was of opinion that every man is born with inalienable rights, such as liberty of opinion, the right to defend his honour and his life, the right of property; the free disposal of his person, his industry, and his intellectual faculties; the right of communicating his thoughts by every possible means; the right of seeking his own happiness, and of resisting oppression. He looked upon men as the children of one common parent, enjoying equal claims to the benefits of civilization, and bound to submit to common laws; but he also thought that all should render back to society what they borrow from it in advantage, or in security. It was thus, if I mistake not, that he understood liberty and equality among men. He thought that the distinctions necessary for the maintenance of social order should be founded only on general utility.

'For my part,' wrote he to the Bailli de Ploën, 'as I feel persuaded that the human race was created to enjoy freedom, and as I have been born to promote the cause of liberty, I neither can nor will shrink from the participation which it has been my fate to take in this great event; wherever I have been able, and especially in my own country, I concurred on principle in all the enterprises undertaken against an illegitimate power which it was necessary to destroy, and I now declare to you that in 1787 and 1788 the resistance of the privileged classes—of the leaders of the aristocracy—had as much of the true character of faction as any other insurrection that I have since witnessed.'

"Men can never forget that they have been created citizens of the world, whatever may be the country that has given them birth; they must consequently remember that they owe their services, not only to their countrymen, but also to the other nations of the earth, which are but large families. Deeply sensible of these sublime truths, Lafayette preferred his family to himself, his country to his family, and mankind at large to his country.

"He was of opinion that the tumultuous movements of a misguided people served merely to retard their emancipation, and to counteract real liberty, whose existence is compatible only with order, and under the government of laws and public morals. 'Notwithstanding the part which I have taken in the revolution of America and Europe,' wrote he to the Bailli de Ploën, 'the French consider me the defender of public order, and the promoter of liberty.' On the 14th July, 1790, he said to the members of the federation—'Let ambition have no hold on you: love the friends of the people, but reserve your blind submission for the laws, and your enthusiasm for liberty.'—'It is for them,' (the defenders of true liberty,) wrote he to M. d'Archenholz, 'that, in the sincerity of my heart, I bequeath to you the consolatory truth, that a single service rendered to the cause of humanity, can afford more gratification than the combination of all its enemies, and even the ingratitude of a people, can inflict pain.'

"Lafayette, as he himself said, had the instinct of liberty, which he loved passionately, and which he had defended even against the republic, though he desired to render himself worthy of freedom, even more than he longed to enjoy the blessing. He was aware that the real and the only liberty which is compatible with the interests of communities and of individuals, can have no enemy more formidable than licentiousness, with which some confound or affect to confound it. Liberty, in fact, is subordinate to reason, by which it is enlightened—to immutable justice, by which it is supported—and to conscience and a regard for the public welfare, by which it is directed. The liberty which is friendly to order and peace, never inflicts violence on the conscience of others, but prevents their actions from being at variance with the laws, and the welfare of the public. Lafayette was also aware, from sad experience, that the despotism of anarchy is the worst of all despotisms. He likewise knew that many are desirous of liberty and equality, in order to bring down their superiors to their own level, and not to elevate their inferiors: can anything be more characteristic than the following portrait which he sketched of the men placed at the head of the revolution after the 10th August, 1792?—'Men whose venality has wearied every party—men who have been base enough to kiss alike the hand which gives or smites—men

whose pretended patriotism was but selfishness—avowed corrupters of the public morals—the authors of protestations or projects against the republic—souls of blood and filth, who have so often sullied that republic—and these are the leaders of a free nation! May the legislators of that nation restore to it a constitution, and legal order! May its generals prove themselves incorruptible!”—pp. 93—100.

We are told that he felt pity or contempt for such as allowed themselves to be oppressed without resistance, and horror for their oppressors; that in his opinion it was lawful to have recourse to force, only to defend or vindicate the rights which reason and justice were insufficient to maintain, but never in order to overthrow those of others; and that it was in this point of view that he regarded insurrection as the most sacred of duties. We cite some anecdotes in corroboration of some of these sentiments.

“In the ‘Memoirs of Count de Montlosier,’ will be found some conversations between Lafayette and Mirabeau, which aptly characterize both. Mirabeau having recommended violent measures to Lafayette for the execution of his plans, the latter indignantly exclaimed, ‘M. de Mirabeau, it is impossible for an honest man to employ such means.’ ‘An honest man!’ replied Mirabeau; ‘Ah! M. de Lafayette, it seems you wish to be a *Grandison Cromwell*: you will see to what that amalgamation will lead you.’ At another time, Lafayette said to Mirabeau, that he was aware that the latter had laid a plan for his (Lafayette’s) assassination. ‘What!’ replied Mirabeau, ‘you believe such things, and I am still alive! Good easy man! you wish to play a part in a revolution!’ During the days of October, 1789, Lafayette proceeded to Versailles to maintain public order and defend the life of the sovereign, which was threatened by the fury of the populace. As he crossed the apartments of the chateau, amidst the crowd by which they were filled, one of the courtiers exclaimed, ‘*There goes Cromwell.*’ ‘Cromwell,’ replied Lafayette, turning to the courtier—‘Cromwell would not have entered here *alone.*’”—pp. 118, 119.

It is declared of Lafayette, that he had a particular esteem for laborious people—that he thought labour could never be too much esteemed and encouraged. He also thought a good education, physical, moral, and intellectual, the best inheritance that parents could transmit to their children; and he considered it their duty to make every sacrifice to ensure to their offspring the imperishable advantage, which could not but in time prove conducive to their happiness and that of others. We need not wonder that such a man was a great advocate for negro emancipation and negro education. Everything we read in these pages, wherein the character of the illustrious man who is the subject of them is described, represents him as a hero and a patriot worthy of the purest ages of the world, and the most virtuous state. Were there no other testimonies of Lafayette’s unimpeachable integrity and devotion to the cause of liberty, than the unbounded veneration with which his name is regarded throughout the American States, sufficient would be the proof that he was a suitable companion for Washington. If he was not exempt from the abuse of hateful and interested partizans during his career, since his decease, his country-

men are beginning to do him justice; France and the whole world have felt his influence. The anecdotes and testimonies introduced regarding him in these pages, should be studied by every man, whether his sphere be elevated or obscure. The following statements speak volumes of him.

"To the indigent inhabitants of his canton, Lafayette's beneficence was unbounded. Two hundred pounds of bread, baked expressly at the farm for the support of the poor, were distributed to them every Monday at the chateau; and in times of scarcity the weekly distribution was increased to six hundred pounds. The bread thus given was of the same quality as that eaten at Lafayette's own table, and at the seasons last mentioned each individual received a mess of soup, and a sol in addition to his portion. If the poor were seized with some grievous malady, Lafayette visited them, and had them attended to at his own expense by Dr. Sautereau, whose talent is equal to his modesty, and whose devotion to the poor sufferers afforded the best proof of his goodness of heart, and his attachment to Lafayette's family. There exists at Court Palais a charitable institution, founded by the family of Noailles. Lafayette, as having married a Mademoiselle de Noailles, contributed to defray the expenses of this establishment; and besides, such patients as could not be attended to at their homes, were taken care of at his expense at the hospital of Rosay.

"Dr. Sautereau had been an inhabitant of Lagrange for thirty-six years, and was in possession of Lafayette's confidence as a physician, and of his affection as a friend. Few have been so well acquainted with Lafayette's private life as he was, and few have felt more admiration for his virtues and his noble disposition. 'All Lafayette's moments at Lagrange,' observed he to me one day, 'resemble each other, for they are all marked by good feelings or kind actions.' It was from him that I obtained the following anecdotes, which he related to me with tears in his eyes, and with the emotion of a man who regretted that he had himself been unable to perform the good actions of which he spoke.

"A priest one day in his presence spoke ill of Lafayette, and, by way of answer, he related to him the following anecdote:—When Lafayette became the possessor of Lagrange, he wished to make his property as compact as possible, and with that view purchased several small pieces of land that had been intermingled with his estate. One of these small properties belonged to a peasant named P * * *, who raised all the difficulties imaginable, in order to obtain an exorbitant price for his land: he was even disposed to go to law with Lafayette about a ditch which the latter had dug in his neighbourhood: in short, he took his measures so effectually, that he obtained from the General at least three times the value of his property. Two or three years afterwards, the very same peasant, not content with having fleeced Lafayette, attempted secretly to cut some wood in his park; but unfortunately for him, he fell from the top of an oak, broke his thigh, and was seized by the keepers, *flagrante delicto*. Lafayette was informed of the accident by the wounded man himself, who had been transported to the chateau, and who applied to him for assistance. Having learned the circumstances under which he had broken his thigh, the General sent Sautereau to the man to set the limb. When it was observed to him that the individual whom he assisted was the man who had endeavoured to force him into a law-

suit, 'No matter,' replied he, 'if I do him good he may feel his injustice to me, and perhaps regret his exaction on the subject of our exchange of property.' The case having proved extremely serious, forty days after the accident Lafayette had the patient transported to Paris, and taken care of at his own expense, though in reality the man was wholly unworthy of his kindness.'—pp. 237—239.

There are very minute descriptions in this volume of Lafayette's habits, residences, household accommodations, furniture, &c., and a great many engravings representing some of the most interesting objects to be found in his museum, &c.—for he seems to have been in the receipt of curious and affecting memorials from many parts of the world. The relics which belonged to Washington, among others, are plentiful in this list. These engravings, indeed, confer upon a volume of the present description, which is meant to convey a vivid idea of every thing connected with its subject's private life, a peculiar charm, and tend to let the mind into the very presence of a great man, regarding whom, and all such, mankind naturally feel an extreme greediness for precise and characteristic facts.

Lafayette's share in the Revolution of the Three Days is too recent to require any account in our pages; we therefore close with some of the particulars of his death, only remarking that the picture accompanying the description, which the author says presents a faithful image of the mournful scene, is too theatrical for our English tastes; whilst we must also say, that in this country it would be thought a trifling and unprofessional course, were the medical attendants during such solemn periods to set themselves to sketching personages, attitudes, and everything around, as did the author in the present case, from whose outlines the picture in question has been wrought up.

"Four or five days previously to his death, Lafayette felt oppressed, and became melancholy. He observed to his son that he was acquainted with his situation, and that he desired to have some conversation with him in private. This feeling, however, was of short duration: he soon regained his serenity, and the hope of recovery again lighted up the expression of his countenance. Towards this period of his malady, he observed to me, 'Quinine and the fever, my dear Doctor, are battling together: give me plenty of quinine, that it may gain the upper hand.' The next morning he repeated the same idea: 'I fear,' added he, 'that the quinine is in the wrong, and that I shall be obliged to pay the costs of the suit.' 'What would you have?' said he to me a few moments afterwards; 'life is like the flame of a lamp: when the oil is out the light is extinguished, and all is over.' On the last day but one before his death, when the visits of strangers were forbidden, Lafayette said to his grandson, M. Jules de Lasteyrie, 'you will tell the good Princess de Belgiojoso how grateful I feel for her visits, and how much I suffer at being deprived of them.' Since the General's death, the princess has continued her intimacy with the family of her illustrious friend, and has never ceased to mingle her mournful recollections with theirs.

"The excellent Dr. Girou never quitted Lafayette during the rest of his

illness: I also had remained with him for the last two days, to observe more closely the effects of the medical treatment, and to dispute to the last with death for a life so valuable! On the 20th of May, about one o'clock in the morning, the seriousness of the symptoms increased. Respiration, which for the last eight and forty hours had been much impeded, became still more difficult, and the danger of suffocation was more imminent. Drowsiness, delirium, and prostration of strength, became more decidedly pronounced, and at twenty minutes past four o'clock in the morning Lafayette expired in our arms!

"A few moments before he breathed his last, Lafayette opened his eyes, and fixed them with a look of affection on his children, who surrounded his bed, as if to bless them and bid them an eternal adieu. He pressed my hand convulsively, experienced a slight degree of contraction in the forehead and eye-brows, and drew in a deep and lengthened breath, which was immediately followed by a last sigh. His pulse, which had not lost its force, suddenly ceased to beat. A murmuring noise was still heard about the region of the heart. To produce re-animation we employed stimulating frictions, but in vain: the General had ceased to exist. His countenance resumed a calm expression—that of peaceful slumber."—pp. 275—277.

It may be added, that some biographers would have introduced a few religious allusions instead of a pictorial representation of tumultuous sorrow; but this again would not have been according to French taste.

ART. VI.—*Legends of the Conquest of Spain.* By the Author of "The Sketch Book." London: Murray. 1835.

It is not in Washington Irving's power to write a volume or a chapter that is inelegant and ungraceful. But his characteristic beauties are so well known, that we shall not at present say a word about them, farther than that these legends, dealing as they do with remote events, with the pomp of courts, the details of war, and the marvels of superstition, have necessarily drawn from the author more of his flowing style of picturesque description than the polished and quiet humour which he is equally master of. For while he has an eye for whatever is fresh, real, or ludicrous in modern life, he seems still more in his element, when poring over musty manuscripts, exploring antique scenes, and throwing himself into the very soul of olden times. Spain is a familiar and a rich field to him, when he takes to the delineation of whatever was gorgeous and marvellous in remote history; and with such tastes and powers as the author of "The Sketch Book" possesses, it is not surprising that since, as we learn, these *Legends of the Conquest of Spain* by the Saracens, were written in the Alhambra, they should have much of the soul and much of the art of their distinguished author.

Perhaps it is owing, however, to the character of the artist's

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power being so exquisite as to conceal every thing like effort and art, that these Legends seemed to us, on a first glance at some of the chapters, to be slender and flimsy, and unequal to what was to be expected from such a writer on such a subject. We confess, however, that much of this impression wore off, after a continuous and thorough perusal of the work, and that a very clear and strong conception has been conveyed by the whole of what we believe was the author's view of the period and the agents introduced; and that even from these Legends, a vivid and instructive picture is presented of the enfeebling effects of tyranny and licentiousness—of the turpitude of treason, and of its punishment on earth.

In a preface of extreme beauty, whether its historic knowledge and wisdom, or its literary character be considered, we have presented to us the light in which the ancient chronicles, which the author has examined and taken for his guides or companions throughout these Legends, are to be viewed; and this outline of his doctrine is, that the ancient chroniclers who have written of the Conquest of Spain by the Moslem invasion, whether these were Arabians or cloistered devotees, have darkly shadowed a true story of the times and events in question. He says, though, "as in the memorable story of the Fall of Troy, we have to make out, as well as we can, the veritable details through the mists of poetic fiction, yet poetry has so combined itself with, and lent its magic colouring to, every fact, that to strip it away, would be to reduce the story to a meagre skeleton, and rob it of all its charms." The Moslem invasion was so sudden and overwhelming as to drive the sons of learning from their cells, and silence the Muse. And when repose was afterwards obtained, the conquered in their gloom saw in the woes and wondrous revolution of the past, such miracles and portents as were sufficient ground-work for innumerable romances; whilst the conquerors embellished the same events with all the extravagances of an oriental temperament and manner of narration. From such sources, the grave works of the monkish historians were afterwards constructed.

"Hence the earliest chronicles which treat of the downfall of Spain are apt to be tinctured with those saintly miracles which savour of the pious labours of the cloister, or those fanciful fictions that betray their Arabian authors. Yet, from these apocryphal sources, the most legitimate and accredited Spanish histories have taken their rise, as pure rivers may be traced up to the fens and mantled pools of a morass. It is true, the authors, with cautious discrimination, have discarded those particulars too startling for belief, and have called only such as, from their probability and congruity, might be safely recorded as historical facts; yet scarce one of these but has been connected in the original with some romantic fiction, and, even in its divorced state, bears traces of its former alliance.

"To discard, however, every thing wild and marvellous in this portion of Spanish history, is to discard some of its most beautiful, instructive,

and national features; it is to judge of Spain by the standard of probability suited to tamer and more prosaic countries. Spain is virtually a land of poetry and romance, where every-day life partakes of adventure, and where the least agitation or excitement carries every thing up into extravagant enterprise and daring exploit. The Spaniards, in all ages, have been of swelling and braggart spirit, soaring in thought, pompous in word, and valiant, though vainglorious, in deed. Their heroic aims have transcended the cooler conceptions of their neighbours, and their reckless daring has borne them on to achievements which prudent enterprise could never have accomplished. Since the time, too, of the conquest and occupation of their country by the Arabs, a strong infusion of oriental magnificence has entered into the national character, and rendered the Spaniard distinct from every other nation of Europe."—pp. vii—x.

It is into this enchanted fountain of old Spanish chronicle, the author tells us, that he has dipped; but he trusts that by so doing, he will illustrate more fully the character of the people and times treated of, than others amongst the moderns, who have been sparing in their reliance upon such authority. At the same time, "he has thought proper to throw these records into the forms of legends, not claiming for them the authenticity of sober history, yet giving nothing that has not historical foundation."

According to our feelings and apprehension, as already mentioned, it is only by taking the whole narrative in these *Legends*, that the author's power can be at all appreciated, or any thing like the full and just weight of the lessons taught by the principal actors and events belonging to the extraordinary conquest described, felt. A few extracts, together with certain connecting sentences, by way of abridgment, will help our readers to a judgment of some of the events and scenes described, and the manner and conduct of the author.

The Goths, after two centuries and a half of unshaken sway in Spain, had for king, Witiza, who, in the year 701 of our era, ascended the throne. Previous to this time, the Gothic Spaniards are represented to have been a warlike people, unquiet, but heroic. So addicted were they to war, that when they had no external foes to contend with, they fought with one another; and the author quotes an old chronicler, who says, the very thunders and lightnings could not separate them. But when Witiza began to reign, there had been a gradual decline from the simple and hardy ways of their semi-barbarous ancestors, and he hastened their progress to effeminacy and licentiousness, with an unprecedented speed, while he was so cruel and jealous, as to draw down upon himself the appellation of "The Wicked." At length he was dethroned by Don Roderick, who, though at first sagacious, generous, and daring, came to indulge in many of the same pernicious errors that had wrought the downfall of his predecessor.

For a time, however, Roderick ruled wisely, and lived happily with his beautiful queen, the only daughter of the king of Algiers.

She had, when she went on her voyage to the court of the king of Tunis, been driven on the Spanish coast, and though carried captive to Don Roderick, became his bride, after having been converted to Christianity. The principal nobles throughout the kingdom repaired to his court, among whom was Count Julian, one of the proudest of the Gothic families, and related by marriage to the late dethroned monarch. He was governor of the Spanish possessions on the African coast of the Strait, which at that time was threatened by the Arabs of the East, and a man of an active, but irregular genius, and a grasping ambition. He had hastened to Toledo, the seat of Don Roderick's government, to assure the king of his fidelity, which might otherwise have been suspected; and he presented his daughter Florinda to the guardianship of their majesties, as a further proof of his honour; for it was a custom among the Goths to rear many of the children of the most illustrious families as pages to the king, or ladies of honour to the queen. But in the present case, much trouble arose from what is told in a rather warm chapter, part of which we cite:—

“The beautiful daughter of Count Julian was received with great favour by the queen Exilona, and admitted among the noble damsels that attended upon her person. Here she lived in honour and apparent security, and surrounded by innocent delights. To gratify his queen, Don Roderick had built for her rural recreation a palace without the walls of Toledo, on the banks of the Tágus. It stood in the midst of a garden, adorned after the luxurious style of the East. The air was perfumed by fragrant shrubs and flowers; the groves resounded with the song of the nightingale; while the gush of fountains and waterfalls, and the distant murmur of the Tagus, made it a delightful retreat during the sultry days of summer. The charm of perfect privacy also reigned throughout the place; for the garden walls were high, and numerous guards kept watch without to protect it from all intrusion.

“In this delicious abode, more befitting an oriental voluptuary than a Gothic king, Don Roderick was accustomed to while away much of that time which should have been devoted to the toilsome cares of government. The very security and peace which he had produced throughout his dominions, by his precautions to abolish the means and habitudes of war, had effected a disastrous change in his character. The hardy and heroic qualities which had conducted him to the throne, were softened in the lap of indulgence. Surrounded by the pleasures of an idle and effeminate court, and beguiled by the example of his degenerate nobles, he gave way to a fatal sensuality that had lain dormant in his nature during the virtuous days of his adversity. The mere love of female beauty had first enamoured him of Exilona; and the same passion, fostered by voluptuous idleness, now betrayed him into the commission of an act fatal to himself and Spain. The following is the story of his error, as gathered from an old chronicle and legend.”—pp. 31—33.

The voluptuous king gets a glance of the maids of honour, amusing themselves in the queen's garden.

“A sportive contest arose among the maidens, as to the comparative

beauty of the Spanish and Moorish forms; but the Mauritanian damsel revealed limbs of voluptuous symmetry that seemed to defy all rivalry.

"The Spanish beauties were on the point of giving up the contest, when they bethought themselves of the young Florinda, the daughter of Count Julian, who lay on the grassy bank, abandoned to a summer slumber. The soft glow of youth and health mantled on her cheek; her fringed eyelashes scarcely covered their sleeping orbs; her moist and ruby lips were slightly parted, just revealing a gleam of her ivory teeth; while her innocent bosom rose and fell beneath her boddice, like the gentle swelling and sinking of a tranquil sea. There was a breathing tenderness and beauty in the sleeping virgin, that seemed to send forth sweetness like the flowers around her.

"Behold," cried her companions exultingly, 'the champion of Spanish beauty!'

"In their playful eagerness they half disrobed the innocent Florinda before she was aware. She awoke in time, however, to escape from their busy hands; but enough of her charms had been revealed to convince the monarch that they were not to be rivalled by the rarest beauties of Mauritania.

"From this day the heart of Roderick was inflamed with a fatal passion. He gazed on the beautiful Florinda with fervid desire, and sought to read in her looks whether there was levity or wantonness in her bosom; but the eye of the damsel ever sunk beneath his gaze, and remained bent on the earth in virgin modesty.

"It was in vain he called to mind the sacred trust reposed in him by Count Julian, and the promise he had given to watch over his daughter with paternal care; his heart was vitiated by sensual indulgence, and the consciousness of power had rendered him selfish in his gratifications.

"Being one evening in the garden where the queen was diverting herself with her damsels, and coming to the fountain where he had beheld the innocent maidens at their sport, he could no longer restrain the passion that raged within his breast. Seating himself beside the fountain, he called Florinda to him to draw forth a thorn which had pierced his hand. The maiden knelt at his feet, to examine his hand, and the touch of her slender fingers thrilled through his veins. As she knelt, too, her amber locks fell in rich ringlets about her beautiful head, her innocent bosom palpitated beneath the crimson boddice, and her timed blushes increased the effulgence of her charms.

"Having examined the monarch's hand in vain, she looked up in his face with artless perplexity.

"Senior," said she, 'I can find no thorn, nor any sign of wound.'

"Don Roderick grasped her hand and pressed it to his heart. 'It is here, lovely Florinda!' said he, 'It is here! and thou alone canst pluck it forth!'

"My lord!' exclaimed the blushing and astonished maiden.

"Florinda!' said Don Roderick, 'Dost thou love me?'

"Senior," said she, 'my father taught me to love and reverence you. He confided me to your care as one who would be as a parent to me, when he should be far distant, serving your majesty with life and loyalty. May God incline your Majesty ever to protect me as a father.' So saying, the maiden dropped her eyes to the ground, and continued

knelling; but her countenance had become deadly pale, and as she knelt she trembled.

"'Florinda,' said the king, 'either thou dost not or thou wilt not understand me. I would have thee love me, not as a father, nor as a monarch, but as one who adores thee. Why dost thou start? No one shall know our loves; and, moreover, the love of a monarch inflicts no degradation like the love of a common man—riches and honours attend upon it. I will advance thee to rank and dignity, and place thee above the proudest females of my court. Thy father, too, shall be more exalted and endowed than any noble in my realm.'

"The soft eye of Florinda kindled at these words. 'Senior,' said she, 'the line I spring from can receive no dignity by means so vile; and my father would rather die than purchase rank and power by the dishonour of his child. But I see,' continued she, 'that your majesty speaks in this manner only to try me. You may have thought me light and simple, and unworthy to attend upon the queen. I pray your majesty to pardon me, that I have taken your pleasantries in such serious part.'

"In this way the agitated maiden sought to evade the addresses of the monarch; but still her cheek was blanched, and her lip quivered as she spake.

"The king pressed her hand to his lips with fervour. 'May ruin seize me,' cried he, 'if I speak to prove thee! My heart, my kingdom, are at thy command. Only be mine, and thou shalt rule absolute mistress of myself and my domains.'

"The damsel rose from the earth where she had hitherto knelt, and her whole countenance glowed with virtuous indignation. 'My lord,' said she, 'I am your subject, and in your power; take my life if it be your pleasure; but nothing shall tempt me to commit a crime which would be treason to the queen, disgrace to my father, agony to my mother, and perdition to myself.' With these words she left the garden, and the king, for the moment, was too much awed by her indignant virtue to oppose her departure."—pp. 35—40.

But she became his victim.

"In the first paroxysm of her grief she wrote a letter to her father, blotted with her tears, and almost incoherent from her agitation. 'Would to God, my father,' said she, 'that the earth had opened and swallowed me ere I had been reduced to write these lines. I blush to tell thee, what it is not proper to conceal. Alas, my father! thou hast intrusted thy lamb to the guardianship of the lion. Thy daughter has been dishonoured, the royal cradle of the Goths polluted, and our lineage insulted and disgraced. Hasten, my father, to rescue your child from the power of the spoiler, and to vindicate the honour of your house!'

"When Florinda had written these lines, she summoned a youthful esquire, who had been a page in the service of her father. 'Saddle thy steed,' said she, 'and if thou dost aspire to knightly honour, or hope for lady's grace—if thou hast fealty for thy lord, or devotion to his daughter—speed swiftly upon my errand. Rest not, halt not, spare not the spur; but hie thee day and night until thou reach the sea; take the first bark, and haste with sail and oar to Ceuta, nor pause until thou give this letter to the count my father.' The youth put the letter in his bosom. 'Trust me lady,' said he, 'I will neither halt nor turn aside, nor cast a look

behind, until I reach Count Julian.' He mounted his fleet steed, sped his way across the bridge, and soon left behind him the verdant valley of the Tagus."—pp. 41—43.

Count Julian seeks revenge in becoming a traitor to his country, and after inviting the Arabs into Spain, joins them with all the troops under his command; after which, with extraordinary rapidity, conquest waits upon the invaders, till at last Spain is subjugated by them. We pass over chapters of necromantic marvels, and valourous deeds—as also over many dramatic scenes, where untarnished patriotism as well as treason, are vividly pictured—where glory, honour, and death, are plentifully blended, but above all, where the vanity of human ambition, and the futility of all greatness not based on virtue, are signally rebuked.

King Roderick and his army were overthrown on the banks of the Guadalete, by the Arabs under Taric ben Zeyad. But what was the fate of the king?

"Taric ben Zeyad considered his victory incomplete so long as the Gothic monarch survived; he proclaimed great rewards, therefore, to whosoever should bring Roderick to him, dead or alive. A diligent search was accordingly made in every direction, but for a long time in vain; at length a soldier brought to Taric the head of a Christian warrior, on which was a cap decorated with feathers and precious stones. The Arab leader received it as the head of the unfortunate Roderick, and sent it, as a trophy of his victory, to Muza ben Nosier, who, in like manner, transmitted it to the caliph at Damascus. The Spanish historians, however, have always denied its identity.

"A mystery has ever hung, and ever must continue to hang, over the fate of King Roderick, in that dark and doleful day of Spain. Whether he went down amidst the storm of battle, and atoned for his sins and errors by a patriot grave, or whether he survived to repent of them in hermit exile, must remain matter of conjecture and dispute. The learned Archbishop Rodrigo, who has recorded the events of this disastrous field, affirms that Roderick fell beneath the vengeful blade of the traitor Julian, and thus expiated with his blood his crime against the hapless Florinda; but the archbishop stands alone in his record of the fact. It seems generally admitted that Orelia, the favourite war-horse of Don Roderick, was found entangled in a marsh on the borders of the Guadalete, with the sandals and mantle and royal insignia of the king lying close by him. The river at this place ran broad and deep, and was encumbered with the dead bodies of warriors and steeds; it has been supposed, therefore, that he perished in the stream; but his body was not found within its waters.

"When several years had passed away, and men's minds, being restored to some degree of tranquillity, began to occupy themselves about the events of this dismal day, a rumour arose that Roderick had escaped from the carnage on the banks of the Guadalete, and was still alive. It was said, that having from a rising ground caught a view of the whole field of battle, and seen that the day was lost, and his army flying in all directions, he likewise sought his safety in flight. It is added, that the Arab horsemen, while scouring the mountains in quest of fugitives, found a shepherd arrayed in the royal robes, and brought him before the

conqueror, believing him to be the king himself. Count Julian soon dispelled the error. On being questioned, the trembling rustic declared, that while tending his sheep in the folds of the mountains, there came a cavalier on a horse wearied and spent and ready to sink beneath the spur; that the cavalier with an authoritative voice and menacing air commanded him to exchange garments with him, and clad himself in his rude garb of sheep skin, and took his crook and his scrip of provisions, and continued up the rugged defiles of the mountains leading towards Castile, until he was lost to view.

"This tradition was fondly cherished by many, who clung to the belief in the existence of their monarch as their main hope for the redemption of Spain. It was even affirmed that he had taken refuge, with many of his host, in an island of the 'Ocean sea,' from whence he might yet return once more to elevate his standard, and battle for the recovery of his throne."—pp. 152—155.

There is an account of a necromatic tower in the Legend of Don Roderick, which is one of the most famous as well as least credible points in his history, that we leave to the lovers of the marvellous, but which exhibits our author's skill in no ordinary degree, inasmuch, as with all its extravagance, it is so well and opportunely introduced, as to rivet the attention and half convince the reader. He fortifies it by the doubts as well as the philosophic credulity of monkish writers, and even buttresses it by an account of another marvel, related elsewhere, of the City of Toledo.

"This ancient city, which dates its existence almost from the time of the flood, claiming as its founder Tubal, the son of Japhet, and grandson of Noah, has been the warrior hold of many generations, and a strange diversity of races. It bears traces of the artifices and devices of its various occupants, and is full of mysteries and subjects for antiquarian conjecture and perplexity. It is built upon a high rocky promontory, with the Tagus brawling round its base, and is overlooked by cragged and precipitous hills. These hills abound with clefts and caverns; and the promontory itself, on which the city is built, bears traces of vaults and subterraneous habitations, which are occasionally discovered under the ruins of ancient houses, or beneath the churches and convents.

"These are supposed by some to have been the habitations or retreats of the primitive inhabitants; for it was the custom of the ancients, according to Pliny, to make caves in high and rocky places, and live in them through fear of floods; and such a precaution, says the worthy Don Pedro de Roxas, in his history of Toledo, was natural enough among the first Toledans, seeing that they founded their city shortly after the deluge, while the memory of it was still fresh in their minds.

"Some have supposed these secret caves and vaults to have been places of concealment of the inhabitants and their treasure, during times of war and violence; or rude temples for the performance of religious ceremonies in times of persecution. There are not wanting other, and grave writers, who give them a still darker purpose. In these caves, say they, were taught the diabolical mysteries of magic; and here were performed those infernal ceremonies and incantations, horrible in the eyes of God and man. 'History,' says the worthy Don Pedro de Roxas, 'is full of accounts that the magi taught and performed their magic and their superstitious rites in

profound caves and secret places ; because as this art of the devil was prohibited from the very origin of Christianity, they always sought for hidden places in which to practise it.' In the time of the Moors this art, we are told, was publicly taught at their universities, the same as astronomy, philosophy, and mathematics, and at no place was it cultivated with more success than at Toledo. Hence this city has ever been darkly renowned for mystic science ; insomuch that the magic art was called by the French and by other nations, the *Arte Toledana*.

"Of all the marvels, however, of this ancient picturesque, romantic, and necromantic city, none in modern times surpass the cave of *Hercules*, if we may take the account of *Don Pedro de Roxas* for authentic. The entrance to this cave is within the church of *San Gines*, situated in nearly the highest part of the city. The portal is secured by massive doors, opening within the walls of the church, but which are kept rigorously closed. The cavern extends under the city and beneath the bed of the *Tagus* to the distance of three leagues beyond. It is, in some places, of rare architecture, built of small stones curiously wrought, and supported by columns and arches."—pp. 160—163.

Mr. Irving presents us with various stories concerning parties who have attempted to explore the cavern in comparatively late times. Many popular anecdotes and terrific occurrences are still reported of it. One was, that in its remote recesses lay concealed a great treasure of gold, left there by the Romans ; but, whoever would reach this precious hoard, must previously pass through several caves and grottos, each having its particular terror, and all under the guardianship of a ferocious dog, who has the key of all the gates and watches, day and night. Few adventurers have had courage to brave this terrific *Cerberus*.

"The most intrepid candidate on record was a poor man who had lost his all, and had those grand incentives to desperate enterprise, a wife and a large family of children. Hearing the story of this cave, he determined to venture alone in search of the treasure. He accordingly entered, and wandered many hours, bewildered, about the cave. Often would he have returned, but the thoughts of his wife and children urged him on. At length he arrived near to the place where he supposed the treasure lay hidden ; but here, to his dismay, he beheld the floor of the cavern strown with human bones ; doubtless the remains of adventurers like himself, who had been torn to pieces.

"Losing all courage, he now turned and sought his way out of the cave. Horrors thickened upon him as he fled. He beheld direful phantoms glaring and gibbering around him, and heard the sound of pursuit in the echoes of his footsteps. He reached his home overcome with affright ; several hours elapsed before he could recover speech to tell his story, and he died on the following day.

"The writer of these pages will venture to add the result of his personal researches respecting the far famed cavern in question. Rambling about Toledo in the year 1826, in company with a small knot of antiquity hunters, among whom was an eminent British painter, and an English nobleman, who has since distinguished himself in Spanish historical research, we directed our steps to the church of *San Gines*, and inquired for the portal of the secret cavern. The sacristan was a voluble and commu-

nicative man, and one not likely to be niggard of his tongue about anything he knew, or slow to boast of any marvel pertaining to his church; but he professed utter ignorance of the existence of any such portal. He remembered to have heard, however, that immediately under the entrance to the church there was an arch of mason work, apparently the upper part of some subterranean portal; but that all had been covered up, and a pavement laid down thereon; so that whether it led to the magic cave or the necromantic tower remains a mystery, and so must remain until some monarch or archbishop shall again have courage and authority to break the spell."—pp. 165, 166, 170.

The author has an admirable knack of giving importance to what would be intolerable trifling, did it come from other hands, and he can smile and joke, and seem serious all the time, with ever a writer in our day. But when did he ever wound the feelings of any man, by personalities or ill-natured rebukes? Never; and in this he affords a lesson to many, who can neither shew the deformity of vice, nor the beauty of virtue, with half the fidelity and power.

We close with part of what is said of the fate of Count Julian, and his daughter Florinda.

"As yet every thing had prospered with Count Julian. He had gratified his vengeance; he had been successful in his treason, and had acquired countless riches from the ruin of his country. But it is not outward success that constitutes prosperity. The tree flourishes with fruit and foliage while blasted and withering at the heart. Wherever he went, Count Julian read hatred in every eye. The Christians cursed him as the cause of all their woe; the Moslems despised and distrusted him as a traitor. Men whispered together as he approached, and then turned away in scorn; and mothers snatched away their children with horror if he offered to caress them. He withered under the execration of his fellow men; and last, and worst of all, he began to loathe himself. He tried in vain to persuade himself that he had but taken a justifiable vengeance; he felt that no personal wrong can justify the crime of treason to one's country.

"For a time, he sought in luxurious indulgence to soothe, or forget the miseries of the mind. He assembled round him every pleasure and gratification that boundless wealth could purchase; but all in vain. He had no relish for the dainties of his board; music had no charm wherewith to lull his soul, and remorse drove slumber from his pillow. Florinda, the daughter of his heart, for whose sake he had undertaken this signal vengeance, was sinking a victim to its effects. Wherever she went, she found herself a bye-word of shame and reproach. The outrage she had suffered was imputed to her as wantonness, and her calamity was magnified into a crime. The Christians never mentioned her name without a curse, and the Moslems, the gainers by her misfortune, spake of her only by the appellation of Cava, the vilest epithet they could apply to woman.

"But the opprobrium of the world was nothing to the upbraiding of her own heart. She charged herself with all the miseries of these disastrous wars; the deaths of so many gallant cavaliers; the conquest and perdition of her country. The anguish of her mind preyed upon the

beauty of her person. Her eye, once soft and tender in its expression, became wild and haggard; her cheek lost its bloom, and became hollow and pallid; and at times there was desperation in her words. When her father sought to embrace her, she withdrew with shuddering from his arms; for she thought of his treason, and the ruin it had brought upon Spain. Her wretchedness increased after her return to her native country, until it rose to a degree of frenzy. One day when she was walking with her parents in the garden of their palace, she entered a tower, and, having barred the door, ascended to the battlements. From thence she called to them in piercing accents, expressive of her insupportable anguish and desperate determination. 'Let this city,' said she, 'be henceforth called Malacca, in memorial of the most wretched of women, who therein put an end to her days.' So saying, she threw herself headlong from the tower, and was dashed to pieces. The city, adds the ancient chronicler, received the name thus given it, though afterwards softened to Malaga, which it still retains, in memory of the tragical end of Florinda.

"The death of Count Julian, which took place not long after, closed the tragic story of his family. How he died remains involved in doubt. Some assert that the cruel Alahor pursued him to his retreat among the mountains, and, having taken him prisoner, beheaded him; others that the Moors confined him in a dungeon, and put an end to his life with lingering torments; while others affirm that the tower of the castle of Marcuello, near Huesca, in Arragon, in which he took refuge, fell on him and crushed him to pieces. All agree that his latter end was miserable in the extreme, and his death violent. The curse of Heaven, which had thus pursued him to the grave, was extended to the very place which had given him shelter: for we are told that the castle is no longer inhabited, on account of the strange and horrible noises that are heard in it; and that visions of armed men are seen above it in the air; which are supposed to be the troubled spirits of the apostate Christians who favoured the cause of the traitor.

"In after times a stone sepulchre was shown, outside of the chapel of the castle, as the tomb of Count Julian; but the traveller and the pilgrim avoided it, or bestowed upon it a malediction; and the name of Julian has remained a bye-word and a scorn in the land, for the warning of all generations. Such ever be the lot of him who betrays his country."—pp. 317—320, 336—338.

With such materials as the old chroniclers furnish, can Washington Irving dress up an engaging and instructive tale.

ART. VII.—*Selection of Parochial Examinations relative to the Destitute Classes in Ireland, from the Evidence received by His Majesty's Commissioners for inquiring into the condition of the poorer Classes in Ireland.* London: Fellowes. 1835.

THE First Report of the Irish Poor Inquiry Commissioners is now before us. Complaints, both within and out of parliament, have frequently been made of these commissioners, that they have consumed needlessly, time and money in prosecuting this inquiry; but

though we have only here the First Report which they have made, and although it contains nothing more than the first branch which they have been commanded to investigate, yet, we rather wonder than otherwise, that in the course of the time consumed, so much could be so well done by them.

As the title intimates, this is only a selection, containing evidence as to "the modes in which the destitute classes in Ireland are supported—to the extent and efficiency of those modes, and their effects upon those who give, and upon those who receive relief." The other branch of the Inquiry, "whether any, and what further remedial measures appear to be requisite to ameliorate the condition of the Irish poor, or any portion of them," has not yet been completed, or at least it is not ready for publication. In the meantime, however, this selection on a most important and affecting subject is given to the world by authority, and at the lowest price for which it could be published, that all within the empire may have their intelligence and feelings turned to its disclosures—two and sixpence being the price for four hundred and thirty closely printed octavo pages. And what a heart-rending picture of human misery does it display? No general description of destitution, starvation, and disease, however eloquently composed, can ever equal the simple, plain, and real narratives here presented, when given as coming from the lips or witnesses of individual sufferers. But before proceeding to select specimens under the distinct heads of inquiry contained in this woful volume, it is but justice to the commissioners that we should give our readers some idea of the extent of the difficulties they have had to encounter, and the manner of their investigations.

It is to be kept in view, that in England we can form no adequate notion of the social condition of the people of Ireland. The great proportion of the population about and amongst whom the Inquiry has to be made, is constantly fluctuating between mendicity and independent labour. In whole districts, scarcely one of that class of substantial capitalist farmers so plentiful in England can be found. The small resident gentry are few, and the substantial tradesman is seldom to be met with, where there is generally but little trade for them, and less money. The clergy of various persuasions, and many of the proprietors, are so much at variance with one another, or with the working classes, upon political grounds, that the truth on such a subject as the one in question is with the greatest difficulty arrived at. Nay, where parochial authorities scarcely exist, and where the constabulary are so frequently in collision with the people, it is matter of wonder to us, how the amount of clear and descriptive facts that we here find, could be sifted out of the witnesses examined. But the honesty and zeal of the commissioners have surmounted many difficulties. They say that it became to them a matter of fearful moment to determine, among such a people, respecting whom the inquiry should be

made, and from whom testimony could be received, which would not only be impartial, but which would be *admitted by all* to be so—the one requisite being as important as the other. Did they appear to rely too much upon any one party, of religionists, of politicians, or too much upon the rich, or the poor, the most unmeasured charges of error and evil purpose would follow their labours.

In these circumstances they resolved that the inquiry should embrace every subject to which importance seemed to be attached by any large number of persons. They engaged assistant-commissioners, who made local inquiries, and who were best acquainted with the particular heads allotted to their hands. Inquiries were made, not merely into the extent of destitution, into the modes of relief, and the effects of relief, but into the causes of destitution—this last head branching into, first, what are the rate of agricultural wages, the habits of farm labourers, the state of agriculture, &c. Secondly, the same pains were taken relative to the manufacturing population; thirdly, relative to the fisheries; and lastly, relative to mining. Many details as to the manner in which these matters have been investigated are stated; such as, the combining of the national knowledge possessed by an Irishman, with the impartiality to be expected in an Englishman, in assistant-commissioners, and also the inviting of persons of each grade in society and party to give testimony, conducting the investigation in the presence of all. But the volume must be read to understand how minutely and impartially the inquiry has been hitherto sustained in at least one parish, in every barony, of a great proportion of Ireland; the names of the examiners and of the examined being here published, together with the most striking particulars of the evidence obtained upon the first great branch of the inquiry.

As to the second branch, which has not yet been completed, viz. what remedies the commissioners may recommend for the cure of the evils detailed in the present report, it is quite clear that great caution and reflection are required. They are assailed on every side by theorists, and by persons who have taken peculiar views, because they have endured peculiar evils resulting from the past state of things in Ireland. The commissioners say truly, that one party attribute all the wretchedness of the country to the use of ardent spirits among the lower orders, and propose a system for repressing illicit distillation, and substituting beer and coffee. Another blames trades' unions; absenteeism—or pawn-broking—or redundant population—or absence of capital—or political excitement—or want of education—or want of manufactures—or the maladministration of justice, have all their particular party of reasons, in accounting for the misery prevalent in Ireland. Some propose emigration, or inland navigation, or the reclaiming of waste lands, as the panacea for all the diseases of the nation. Now, while each and all of the alleged grievances may exist to an alarm-

ing extent, and each and all of the proposed cures that might be named, might have their beneficial fruits; yet, the commissioners must not give an opinion hastily on such mighty matters, when that opinion is likely to be the ground of authoritative enactments. That they seem competent to form a just judgment, and are desirous to do so, we feel strongly assured from what is now before us; and though we look forward with deep anxiety towards the completion of their labours and entire expression of their views, enough is contained within the present report, to occupy our sympathies and awaken our attention to all the branches of the momentous subject in question.

This report contains parochial examinations relative to the existing modes of relieving seven classes of destitute persons in Ireland. From each of these we shall extract an example. The first class embraces "Deserted and Orphan Children." But before we extract a single piece of evidence, let it be understood that we have not sought for the most calamitous cases, nor lighted upon them. Every page, however, is woful enough in all conscience. We take, upon the subject of orphanage, a statement belonging to the county of Mayo.

"The number of orphans has been lately very much increased by the prevalence of cholera. Mr. Large, having been one of the officers of health, has had an opportunity of judging of their numbers, which he thinks cannot be under three hundred, of children below the age of twelve years, left without father or mother. He says a subscription was raised at the time for their relief, by which perhaps one-fourth of them were assisted. Some of them were clothed so as to fit them to be taken as helpers into farmer's houses or families in the town. Some got provisions that kept them together for a few months. If the parents had held land, and any of the family were able to hold it on, they were never disturbed in the possession, and the arrear due by the parents was generally forgiven them. I cannot call to mind any instance in which some of the family were not able to hold on the farm. What became of the other three-fourths has not fallen under my notice, but from what I know of the habits of the country people, I must suppose that a large proportion were sheltered by relatives or neighbours, by whom the services of the elder children would be deemed nearly as equivalent for their food; the younger would be a dead weight on them. A very large number must have been reduced to beggary; the children of the town labourers, particularly, could scarcely have any other resource. Mr. M'Miler and Reilly think there cannot be less than forty to fifty orphans begging in the town alone, and mention one case of three children, the eldest about eight years old, not having a single friend to look after them, who may be seen every day going together from door to door begging for food; their lodging they can easily get from any of the poorer classes. M'Nally, who lives in the country, says: 'In the houses next to me, on each side, two families of children, one consisting of four, the other of three, were last year left orphans, their fathers and mothers being carried off within a few hours of each other by cholera. In the former case the parents held a rood of land, on which they had planted some potatoes before their death. The children received some assistance from the sub-

scription fund mentioned above, which helped them until their crop was fit for use. Their cabin fell in, and the neighbours rebuilt it, and whenever they came short of provisions the neighbours were ready to assist them, but they never begged publicly. The eldest was a boy, of twelve years; a merchant, out of charity, gives him some employment in his store, which enables him to do something for himself and his brother and sisters. I, myself, took one of them, a girl, into my own house; I am a weaver, and she winds some quills for me; I took her in from charity*, but this makes it come easier to me. The other family of three got no assistance from the subscription fund. My daughter took one of them into her house for charity, though no way related, but as a neighbour; the child makes herself of use, she minds an infant for her while she is otherwise engaged. Their aunt, a hard struggling widow, undertook the support of the other two. This is the way orphan children are dispersed, through their charitable neighbours and relatives, if they have any such to look after them; if they have not, they must beg."—pp. 23, 24.

Readers will remark throughout this Report the following striking features in Irish character and society—that along with a devastating tide of poverty, destitution, and general wretchedness, there is a national fund of charity, that in magnitude and richness struggles heroically with that tide—yet, alas! that, as the Report itself declares, "the evidence was quite clear that the relief of the poor falls chiefly on the middle classes; that the struggling shopkeepers are most liberal, often to a degree beyond their means. The opulent classes do not give in proportion; their contributions are principally confined to public charities." Now for something respecting deserted children in the Barony of Tyrawley.

"There are at present four deserted children in the parish, all of whom were deserted more than two years ago; they were at first supported by parochial assessment; but for the last two years the parishioners have refused to assess themselves for that purpose: some giving for reason, that no churchwarden would undertake to collect the assessment; others, that it operated as an encouragement to the practice of desertion. There have been no desertions since the assessment has ceased, which all the witnesses agree in considering as a consequence of this cessation; 'for while the funds were forthcoming there was no lack of applications.' The support of the children deserted before that time now falls on the nurses with whom they were put out by the churchwardens, before the collection of the parochial fund for their support ceased. Assistance of a few shillings is occasionally given from the poor-money collected at the Protestant church. John Walsh, a labourer, one of the persons on whom the support of three foundlings has now devolved, says: 'I have seven children of my own, from nine months to eighteen years of age, to support. Four years ago my wife undertook the care of a foundling for 6s. per month; we were regularly paid for the first and second years; the third year I processed the churchwardens and recovered the amount. Two pounds is now due to me, and if I had it, it would enable me to release my conacre potatoes.

* M'Nally is a very poor man, a weaver; he has not constant employment; but may earn on an average 3s. a week. He holds half an acre of land.

But though I know the churchwarden is accountable to me by law for the money, the law is little protection to me, as I am too poor to pay for it. I worked yesterday for 5*d.*, and have no work to get to-day, and the expense of filing and serving the process and the attorney's fee would amount 4*s.* 6*d.*'—p. 25.

"Illegitimate Children and their Mothers" form the second class of the poor; and the only remark we have here to make regards infanticide, which appears to be very rare in Ireland, even among such mothers.

"The application is not made in the first instance to the churchwarden. When the father absconds, the support of the child falls altogether on the mother. Men are sometimes sued by civil bill in the assistant barrister's court, and wages recovered from them, especially if they have promised any.

"Women who have bastard children are generally obliged to beg, and leave in most cases their own parishes. The children beg until about the age of 14, and then become servants, labourers, or enter the army. The difficulty of supporting herself and child sometimes lead the woman to prostitution. The children are in such cases generally brought up in vice, but are accustomed to labour and support their mother when they can. The difficulty of supporting the child is often so severe as to injure the mother's health; and that of the child often suffers from the scanty provision which she is able to afford it.

"The children are often neglected by the mother, but the witnesses never knew more than one instance where there was even a suspicion of infanticide, and there were in that case but very slight grounds.

We come next to "Widows with Young Children." Labourers' widows are generally, it would appear, reduced to beggary, getting their lodgings among other labourers. A very few succeed in their endeavours to support themselves by industry, but in the most laborious and wretched manner. Here is an example of such heroic exertions by Widow Kilboy, in the county of Mayo.

"She says, 'My husband, who was a labourer, has been dead for ten years. He left four young children, without any means of support but my industry. He at one time dealt in buying oats to sell again, when he had dressed it into meal. This gave me some skill in the business, which has been of use to me since, persons engaged in that business employing me to tend the oats in the process of kiln-drying. I am obliged for this purpose, to watch it, without intermission, for twenty-four hours, remaining up during the whole night, and am paid from 7*d.* to 4*d.* for each kiln-cast, according as the business may be pressing or slack. The most I could attend to is four kiln-casts in the week; and on an average of the whole year, I may be employed during nine months. When I get constant employment I sleep as opportunity offers, between the taking off of one cast and the putting on of another. I have been three weeks without lying on a bed, not sleeping, but as I took a start of sleep in the kiln, at such times as I have mentioned; and this at the wages I have stated, at most 2*s.* 6*d.* a week. Since my children have grown up, (the eldest is now 14), they have given me some relief by helping me, but we receive no additional payment. I never lay in a stock of potatoes, but buy them from week to week, as I earn the price of them. In summer potatoes are dearer than at any other season, and I have less employment. Of course I am more dis-

pressed then than at any other time of the year; still neither I nor my family have ever begged, though I am sure most of the beggars live better than we. Whatever little I earn, I endeavour to live on it. Sometimes when I was earning nothing, persons who are in the habit of employing me have lent me money, to be repaid in work, when they would have employment for me. At such times we have lived on a great deal less food than usual. We have often lived on one meal of dry potatoes in the day. I and my four children have often lived on eight stone of potatoes for a whole week; about sixteen stone would be sufficient for us.' [Mr. Loftus says, 'they have been accustomed to live on so much, and be content with it; but if they could afford it, they would consume twenty-four stone.'] We very seldom at any time of the year have milk with our potatoes; we sometimes have a salt herring, but we eat them three times dry for once that we have any thing with them; and it is not the best even of the potatoes that we have. We buy the cheapest and worst sort of lumpers, that we may have them plentiful. I am not able to clothe my children; the wages I earn are too little even to buy potatoes for them; but the people that employ me and trust me with their property, are kind enough to help me now and then with a little meal or seeds beyond my wages, and have sometimes put some little article of clothing on one of my children. I have not been able myself to buy any clothes for them since twelve months ago, and even then it was but a calico shirt or shift. I have never been able to send them to school as they grew up; I should keep them at home to give me some little relief in watching the kiln.'—pp. 104, 105.

Neither is this last cited case nor the following the most lamentable that we might extract; for, in the magnanimity of the widows instanced, there is much to engage our admiration and our hope for the future, though that hope belongs to a state where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"The assistant commissioners visited one widow. She lived in a wretched hovel on the road side, about half a mile from Dungiven. There was a little straw in a corner, which, covered with a thin linen quilt, served as a bed. Over two or three kindled turf a girl about 10 years of age was bending, and a middle aged woman was sitting spinning in the centre of the hut. She said that the girl was the youngest of eight children, and was only a month old when, by her husband's death, she was left dependant solely on her own exertions. None of the children were at that time able to assist her; and the only employment open to her was spinning, by which she could then make 4d. a day. By her spinning, which has gradually diminished to 2d. a day, she brought up her eight children, sending them out to service as they grew up. They are now married or engaged in service. The three eldest married when under 18. 'They never,' said she, 'got a noggin of broth in charity; nor did a handful of potatoes badly got ever enter my house. I always kept the roof over them, and prevented their begging.' She never had any land, her landlord having taken from her that which her husband held; but he left her the house, half of which was blown down, and in the remaining half she still lived. She seemed cheerful and contented, but said she had gone through unutterable hardships. 'Many a time,' said she, 'a neighbour woman who lived with me did not know that I

had only eaten two or three potatoes that day, and at night I used to be up three or four times when I could not sleep, thinking of my misfortunes and looking out for the daylight to begin working."—p. 130.

This was in the county of Londonderry; but similar cases abound throughout the nation. The fourth class consists of "The Impotent through Age, or other permanent Infirmity." Many of these, when questioned how it came to pass that their children suffered them to beg, have answered that their children would not permit it if they could help it; at other times, that though after being worn out, they got as many potatoes from those among whom they begged, yet they could not obtain as much money as to keep them in tobacco, without which they could hardly exist.

"Dudley Toole may be taken as an instance of a wornout labourer partly begging, partly living among his old neighbours. He states his own case as follows:—'I am eighty-eight years of age; after spending a great part of my life at sea, I came home here, when I was becoming too old to serve, and turned to labouring for my support. I have but two children, sons, who are sailors in the American merchants' service: they do not assist me in any way, having laboured for ten years. I was two years ago seized with rheumatic pains and a dizziness in the head, which has disabled me from working since. I did hold an acre of land on a lease, that I cultivated myself, that supported me, with the help of my hired labour; when I became unable to work, I gave this up to a friend, without any compensation. I have since gone from house to house, among my old neighbours, getting a share of their meals, and a bed of straw in their corner. I have myself a sheet and a fold of a blanket, which I take about with me. It is to the small farmers, not to the labourers, I apply; all old acquaintances that knew me when I earned my own bread, and some of them relatives. They live near the town in the country. I prefer going to persons in the country, because they can give me a good fire and a bed of straw. I stop generally but one night in the same house, and may stop two with a relation, or more, as I see welcome for me; some would be glad to keep me for a week, but I would not trouble them, when I know I can have welcome elsewhere. When I think I have trespassed too much on one neighbourhood, I move off to another. When I come to a house, I ask a lodging for God's sake; the only refusal I meet with is when some tell me they have not straw to make a bed. When I ask in God's name, they would think it a sin to refuse me, though I know many of them would be better pleased I did not trouble them; but I have no reason to complain of them, for winter or summer I never saw them frown on me yet. I do not carry a bag; wherever I lodge I get a share of the meals, I am always sure it. I expect nothing but my food; I do not wish to carry anything away with me, nor be an incumbrance on the inhabitants beyond my bit. I come into the town once a week to apply to five housekeepers, who give me a halfpenny each every week. What is killing me is, that I cannot get enough of tobacco; the want of it, I believe, is taking away my eyesight. It would take 5d. a week to supply me, and I do not get so much; with some of what I get I buy tobacco, with the remainder I buy tobacco water, and steeping tow in it I make that do instead of tobacco. For clothing I must depend on chance, as some one may give me a cast coat

or other article. I got this coat from an old shipmate I happened to meet at the quay.' With regard to his fellow labourers, Toole continues: 'Of all the labourers that used to work with me, I do not know above a dozen that have passed the age of sixty; they are unwilling to beg, and work on to the very last of their strength, so they do not carry the life; hard work, when they are not able for it, and bad keeping kills them off. Five of these old men, past sixty, that I formerly knew as workmen are begging about; as many more are living in the country among their children, that have got some land; and I now remember three above that age that rather than beg still hold out working, though between age and sickness, they are badly able to do so. I have not known any old man belonging to this place leave it from shame, in order to beg elsewhere. When a man is known to have been honest in his time, he is best relieved at home; besides, the men generally work so long, that when they come to beg they are too weak to travel far.'—pp. 136—138.

After what we have cited, what is to be dreaded respecting another class of the Irish population—"The Sick Poor, who in health are capable of earning their subsistence." For a commentary on what the words, "want and distress," mean in the barony of Burrishoole, Michael Horan's case is given in his own words. His family was suffering at the time, and his examination was held in a crowded public room. He holds three acres at a fair rate, as rents average in the district, and his condition may be taken as a fair sample of the situation of the neighbouring inhabitants. He has no cow nor other cattle, and says—

"Fifteen weeks ago fever broke out in my family, consisting of my wife and eight children. I had no means of removing them that were in health out of reach of the contagion; no neighbour would take any of them. I could not expect any one to take fever into his house; the sickness did not leave my cabin; ever since it has gone the round of us; as one recovered another took sick; three of us are lying at present. I had no means to procure either medicine or the advice of a doctor. I went to the apothecary to ask him what nourishment I should give them. He told me whey and toast, but I had no means of procuring them. In the middle of their sickness, when one of them would not eat a pennyworth in three days, I could give them toast. But once they could eat any thing, they should eat the potatoes, or die there. I had no whey for them but what the neighbours brought us; not a third nor a fourth of what they could use. The chief drink I gave them was water and sugar. The wife used to sell the eggs to buy the sugar. And when the harvest came, I thought our potatoes were not half enough for us, and I knew I would want them again when I could not buy them. I used to carry six stone of them a mile into town on my back, and sell them for 9d. The whole family sick, and all lay in one room; we had no second.

"Those that were not yet down lay at one end of the cabin; the sick lay in one bed at the other. We had but one blanket and a sheet for the whole family. We cut the blanket in two, and covered the sick with one-half, while the healthy lay under the other. No part of the family had any other bed than straw or rushes. Since harvest we have had plenty of straw, but when it was scarce in summer we had no bed but the rushes we cut in the fields, and often lay on them the same day we

cut them. Though I asked it, I could get no credit for any article I wanted, nor for money. The people of my own village had it not to give me; they were too poor themselves. We have had enough of potatoes since harvest, but during the summer we lived on half diet.' When we asked him how he procured the 'half diet' on which his family lived, he was evidently reluctant to tell; but one of his neighbours who was present, exclaimed, 'Tell the truth; how decent he is; why should you be ashamed to tell how they lived? his wife supported those six; she begged for the rest of them.' Many present were acquainted with the particulars of this case as stated."—pp. 168, 169.

"The Able-bodied out of Work," form a class from whose history the reader arrives at some knowledge of facts whence not a little of Irish destitution is induced.

"The nature of this distress, and the manner in which relief is administered by the neighbours, may be understood from Jennings' story: He was married to an industrious woman, a dress-maker, who, he says, could earn a shilling a day. When she died, he was reduced to depend, like the rest of his class, on his labour and his con-acre; being unable to pay the rent of his last year's con-acre, the crop was seized and auctioned, to satisfy the demand; he says, 'I was left without provisions; if my children dropped dead, I would not get a potato for them, as I had not the rent; I was left to depend altogether on my chance earnings. If I had three or four days' work one week, I might not have a day the next; I should make some shift to keep alive. Often I had a meal one day and had not a bit the next, and many of my sort had my story to tell. I never asked anything of my neighbours, but they were kind to me of themselves. My next door neighbour, on my right or left, would guess and know my distress, and make it known to others, and the Lord would inspire them to help me. If they thought within themselves that I was going to bed fasting, they would come in and give me a plate of potatoes; they would leave it with myself or my children, discreetly, and say nothing about it. I have done it in my time for others; though I am a shabby poor fellow to-day, when my wife lived I was decent, and fit to appear before a congregation.

"'I had plenty of potatoes, often a bit of meat, and was able and willing to help a neighbour.'"—pp. 203, 204.

Con-acre is ground tilled and otherwise prepared by the landlord for sowing; poor people who cannot afford to be at the expense of ploughing and manuring, have of course such a sum to pay for the landlord's part of the work, as puts them to extreme disadvantages. Many other distressing cases might here be cited.

"Molowney has known labourers who were unable to redeem their con-acre, and were thus left without a stock for the succeeding year, to work the ensuing spring with farmers for potatoes, and to eat one part of them while they planted the other: he says, 'They fast all the summer.' When questioned what he means by 'fasting,' he says, 'I count it equal to fasting when a man and his wife and four children had to live on a quart of meal or a stone of potatoes for twenty-four hours, and I have known them live on that.'"—p. 204.

"Molowney says, that in the mountains of this parish, when the potatoes fail them, they bleed the cattle and eat the boiled blood, sometimes mixed with meal, but oftener without it; he has himself known the same beast to have been bled three times in one season; they never bleed their cattle for this purpose when they can procure any other food; he says, 'The mere labourers would not get a potato on credit; they would gladly take credit on any terms if they could get it; they would promise anything before they would beg, what some are obliged to do, and to leave their own place in shame. They take one journey by night before they begin, that they may save the exposure.'"—p. 206.

Our next extract prepares us for the last class mentioned in this volume.

"The Rev. Mr. Brennan states, 'It would make your blood run cold to hear the tales of woe and misery that are told me in my confessional; that the hardships the poor bear are beyond endurance.' Here the reverend gentlemen got excited at the recollection of some of these scenes, and remarked, 'They attribute all the midnight murders and assassinations in this country to political causes; but, sir, I tell you, and am ready to swear, if necessary, that poverty and destitution are at the root. One instance, sir, I'll tell you, that of a decent farmer's wife, her children kindly reared, and respectably brought up, driven out of their holding, without a roof to put their heads under: some one built them a wretched hut by the roadside, which covered them for forty-five nights. Her son, a young man, came to me when he heard it, and in a state bordering on distraction said to me, 'What am I told, sir? am I to live and see those things?' Mr. Brennan further states, 'that in the month of July many labourers who were out of employment, were thrown into such a state of destitution, that they became quite reckless, and asked my advice how they were to act, saying they could not bear up under such misery, and were determined not to submit to it any longer.'"—p. 224.

Need we now say that the last class alluded to above, embraces "vagrancy as a mode of relief," a term that is too often not merely synonymous with being houseless and homeless, but with recklessness and crime? This chapter is long and weighty, and might furnish endless subjects for the contemplation of moralists, metaphysicians, and statesmen.

"Rev. A. Drought thought, that if a man had constant work at the ordinary wages, he would be better off than as a beggar, but that, considering the chances of employment, his family could support him better by begging; that is, by having him at home and going themselves to try for his support.

"Some thought this extensive charity prejudicial to morality in this way: Able men very seldom beg, but when driven from this exclusively, the falling in of leases, the will of the landlord to 'clear off' his estate, or some casualty, they then with spade in hand go through the country to seek for work, their families going before them to beg; at first they certainly do work when they can get it to do, but when shame wears off, and they find the almost certainty with which their families can support them by begging, they become idle and do not seek for employment.

"It has been said that in some instances beggars hoard money, but it

was not known to be the case. They have in general from three to seven children, and a greater number of illegitimate children than the other classes."—p. 346.

The effects of vagrancy are declared by many witnesses to be, the spreading of diseases, the contamination of morals, and the mischievous practice of spreading and inventing stories. And yet it is a course of life that at first is most hateful to these people.

"Murphy says, 'It is the last time with any one; a man that could get work would never do it.' All agree on this point.

"The following evidence, given by Hagarty, a beggar, is illustrative of the habits and feelings of this class generally: he says, 'I am nearly fifty years old. I have a wife and four children; the eldest is only nine. I went to beg last summer; it was the first time. My wife is begging these six years; we suffered great distress before she went; I had no employment and could not get any. She went out every summer since; she did no more than support herself and the children; she brought home nothing. In the winter I used to gather twigs, and make little baskets for gathering potatoes; I would get 3d. or 4d. a piece for them. The neighbours used to give us potatoes in the plentiful season. I was obliged to go out myself last May; we had another young child, and I went to carry it. I would rather stay at home if I could. We staid out about three months; we went to Ross, Drumaleague, Mintervarra, Bantry and other places not farther off; we used to get enough to eat while we were out; we never wanted for lodging; we got it from labourers and poor farmers. We used to get about a weight of potatoes, boiled and raw in the day; it was just enough to do us; we seldom got more. We made 1s. while we were out, and we bought some clothes for the child; the children used often get a drink of milk from the farmers. In winter we get something from the neighbours at home. I would rather stay at home than go out again. I would take a pleasure in seeing the people again that were kind to us, but I would not go out for that; I would rather a great deal work for 8d. a day. I was offered work while I was out, but I could not stop from the children; my wife would not be able to carry them. Few farmers would take me in the rags I have, and I could not stand the work myself in the winter without better covering. I would be willing to go to America now, if any one would take me! or to go into a workhouse, even if I was to be separated from my wife and children, if I was sure that they would be well off. I pay no rent for the cabin I have; it is built on the corner of an old road. I do not keep a pig; I could not buy one. I have no clothes but these, (his clothes were literally a heap of rags). I did not go mass in my own parish these five years, for want of clothes; I did two or three times in strange places.'—pp. 372, 373.

In short, this volume exhibits such a wide-spread wretchedness, and such a formidable system of evils, as not merely to sicken the heart, but almost to baffle the ingenuity of philanthropists who may study the renovation of Ireland. We must once more remark, however, that while the land-owners, the rich, and the absentees are generally niggardly of their charity and exertions for the redemption of their country, there is amongst the poor, elements and feelings which must cheer the commissioners whose report is before us, and present to every benevolent heart the ground-work, for final recovery, peace, and happiness.

ART. VIII.—*Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge.*

2 vols. 8vo. London: Edward Moxon. 1836.

THIS is an extraordinary work. There is much that is strange in the *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of Coleridge*, as here given. He was a strange and wonderful sort of man, and he has found an editor, who appears to us not much less singular. We at once confess, however, that Coleridge's genius and excellence have not gained upon us, by what is now exhibited of him. There are statements, feelings, and opinions, in some of these *Letters and Conversations*, that we wish he had never put it into the power of any one to publish. And as to the parts of the work which the editor has himself furnished, we shall see that it is a medley of many colours.

In the preface, the editor and author states, that "having for more than sixteen years enjoyed a large share of the affectionate regards, sympathy, and inmost confidence of the most variously gifted and extraordinary man that has appeared in these latter days, it has been his melancholy though not unpleasing task to arrange the materials here published," which are dedicated to his children in terms not a little peculiar. Who the dedicatory is, we are not informed; although we believe there need not be much difficulty in identifying him. He continues—"Of the no less loving, not less to be loved Charles Lamb, having been house-mates, your recollections need not this aid." It is upon the *Letters and Conversations of Coleridge*, however, that he chiefly relies for conveying to his children, and all others, some slight image of the mind of that "myriad-minded man." In respect of this preface, we have only farther to notice, that after professing to have, in consequence of Coleridge's cherishing and sustaining efforts, arrived at settled and definite conclusions upon all matters to which he has heretofore attached value or interest, the editor uses these words to those he addresses—"You will find, and this it is which I wish to impress upon your minds, that a spirit of pure and intense *humanity*, a spirit of love and kindness, to which nothing is too large, for which nothing is too small, will be to you, as it has ever been to me, its own 'exceeding great reward.'" There are some unusual demonstrations of this humanity to be found in the succeeding pages, as we shall see, on the part even of Coleridge, but much more conspicuously on that of his disciple.

We remark generally of Coleridge's *Letters*, that when speaking of contemporary authors, he is exceedingly sparing of commendation, at the same time that his own works are a ceaseless theme of discourse and approval. Nay, on various subjects, he speaks as if no one had hitherto thought or written aright; and were people to rely implicitly upon his views, the impression would be pretty strongly conveyed, that with him knowledge and wisdom was to de-

part. For instance, in his fourth letter, when giving directions to the editor as to his future studies, biblical theology is mentioned as the most important of all branches; that is, "the philosophy of religion, the religion of philosophy." But he adds, "I would that I could refer you to any book in which such a plan of reading had been sketched out, in detail or even but generally. Alas! I know of none. But most gladly will I make the attempt to supply this desideratum by conversation, and then by letter." Coleridge was a very peculiar as well as great man; but he seems always to have been dreaming of some unattained or unattainable philosophy, which he dimly perceived, and then lavished the splendours of his imagination and discourse in approaching or hovering round the theme, till his auditors were dazzled, mistaking brilliant images for ascertained principles. We should say of the editor of these Letters and Conversations, to which he generally appends notices, recollections, and explanations, that he must have fallen under this sort of unfixed and indeterminate tuition when listening to the oracular utterances of his venerated friend, if we are to judge from these appendages now alluded to; for more inverted, inconclusive, and not unfrequently obscure deductions and forms of argument never met our eyes. But we must proceed to exhibit examples from the contributions of both the authorities which have found a place in these volumes. Cobbett is the first person of whom we shall quote Coleridge's opinion.

Have you seen Cobbett's last number? It is the most *plausible* and the best written of any thing I have seen from *his* pen, and *apparently* written in a less fiendish spirit than the average of his weekly effusions. The self-complacency with which he assumes to himself exclusively, truths which he can call his own only as a horse-stealer can appropriate a stolen horse, by adding mutilation and deformities to robbery, is as *artful* as it is amusing. Still, however, he has given great additional publicity to weighty truths, as *ex. gr.* the hollowness of *commercial* wealth? and, from whatever dirty corner or straw moppet the ventriloquist Truth causes her words to proceed, I not only listen, but must bear witness that it is Truth talking. His conclusions, however, are palpably absurd—give to an over-peopled island the countless back settlements of America, and countless balloons to carry thither man and maid, wife and brat, beast and baggage—and then we might rationally expect that a general crash of trade, manufactures, and credit, might be as a mere summer thunderstorm in Great Britain, as he represents it to be in America.

"One deep, most deep, impression of melancholy, did Cobbett's letter to Lord Liverpool leave on my mind—the conviction that, wretch as he is, he is an overmatch in intellect for those, in whose hands Providence, in his retributive justice, seems to place the destinies of our country; and who yet rise into respectability, when we compare them with their parliamentary opponents."—vol. i. pp. 20, 21.

We have not discovered from these Letters and Conversations, who the party or individual is, that has ever, in any one department, satisfied Coleridge. We suspect, that not unlike Cobbett

himself, no one but himself could appear in the right, and perhaps even in that case, it would only have been for a brief period that such consistency was to be expected. It seems not a little remarkable, however, that the editor of these Letters and Conversations is an ardent admirer and advocate of Cobbett, although the disciple of the other in all matters to which he has attached value or interest.

Coleridge's sincere and truth-loving manner, call it egotism, if you will, is conspicuous, nevertheless, on every occasion. One feels strongly that he would not disguise his opinions on any consideration, nor withhold them for fear of the ridicule of others; and when he could lay hold of such a testimony as the following, in his favour, it ought not to be doubted that he experienced a 'great and a pure reward for his labours.

"I was highly gratified to hear, and from such a man too as Mr. John Hookham Frere, that a man of rank, and of a highly cultivated mind, who had become reluctantly a sceptic, or something more, respecting the Christian Religion, wholly in consequence of studying Leland, Lardner, Watson, Paley, and other defenders of the Gospel on the strength of the external evidences—not of Christianity, but of the miracles with which its first preaching was accompanied—and of having been taught to regard the arguments, and mode of proof adopted in the works above-mentioned, as the only rational ones, had read the *Friend* with great attention, and when he came to the passage in which I had explained the nature of miracles, their necessary dependance on a credible religion for their own credibility, &c., dropped the book (as he himself informed Mr. Frere.) and exclaimed, 'Thank God! I can still believe in the Gospel—I can yet be a Christian.' The remark that a miracle, divested of all connection with a doctrine, is identical with witchcraft, which in all ages has been regarded with instinctive horror by the human mind, and the reference to our Lord's own declarations concerning miracles, were among the passages that particularly impressed his mind."—vol i, pp. 25, 26.

We have a notice appended to this letter, which should not have been inserted: it must sound very offensively to every devout person.

"I may as well state here that the writer, possessing confessedly great and extraordinary powers, has been wholly and entirely misconceived, and by none more so than those who fondly deemed him of *their* belief. *His belief* was so capacious that it contained not only theirs and a hundred others, but also their opposites, and existed in the equipoise or equilibrium. Thus, in speaking as was his wont, of Peter, towards whom he felt an especial distaste, he was accustomed to refer to the passage in Matthew, ch. xix. ver. 27, where the Janitor asks, 'Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?' and in a humorous strain of contemptuous remark, exhibit the selfishness of the (in mind) vulgar fisherman who, having left a wretched and precarious calling, seeks to make of this a merit, and to demand a reward for that which could only be a merit, as it did not seek to obtain any earthly reward or advantage. It ought to be known that many men in these latter days, many even from the especial land of cant and *notions* used to

seek to pick up the crumbs from his mental banquets ; and as these were chiefly weak-minded and superstitious men, with a few men of strong heads and nimble hearts, which latter class are *not*, however, *self-deceived*, he was led, being then feeble in health, to assent to their conclusions, seeing that between minds like theirs and his giant intellect an impassable chasm existed ; in short, for peace' sake he humoured them, and for sympathy, as he used to say of Cromwell, spoke in the language but not in the sense of the canters."—vol i, pp. 31, 32.

This especial distaste towards Peter, we need not comment upon, but the sneering style of the latter portion of the extract, we hope is the editor's, not Coleridge's. On many occasions we have cause to observe a deficiency of that "spirit of pure and intense humanity," that "spirit of love and kindness," boasted of in the preface. Scotchmen, for instance, are more than once spoken disparagingly of as a nation. We are even told that Lamb acknowledged with them no sympathy as a nation or as individuals. Is this the way to exalt the memory of that amiable man ? But we proceed to some of the most extraordinary opinions we have ever met with of a literary kind, in reference to the writings of a Scotchman, as these are to be found repeated in several of Coleridge's Letters.

"Now I selected Scott for the very reason, that I do hold him for a man of *very extraordinary* powers ; and when I say that I have read the far greater part of his novels twice, and several three times over, with undiminished pleasure and interest ; and that, in my reprobation of the *Bride of Lammermoor* (with the exception, however, of the almost Shakspearian old witch-wives at the funeral) and of the *Ivanhoe*, I meant to imply the grounds of my admiration of the others, and the permanent nature of the interest which they excite. In a word, I am far from thinking that *Old Mortality* or *Guy Mannering* would have been less admired in the age of Sterne, Fielding, and Richardson, than they are in the present times ; but only that Sterne, &c., would not have had the same *immediate* popularity in the present day as in their own less stimulated and, therefore, less languid reading world.

"Of Sir Walter Scott's poems I cannot speak so highly, still less of the poetry in his poems ; though even in these the power of presenting the most numerous figures, and figures with the most complex movements, and under rapid succession, in *true picturesque unity*, attests true and peculiar genius. You cannot imagine with how much pain I used, many years ago, to hear _____'s contemptuous assertions respecting Scott ; and, if I mistake not, I have yet the fragments of the rough draught of a letter written by me so long ago as my first lectures at the London Philosophical Society, Fetter Lane, and on the backs of the unused admission tickets.

"One more remark. My criticism was *confined* to the one point of the higher degree of intellectual activity implied in the reading and admiration of Fielding, Richardson, and Sterne ; in moral, or, if that be too high and inwardly a word, in *mannerly* manliness of taste the present age and its *best* writers have the decided advantage, and I sincerely trust that Walter Scott's readers would be as little disposed to relish the stupid lechery of the courtship of Widow Wadman, as Scott himself would be capable of presenting it. Add, that though I cannot pretend to have found in any of these

novels a character that even approaches in genius, in truth of conception. or boldness and freshness of execution to Parson Adams, Blifil, Strap, Lieutenant Bowling, Mr. Shandy, Uncle Toby and Trim, and Lovelace; and though Scott's *female* characters will not, even the very best, bear a comparison with Miss Byron, Clementina, Emily, in Sir Charles Grandison; nor the comic ones with Tabitha Bramble, or with Betty (in Mrs. Bennett's Beggar Girl); and though, by the use of the Scotch dialect, by Ossianic mock-highland motley-heroic, and by extracts from the printed sermons, memoirs, &c., of the fanatic preachers, there is a good deal of *false effect* and stage trick: still the number of characters *so good* produced by one man, and in so rapid a succession, must ever remain an illustrious phenomenon in literature, after all the subtractions for those borrowed from English and German sources, or compounded by blending two or three of the old drama into one—*ex. gr.* the Caleb in the Bride of Lammermoor.

“Walter Scott's poems and novels (except only the two wretched abortions, *Ivanhoe* and the *Bride of Ravensmuir*, or whatever its name may be) supply both instance and solution of the *present* conditions and components of popularity, viz. to amuse without requiring any effort of thought, and without exciting any deep emotion. The age seems *sore* from excess of stimulation, just as, a day or two after a thorough debauch and long sustained drinking match, a man feels all over like a bruise.

“Walter Scott's novels are chargeable with the same faults as *Bertram*, *et id omne genus*, viz. that of ministering to the depraved appetite for excitement, and, though in a far less degree, creating sympathy for the vicious and infamous, solely because the fiend is *daring*. Not twenty lines of Scott's poetry will ever reach posterity; it has relation to nothing.”—vol. i, pp. 48—51, 148, 149, 193.

We have not a word to say as to the justice or injustice of these criticisms. Every one of our readers can thoroughly judge for themselves, whether these do honour to the head or to the heart of their propounder. Perhaps some may think with us, that Rebecca in *Ivanhoe* is the most engaging and lofty-minded heroine that ever was pictured by poet or romancer.

Christianity and the holiest names connected with our religion are daringly desecrated by the editor, publishing such Conversations and Notes as the following:—

“No, no; Lamb's scepticism has not come lightly, nor is he a sceptic. The harsh reproof to Godwin for his contemptuous allusion to Christ before a well-trained child, proves that he is not a sceptic. His mind, never prone to analysis, seems to have been disgusted with the hollow pretences, the false reasonings, and absurdities of the rogues and fools with which all establishments, and all creeds seeking to become established, abound. I look upon Lamb as one hovering between earth and heaven; neither hoping much nor fearing anything.

“It is curious that he should retain many usages which he learnt or adopted in the fervour of his early religious feelings, now that his faith is in a state of suspended animation. Believe me, who know him well, that Lamb, say what he will, has more of the *essentials* of Christianity than ninety-nine out of a hundred professing Christians. He has all that would still have been Christian had Christ never lived or been made manifest upon earth.

"It will be interesting to compare Lamb's estimate of the belief of Coleridge—half serious, half sportive—with this defence of Lamb from the charge of scepticism. After a visit to Coleridge, during which the conversation had taken a religious turn, Leigh Hunt, after having walked a little distance, expressed his surprise that such a man as Coleridge should, when speaking of Christ, always call him our Saviour. Lamb, who had been exhilarated by one glass of that goosberry or raisin cordial which he has so often anathematised, stammered out, 'ne—ne—never mind what Coleridge says; he is full of fun.'"—vol. i. pp. 86, 87.

We have before remarked, that it seems Coleridge looked upon no party or individual in a perfectly favourable light. For example, he says that "men in power, for instance, Lord Castlereagh, are conscious of inferiority, and are yet ashamed to own, even to themselves the fact, which is only more evident by their neglect of men of letters. So entirely was Mr. Pitt aware of this, that he would never allow of any intercourse with literary men of eminence, fearing, doubtless, that the charm which spell-bound his political adherents would, at least for the time, fail of its effect." Again, "Does Mr. Wilberforce care a farthing for the slaves in the West Indies, or if they were all at the devil, so that *his soul were saved*?" A most extraordinary blunder was perpetrated by Lord Kenyon on a trial, according to the following anecdote, which affords Coleridge an opportunity of denouncing two of the venerated memories on record.

"Lord Kenyon, on the trial of a bookseller, for publishing 'Paine's Age of Reason,' in his charge to the jury, enumerated many celebrated men who had been sincere Christians; and, after having enforced the example of Locke and Newton—both of whom were Unitarians, and therefore not Christians—proceeded:—'Nor, gentlemen, is this belief confined to men of comparative seclusion, since men, the greatest and most distinguished both as philosophers and as monarchs, have enforced this belief, and shown its influence by their conduct. Above all, gentlemen, need I name to you the Emperor Julian, who was so celebrated for the practice of every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the Apostle.'"—vol. i. pp. 99, 100.

Unmeasured and uncharitable assertions such as these, abound in the present volumes. A certain system of doctrines is thus stigmatized—"Calvanism, or the belief in election, is not simply blasphemy, but superfetation of blasphemy." But sects or the dead are not the only subjects which these Letters and Recollections handle. Lord Brougham is an especial theme of the editor's present dislike; at the same time, he appears to have excited the distaste of Coleridge.

"I recollect meeting Mr. Brougham well. I met him at Mr Sharp's with Mr. Horner. They were then aspirants for political adventures. Mr. Horner bore in his conversation and demeanour evidence of that straight-forward and generous frankness which characterised him through life. You saw, or rather you felt, that you could rely upon *his* integrity. His mind was better fitted to reconcile discrepancies than to discover

analogies. He had fine, nay, even high, talent rather than genius. Mr. Brougham, on the contrary, had an apparent restlessness, a consciousness not of superior powers, but of superior activity, a man whose heart was placed in what should have been his head; you were never sure of him—you always doubted his sincerity. He was at that time a hanger-on upon Lord Holland, Mr. Horner being under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne.

"From that time I lost sight of Mr Brougham for some time. When we next met, the subject of the parliamentary debates was alluded to, previously to which Mr. Brougham had expressed opinions which were in unison with my own upon a matter at that time of great public interest.

"I said 'I could never rely upon what was given for the future in the newspapers, as they had made him say directly the contrary; I was glad to be undeceived.'

"'Oh,' said Brougham, in a tone of voice half confidential and half jocular, 'Oh, it was very true I said so in Parliament, where there is a party, but *we* know better.'

"*I said nothing; but I did not forget it.*"—vol. i, pp. 130, 131.

The editor, elsewhere, says, among other attempted better things, that "it is painful to speak of a man (Brougham) variously gifted, and possessed unquestionably of great talents; but it is needful to bear in mind, that though men of restless natures and irritable temperaments have frequently been the instruments of functional improvements, they are totally unsuited to times which require organic changes. If this be the case with regard to men who are restless from enthusiasm, or whose fermentation arises from the crude state of their minds, and respecting whom there is yet hope when experience shall have mellowed their convictions, what shall we say of those to whom time brings no improvement—age no mental repose?" Then, after putting his testimony on record, that a warning may exist for our successors and descendants to remember, he adds, "yet I can never believe but that a man so variously gifted, must, at some time or other, have had aspirations of a higher and purer nature than should seem possible, judging of the turmoil and turbulence of his latter career." Again, when speaking of the Whigs—"How long will the manly and mature intellect of this great mother, this great hive of nations, submit to the guidance of *litterateurs* and lordlings, who, by virtue of pretension and prescription alone, are held to be fit to govern nations, though there are few men in the present cabinet to whom a merchant would intrust a ship, a farmer employ as a bailiff, or a draper engage as an assistant, even were their services offered gratuitously." How severe! Nay, we are elsewhere informed by this same editor of Coleridge's *Letters and Conversations*, that he availed himself of an opportunity, as one of a deputation to wait upon certain members of the present administration, that he might compare their looks and bearing with their conduct, and he found his preconceived opinions completely verified by the visages and

manner of these said *litterateurs* and lordlings. We infer, therefore, that Mr. Coleridge's disciple should be avoided by all villains, for he can at once know the heart from the index on the face. But to leave off trifling. Pretty early in the work, he states that he has thought it his duty to publish some specific allusions and charges made by Mr. Coleridge, excusing his conduct thus—"No admiration or reverence for the great living, being for a moment to be placed against the higher duty to the greater, or perhaps, I should say, the more greatly various dead." So then the feelings of the living deserve less consideration than the memory of the dead; a doctrine extremely befitting him who professes a "pure and intense humanity, a spirit of love and kindness, to which nothing is too large, for which nothing is too small," which has been to him, its own "exceeding great reward."

Coleridge's name, we are persuaded, will not gather renown from the Letters and Conversations here published, by one who renders what is in itself uncharitable and injurious, generally doubly so, by his own attempts at bitterness and disparagement. But yet many of these letters are striking, and some of them extremely beautiful as well as powerful. We shall cite some portions of a letter that enters pretty fully into the poet's feelings, purposes, and employments, and which seems peculiarly important and affecting.

"January, 1821.

"My dear young Friend,

"The only impression left by you on my mind is an increased desire to see you again, and at shorter intervals. Were you my son by nature, I could not hold you dearer, or more earnestly desire to retain you the adopted of whatever within me will remain, when the dross and alloy of infirmity shall have been purged away. I feel the most entire confidence that no prosperous change in my outward circumstances would add to your *faith* in the sincerity of this assurance; still, however, the average of men being what it is, and it being neither possible nor desirable to be fully conscious in our understanding of the habits of thinking and judging in the world around us, and yet to be wholly impassive and unaffected by them in our feelings, it would endear and give a new value to an honourable competence, that I should be able to evince the true nature and degree of my esteem and attachment beyond the suspicion even of the sordid, and separate from all that is accidental or adventitious. But yet the friendship I feel for you is so genial a warmth, and blends so undistinguishably with my affections, is so perfectly one of the family in the household of love, that I would not be otherwise than obliged to you: and God is my witness, that my wish for an easier and less embarrassed lot is *chiefly* (I think I might have said *exclusively*) grounded on the deep conviction, that exposed to a less bleak aspect I should bring forth flowers and fruits both more abundant and more worthy of the unexampled kindness of your *faith* in me." vol. i. pp. 145, 146.

We must here observe that almost every one of these letters commences with a long and verbose expression of friendship and love towards the editor, that becomes tiresome, and is something too

much for sober judgment. Surely Coleridge could only regard one man on earth with such superlative affection. The editor could have no equal, no second in his love. And yet, if we are not mistaken, the philosophic poet was in the habit of bestowing similar terms of love upon other correspondents. We deny not his sincerity in each case, but to our thinking, instead of intimating a manly and pleasant friendship and confidence, it would in the case of most persons be construed as a complimentary or flattering habit. Still we believe, that as Coleridge always felt strongly, he only gave utterance to the fulness of his heart by such exordiums to his epistles, although that which was so common-place, ought not to have over-exalted the complacency of those so addressed, and [who] knew his peculiarities. In the same letter he proceeds thus—

“It was my purpose to open myself out to you in detail. My health, I have reason to believe, is so intimately connected with the state of my spirits, and these again so dependent on my thoughts, prospective and retrospective, that I should not doubt the being favoured with a sufficiency for my noblest undertaking, had I the ease of heart requisite for the necessary abstraction of the thoughts, and such a reprieve from the goading of the immediate exigencies as might make tranquillity possible. But, alas! I know by experience (and the knowledge is not the less because the regret is not unmixed with self-blame, and the consciousness of want of exertion and fortitude), that my health will continue to decline, as long as the pain from reviewing the barrenness of the past is great in an inverse proportion to any rational anticipations of the future. As I now am, however, from five to six hours devoted to actual writing and composition in the day is the utmost that my strength, not to speak of my nervous system, will permit; and the invasions on this portion of my time from applications, often of the most senseless kind, are such and so many as to be almost as ludicrous even to myself as they are vexatious. In less than a week I have not seldom received half-a-dozen packets or parcels, of works printed or manuscript, urgently requesting my candid judgment, or my correcting hand. Add to these, letters from lords and ladies, urging me to write reviews or puffs of heaven-born geniuses, whose whole merits consist in being ploughmen or shoemakers. Ditto from actors; entreaties for money, or recommendations to publishers, from ushers out of place, &c., &c.; and to me, who have neither interest, influence, nor money, and what is still more *à propos* can neither bring myself to tell smooth falsehoods nor harsh truths, and, in the struggle, too often do both in the anxiety to do neither.”—vol. i, pp. 149—151.

He enumerates the several works he has in hand, and then adds —“To the completion of these four works, I have literally nothing more to do than to transcribe; but, as I before hinted, from so many scraps and sybilline leaves, including margins of books and blank pages, that, unfortunately, I must be my own scribe, and not done by myself, they will be all but lost; or perhaps (as has been too often the case already) furnish feathers for the caps of others; some for this purpose, and some to plume the arrows of detraction,

to be let fly against the luckless bird from whom they had been plucked or moulted." He then refers to what he calls his great work, to the preparation of which more than twenty years of his life have been devoted, and on which his hopes of extensive and permanent utility and of the noblest fame mainly rest.

"Of this work, something more than a volume has been dictated by me so as to exist fit for the press, to my friend and enlightened pupil, Mr Green; and more than as much again would have been evolved and delivered to paper, but that, for the last six or eight months, I have been compelled to break off our weekly meeting, from the necessity of writing (alas! alas! of attempting to write) for purposes, and on the subjects of the passing day.—Of my poetic works, I would fain finish the *Christabel*. Alas! for the proud time when I planned, when I had present to my mind, the materials, as well as the scheme, of the Hymns entitled Spirit, Sun, Earth, Air, Water, Fire, and Man; and the Epic Poem on—what still appears to me the one only fit subject remaining for an Epic Poem—*Jerusalem besieged and destroyed by Titus*.

"And here comes my dear friend; here comes my sorrow and my weakness, my grievance and my confession. Anxious to perform the duties of the day arising out of the wants of the day, these wants, too, presenting themselves in the most painful of all forms—that of a debt owing to those who will not exact it, and yet need its payment, and the delay, the long (not live-long but *death-long*) behind-hand of my accounts to friends, whose utmost care and frugality on the one side, and industry on the other, the wife's management and the husband's assiduity are put in requisition to make both ends meet, I am at once forbidden to attempt, and too perplexed earnestly to pursue, the *accomplishment* of the works worthy of me, those I mean above enumerated,—even if, savagely as I have been injured by one of the two influential Reviews, and with more effective enmity undermined by the utter silence or occasional detractive compliments of the other, I had the probable chance of disposing of them to the booksellers, so as even to liquidate my mere boarding accounts during the time expended in the transcription, arrangement, and proof correction. And yet, on the other hand, my heart and mind are for ever recurring to them. Yes, my conscience forces me to plead guilty. I have only by fits and starts even prayed. I have not prevailed on myself to pray to God in sincerity and entireness for the fortitude that might enable me to resign myself to the abandonment of all my life's best hopes, to say boldly to myself,—'Gifted with powers confessedly above mediocrity, aided by an education, of which, no less from almost unexampled hardships and sufferings than from manifold and peculiar advantages, I have never yet found a parallel, I have devoted myself to a life of unintermitted reading, thinking, meditating, and observing. I have not only sacrificed all worldly prospects of wealth and advancement, but have in my inmost soul stood aloof from temporary reputation. In consequence of these toils and this self-dedication, I possess a calm and clear consciousness, that in many and most important departments of truth and beauty I have outstrode my contemporaries, those at least of highest name; that the number of my printed works bear witness that I have not been idle, and the seldom acknowledged, but strictly *proveable*, effects of my labours appropriated to the immediate welfare of my age in the Morn-

ing Post before and during the peace of Amiens, in the Courier afterwards, and in the series and various subjects of my lectures at Bristol and at the Royal and Surrey Institutions, in Fetter-lane, at Willis's Rooms, and at the Crown and Anchor (add to which the unlimited freedom of my communications in colloquial life), may surely be allowed as evidence that I have not been useless in my generation. But from circumstances, the *main* portion of my harvest is still on the ground, ripe indeed, and only waiting, a few for the sickle, but a large part only for the *sheaving*, and carting, and housing, but from all this I must turn away, must let them rot as they lie, and be as though they never had been, for I must go and gather blackberries and earth-nuts, or pick mushrooms and gild gold apples for the palates and faucies of chance customers. I must abrogate the name of philosopher and poet, and scribble as fast I can, and with as little thought as I can, for Blackwood's Magazine, or, as I have been employed for the last days, in writing MS. sermons for lazy clergymen, who stipulate that the composition must not be more than respectable, for fear they should be desired to publish the visitation sermon! This I have not yet had courage to do. My soul sickens and my heart sinks; and thus, oscillating between both, I do neither, neither as it ought to be done, or to any profitable end. If I were to detail only the various, I might say capricious, interruptions that have prevented the finishing of this very scrawl, begun on the very day I received your last kind letter, you would need no other illustrations."—pp. 156—160.

Coleridge was always looking forward to the completion of certain great works, in which his entire system of philosophy was to be laid open, and which was, as he hoped, to produce an entire revolution of all that has been called metaphysics in England and France, since the era of what he designated the mechanical system, at the restoration of our second Charles; and with this, a change in the present fashionable views, not only of religion, morals, and politics, but even of the modern physics and physiology. He thus farther proceeds—

"Now I see but one possible plan of rescuing my permanent utility. It is briefly this and plainly. For what we struggle with inwardly, we find at least easiest to *bolt out*, namely—that of engaging from the circle of those who think respectfully and hope highly of my powers and attainments a yearly sum, for three or four years, adequate to my actual support, with such comforts and decencies of appearance as my health and habits have made necessities, so that my mind may be unanxious as far as the present time is concerned; that thus I should stand both enabled and pledged to begin with some one work of these above mentioned, and for two-thirds of my whole time to devote myself to this exclusively till finished, to take the chance of its success by the best mode of publication that would involve me in no risk, then to proceed with the next, and so on till the works above mentioned as already in full material existence should be reduced into formal and actual being; while in the remaining third of my time I might go on maturing and completing my great work, and (for if but easy in mind I have no doubt either of the re-awakening power or of the kindling inclination), and my Christabel, and what else the happier hour might inspire—and without inspiration a barrel-organ may be played right deftly; but

'All otherwise the state of poet stands;
 For lordly want is such a tyrant fell,
 That where he rules all power he doth expel.
 The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
 Ne wont with crabbed Care the muses dwell:

Unwisely weaves who takes two webs IN HAND!'

"Now Mr. Green has offered to contribute from 30*l.* to 40*l.* yearly, for three or four years; my young friend and pupil, the son of one of my dearest old friends, 50*l.*; and I think that from 10*l.* to 20*l.* I could rely upon from another. The sum required would be about 200*l.*, to be repaid, of course, should the disposal or sale, and as far as the disposal and sale of my writings produced the means."—pp. 161, 162.

The labours, the anxieties, and difficulties of this pure-minded man are thus touchingly stated; but the results and circumstances connected with the issue of his plans, are not particularly laid before us; the anticipated Life, that should be nearly ready for publication, will, we hope, render the information much more clear. The following anecdote, with its accompanying note, has reference to the poet's pecuniary circumstances, but assuredly is not likely to gain for the author the tenderness of the two individuals particularly named. Truth-loving and prudence are not always associated.

"Wordsworth one day said to me, when I had been speaking of Coleridge, praising him in my way, 'Yes, the Coleridges are a clever family.' I replied, 'I know one that is.'

"My amiable and kind-hearted friend said here less than the truth, at least as I understand it. Cleverness was not at all a characteristic of Coleridge, whilst it happily suits those to whom Wordsworth alluded, who are or have been clever enough to appropriate their uncle's great reputation to their own advancement, and then to allow him to need assistance from strangers. No one who knows the character or calibre of mind, whether of the Bishop or the Judge, can doubt, *ceteris paribus*, that the one would still have been a curate and the other a barrister, with but little practice, had they borne the name of Smith—had they wanted the passport of *his* name. It is not always wise to scan too deeply the source of human actions, but I am irresistibly led to the conclusion, that a sort of half-consciousness of 'that same' entered into this almost (in one sense *more* than) parricidal neglect. *I blame them not.* I but narrate this as a curious and painful instance how fearfully we are made; how often we prefer our self-will (so termed,) nay, even the most sordid injustice, to our duties."—pp. 225, 226.

What did Coleridge think of the Scotch? The editor's recollections, giving the following opinion, "Spoke of the cold and calculating character of the Scotch; agreed that they were in this the same drunk or sober; their heads seemed always so full that they could not hold more; adding, 'we value the Scotch without however liking them; and we like the Irish, without, however over-valuing them.' Instanced Dr. Stoddart as having most of the unamiable traits of the Scotch character, without the personally useful ones—doing dirty work for little pay." This is not the way that

Walter Scott would have spoken either of the English or the Irish. With all the boasted love of mankind set up for the honour of Coleridge, the northern bard was his superior in manly sympathies.

Now come nuts for O'Connell to crack, at a certain baronet's expense.

"On one occasion Godwin took me to Purley, where we met Sir Francis Burdett. Altogether, during the whole day,

'The feast of reason and the flow of soul'
was without drawback. It was indeed an Attic Feast.

"I was pressed to go again. I went: but how changed! No longer did I see gentlemen or scholars, I only saw drunkards, who to obscenity, scurrility, and malignity, added every species of grossness and impurity. I had been in the company of sceptics, of Pyrrhonists, but never before had I seen wickedness exhibited so completely without disguise, and in all its naked deformity.

"The only emulation was, which could utter the most senseless, the most horrid impurities, uttered in all the uproarious mirth and recklessness of lost souls. I became sick; I left the room and got into a hackney coach, which happened to be at the door. I was followed by Sir Francis Burdett, who earnestly entreated me to visit him at Wimbledon. I made no promise, nor did I ever go, and I now blame myself that political predictions should have hindered me from visiting him, as it is possible I might have assisted, if not to reclaim, to recal at least the truant energies of one who, in spite of my disgust at the orgies in which he participated, so respectfully entreated me."—vol. ii, pp. 73, 74.

The following concerns the good name of an amiable man and first-rate critic.

"Clarkson (the moral steam engine, or Giant with one idea) had recently published his book, and being in a very irritable state of mind, his wife expressed great fears of the effect of any severe review in the then state of his feelings. I wrote to Jeffrey, and expressed to him my opinion of the cruelty of any censure being passed upon the work *as a composition*. In return I had a very polite letter, expressing a wish that I should review it. I did so: but when the Review was published, in the place of some just eulogiums due to Mr. Pitt, and which I stated were upon the best authority (in fact, they were from Tom Clarkson himself), was substituted some abuse and detraction. Yet Clarkson expressed himself gratified and satisfied with the effect of the review, and would not allow me to expose the transaction. Again, Jeffrey had said to me that it was hopeless to persuade men to prefer Hooker and Jeremy Taylor to Johnson and Gibbon. I wrote him two letters, or two sheets, detailing, at great length, my opinions. *This* he never acknowledged; but in an early number of the Review he inserted the whole of my communication in an article of the Review, and added at the conclusion words to this effect: 'We have been anxious to be clear on this subject, as much has been said on this matter by men who evidently do not understand it. Such are Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Miss Baillie.'"—vol. ii, pp. 112—114.

Coleridge was capable of uttering stinging words.

"An American, by his boasting of the superiority of the Americans generally, but more especially in their language, once provoked me to tell him that 'on that head the least said the better, as the Americans pre-

sented the extraordinary anomaly of a *people without a language*. That they had mistaken the English language for baggage (which is called plunder in America), and had stolen it.' Speaking of America, it is I believe a fact verified beyond doubt, that, some years ago it was impossible to obtain a copy of the Newgate Calendar, as they had all been bought up by the Americans, whether to suppress this blazon of their forefathers, or to assist in their genealogical researches I could never learn satisfactorily.'—vol. ii, p. 139.

Nicknames were hardly worthy of Coleridge's talents and nature. Let it be remembered that such recollections as the following, gathered from mixed conversation, and afterwards drawn up in Boswell-style, by the editor, are extremely liable to partake of the recorder's own feelings and modes of speech.

" 'I fear that the Revolutionary Spirit which was rebuked by Burke, and derided by Canning, though driven from high places, is not the less active amongst the people. This was my opinion in 1817, and it is still more so now, when the resumption of cash payments has revolutionised our monetary system, and with it has caused the most fearful devastation in the fortunes and general condition of the agriculturists—both labourers and proprietors. If what is charged against Goody Peel, or Peel the Candid, be true, the epithet 'genteelly vulgar' is a term of approval to what I should be inclined to apply to him. To improve his fortune or his prospects by fair means is not denied to Mr. Peel; but to recommend a measure of very doubtful, nay, dangerous policy, merely because it would double his own wealth, when earnestly exhorted by his father against its fearful consequences, is what I dare not believe of Peel (and of him you know I think very meanly), even though charged with it openly, and to my knowledge never denied. The miserable policy of men like Peel will have its reaction during this generation; for them, the problem will be solved, that half is greater than the whole; certainly better for them. The danger does not appear now, nay, at the hour of its arrival, I do not think it will *appear*, to be from within (and I incline to believe that its manifestation *must* be from without); but who can doubt that, if all were right at home, We, this People of ENGLAND, could have any thing really to fear from abroad?'—vol. ii, pp. 230, 231.

We confess that the editor's discretion and talents do not appear, from what these volumes contain, to be eminent. He says his determination has been, to let his dear departed friend be known in all his strength and all his weakness, in as far as these Letters and Reflections convey any clear ideas of either. But has he not exhibited the latter rather than the former feature? Coleridge was the victim of severe and protracted indisposition, which offers many apologies for what he may have unadvisedly or unjustly uttered, but none for the editor's making a public use of indiscretions of speech or pen under such circumstances. Altogether, the paradoxes, the mystifications, the personalities, and the exaggerated ideas that prevail throughout these pages, said to be uttered by Coleridge, and upholden in most cases by the editor, render the work of very questionable merit and value. That our readers may

have a fair sample of the latter's genius and skill, we quote at considerable length certain concluding remarks which he addresses to his children—"to Elizabeth and Robin, the fairy prattler, and still meek boy of the letters."

"I have now done. I have placed before you memorials of one of the Greatest and Best Men of this age; in great and varied attainments, in the power of placing scattered Truths in harmonious combination, and of illustrating them out of the Stores of a vast Intellect, by far the most Wonderful Man of his Time.

"In these Letters you are admitted, as it were, into the Inner shine; you hear him commune with his own Soul. I indulge the hope that these volumes may not be without their response from the minds of those who yet, in early youth seek earnestly, nay anxiously, for Truth; that Truth the test of which is Consistency—the Harmony of the whole with the Parts, and of each Part with the Whole. The human face divine is blurred and transfigured by being made the impress of the Mean and the Selfish; not unfrequently the most intensely selfish, when falsely held to be most beneficent or benevolent.

"Read the Faces of all you meet in your next half hour's walk. How many are there, the expression of which satisfies you, that they are happy or possess the conditions of well Being? And why is this? Is it not chiefly from the minds of all men having been trained to be unjust, to seek to become possessed of the labour of others without giving an equivalent, and being made to consider the greater or less extent to which each can carry this practice, as the test of their respective talent. It is this mental robbery, this desire to possess without deserving; of wishing the end and overleaping the means, which is now soon to find its retribution. Look at those beautiful women, beautiful, though, as you plainly see, restless and disquieted. And why restless or disquieted? Have they not Food, Shelter, and Clothing? Yes, these they possess in abundance and variety; in an abundance and variety far beyond the reasonable (I had almost said the ~~un~~reasonable) needs of Human Beings. But they are disquieted because, slaves as they are to the External, the Adventitious, and the Unnecessary, they require yet more of that of which they have already too much, just in the sense that the too much of Drink or of Food to-day, leads to the too much of to-morrow. What would be said of a society or a people of whom it was believed—known, that those were held in highest honour who exacted and destroyed the greatest amount of labour? And yet is not this our case? Would not a man at the present time, who purchased a suit of clothes every day, which he destroyed at night, be held as a sort of Divinity by those who uphold the present application, or misapplication, of labour? And yet this very people, or rather their self-constituted instructors, who hold, the greater the destruction the greater the benefit, shrink from the more rational proposition of Lord Castlereagh, of employing the 'surplus population! in digging holes one day and filling them up the next' as an absurdity. The true principle—at least that which appears to me such—is founded in *eternal justice*, as far as those words have any definite meaning: it is, that no man shall receive more than he gives; that no man shall have rights (the very term being its best confutation) which do not belong to all; such Rights invariably becoming Wrongs alike to those for whose advantage they are exercised, and those at whose expense they are purchased."—vol. ii, pp. 236—239.

ART. IX.—*The History of the United States of North America, from the Plantation of the British Colonies till their Revolt and Declaration of Independence.* By JAMES GRAHAME, Esq. 4 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

It is quite unnecessary that, in our review of a large work, tracing the current of events in a great country for a period extending to between two and three centuries, we should either go minutely into the detail of any one branch of the performance, or accompany the author by a cursory outline. In all such works as the present, care, fidelity, and zeal in collecting the fullest information that exists on the particular subject in hand, and a dexterous and impartial judgment in disposing of the materials so abundantly collected, must chiefly characterize the grave historian's labour, if he writes for posterity, or the thinking portion of his contemporaries. Joined to these higher qualifications, a perspicuous, simple, and dignified style of narrative is required, becoming the importance that must ever be attached to the condition and welfare of a nation, and such disquisitions as treat of complicated motives and actions, so as to afford light to the study of human nature in all time to come.

We can easily discern, with respect to the present work, that the most diligent care and eager labour has been bestowed upon it—that though Mr. Grahame be an ardent admirer of the American people, his search after the whole truth has been conducted with a religious sense of the duty incumbent on him as a writer for posterity—and that his style is remarkably perspicuous, or if at any time heavy and prolix, the cause has been his anxiety to give the truth so fully as that it must be at once apprehended, or the grounds and course of his reasoning, whether right or wrong in his conclusions, clearly seen. Perhaps, indeed, the chief fault to be found with the performance as a whole, is the apparent labour which it has cost; whereas more regardless and spirited writers would have sacrificed the interests of fidelity to those of effect. We leave our readers to say which is the more worthy of praise, or the likeliest to be held in lasting repute.

Mr. Grahame is unusually explicit and candid in his account of the progress, the purpose, and the success of his labours. In 1827, he published a work in two volumes, entitled, “*The History of the Rise and Progress of the United States of North America, till the British Revolution in 1688.*” The first and second volumes of the present publication may be considered as a second edition of that work, greatly altered and amended. The third and fourth volumes are new, and continue the history of the older American States, and also embrace the rise and progress of those which were subsequently founded, till the revolt of the united provinces from the dominion of Britain, and their assumption of national independence. He confesses that his first publication has had such scanty success,

as forcibly to impress him with the expediency of improving the execution of what is now before us, rather than extending the range of his historical design to the late period when the establishment and consolidation of the republic was completed. The war of independence he has therefore not overtaken, but strengthened his claims, rather than multiplied his demands on public attention. All this is communicated by Mr. Grahame, and must be considered very plain dealing—but we hope not to the unpopularity of the present work, which, while he declares it to be “the fruit of more than eleven years of intense meditation, eager research, of industrious composition, and solicitous revisal,” proves itself no way inadequate to such labour and anxiety. At the present day, when cheap and hastily concocted duodecimos are so much in vogue, a standard and voluminous historical work runs a bad chance with the common mass of readers; but still there are surely enough of more profound and inquisitive students in the country to afford due encouragement to such an author as Mr. Grahame. At all events, his work should be in every considerable private library, for it contains not only a solid and lucid continuous history of the North American United States, but founds many of its statements, as we learn from the author, on documents which in the public libraries of this country, and to mere English readers, access is not to be obtained. The following particulars on this point are interesting, and not generally known, we believe.

“In the collection of materials for the composition of this Work, I have been obliged to incur a degree of toil and expense, which, in my original contemplation of the task, I was very far from anticipating. Considering the connection that so long subsisted between Great Britain and the American States, the information concerning the early condition and progress of many of these communities, which the public libraries of Britain are capable of supplying, is amazingly scanty. Many valuable works illustrative of the history and statistics, both of particular States and of the whole North American commonwealth, are wholly unknown in the British libraries: a defect the more discreditable, as these works have long enjoyed a high repute at the seats of learning on the continent of Europe; and as the greater part of them might be procured without difficulty in London or from America.

“After borrowing all the materials that I could so procure, and purchasing as many more as I could find in Britain or obtain from America, my collection proved still so defective in many respects, that in the hope of enlarging it, and in compliance with the advice of my friend Sir William Hamilton, (of whose counsel and assistance I can better feel the obligation than express the value) I undertook a journey in the year 1825, from Edinburgh, where I was then residing, to Gottingen: and in the library of this place, as I had been taught to expect, I found a richer treasury of North American literature, than any, or indeed, all of the libraries of Britain could at that time supply. From the resources of the Gottingen library, and the liberality with which its administrators have always been willing to render it subservient to the purposes of literary inquiry, I derived great advantage and assistance. I am indebted also to the private collections of

various individuals in England and France, for the perusal of some very rare and not less valuable and interesting works, illustrative of the subject of my labours. To particularize all the persons who have thus or otherwise assisted my exertions, and enriched my stock of materials, would weary rather than interest the reader,—whom it less imports to know what opportunities I have had, than what use I have made of them. Yet I must be indulged in one grateful allusion to the advantage I have enjoyed in the communications which I have had the honour of receiving from that illustrious friend of America and of human nature, the late General La Fayette.”—vol. i, pp. x, xi.

Anxious as we are to call the attention of the public to such a meritorious and carefully laboured work as the present, we shall cite a few passages from it, by which the minute research and general flow of the author's sentiments and style may be judged of. First of all we go back to 1640, to mark some of the peculiarities of jurisprudence and social manners as they then prevailed in the various communities of New England.

“By a fundamental law of Massachusetts it was enacted, ‘that all strangers professing the christian religion, who shall flee to this country from the tyranny of their persecutors, shall be succoured at the public charge till some provision can be made for them.’ Jesuits and other Romish priests, however, were subjected to banishment, and in case of their return, to death. This cruel ordinance was afterwards extended to the quakers; and all persons were forbidden, under the severest penalties, to import any of ‘that cursed sect,’ or of their writings, into the colony. By what proceedings the quakers of that age provoked so much aversion, and such rigorous treatment, we shall have an opportunity of considering hereafter. These persecuting edicts had no place in Rhode Island, where nobody was exposed to active molestation for religious opinions, and all professors of christianity, except Roman catholics, were admitted to the full rights of citizenship. All persons were forbidden to run, or even walk, ‘except reverently to and from church’ on Sunday, or to profane the day by sweeping their houses, cooking their victuals, or shaving their beards. Mothers were even commanded not to kiss their children on that sacred day. The usual punishments of great crimes were disfranchisement, banishment, and temporary servitude: but perpetual slavery was not permitted to be inflicted upon any persons except captives lawfully taken in the wars: and these were to be treated with the gentleness of christian manners, and to be entitled to all the mitigations of their lot enjoined by the law of Moses. Disclaiming all but defensive war, the colonists considered themselves entitled and constrained in self-defence to deprive their assailants of a liberty which they had abused and rendered inconsistent with the safety of their neighbours. The practice, notwithstanding, was impolitic—to say no worse—and served to pave the way, at a later period, for the introduction of negro slavery into New England.”—vol. i, pp. 257, 258.

Very many other practices in vogue in the present state of European and American society, which, though bad, are regarded with indifference, or it may be, some others of them with approval, were prohibited under severe punishments. For example, all gaming was prohibited; cards and dice, as also assemblies for dancing, were

proscribed. Kissing a woman in the street, says our author, even in the way of honest salute, was punished by flogging. Mr. Grahame adds, that this was not, however, considered an infamous punishment by the people of Massachusetts; and that even so late as the middle of the eighteenth century, there were instances of persons who after undergoing its severity, have associated with the most respectable circles of society in Boston. Gin palaces would not then and there have been licensed.

"The economy of inns was regulated with a strictness which deserves to be noted as explanatory of a circumstance that has frequently excited the surprise of European travellers in America. The intemperance and immorality to which these places are so often made subservient, was punished with the utmost rigour; and all innkeepers were required, under the severest penalties, to restrain the excesses of their guests, or to acquaint the magistrate with their perpetration. To secure a stricter execution of this law, it was judged expedient that innkeepers should be divested of the temptation that poverty presents to its infraction, and enjoy such personal consideration as would facilitate the exercise of their difficult duty; and, accordingly, none were permitted to follow this calling but persons of approved character and competent estate. One of the consequences of this policy has been, that an employment very little respected in other countries, has ever been creditable in the highest degree in New England, and not frequently embraced by men who have retired from the most honourable stations in the civil or military service of the state.

"Persons wearing apparel which the grand jury should account unsuitable to their estate, were to be admonished in the first instance, and if contumacious, fined. A fine was imposed on every woman cutting her hair like a man's, or suffering it to hang loosely upon her face. Idleness, lying, swearing, and drunkenness, were subjected to various penalties and marks of disgrace. That these laws were not permitted to be a dead letter, appears from the following extracts from the earliest records of the court of Massachusetts. 'John Wedgewood, for being in company with drunkards, to be set in the stocks. Catharine, the wife of Richard Cornish, was found *suspicious of incontinency*, and seriously admonished to take heed. Thomas Petit, for *suspicion* of slander, idleness, and stubbornness, is sentenced to be severely whipped. Captain Lovel admonished to take heed of *light carriage*. Josias Plaistowe, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, is ordered to return them eight baskets, to be fined five pounds, and hereafter to be called by the name of Josias, and not Mr., as formerly he used to be.—*Hutchinson*. Few obtained the title of Mr. in the colony: still fewer that of Esquire. Goodman and goodwife were the common appellations. It was by merit and services, rather than wealth, that the distinctive appellations were gained.—*Ibid*. The strictness and scrupulousity of manners affected by many of the inhabitants exceeded the standard of the laws: and associations appear to have been formed for suppressing the drinking of healths, and the wearing of long hair and of periwigs.—*Ibid*. In some instances, the purposes of these associations were afterwards sanctioned and enforced by the laws. They thought the magistrates, being God's ministers, were bound to punish all offences in their courts in the same proportion as the supreme Judge would punish them in the courts of heaven.—*Ibid*. This notion frequently involved the magis-

trates in most absurd and indecent inquiries; some of which to the disgrace of puritan jurisprudence, have been preserved in Winthrop's Journal. It is related of some of the earlier settlers, that with an outrageous exaggeration of rigidity, they refrained from brewing on Saturday, because the beer would *work* upon Sunday.—*Douglas' Summary of the British Settlements in America.*—vol. i, pp. 257—260.

We observe in a note to the second volume, that the author is severe upon Washington Irving, for having written an ingenious and diverting romance, entitled, “Knickerbocker's History of New York,” and wishes that he had either put a little more or a little less truth into it; nay, that his talent for humour had found another subject than the dangers, hardships, and virtues of his national family. Mr. Grahame even states, that probably his discernment of the unsuitableness of Mr. Irving's mirth is quickened by a sense of personal wrong; as he cannot help feeling that he has by anticipation ridiculed the historian's topic, and parodied the true narrative. But surely this is taking the matter up too seriously, nay, not even fairly. Is any one so foolish as to put implicit confidence in the authority of a romance? or rather, does not every ordinary reader gather from such a lively and picturesque story as that of Knickerbocker, a more faithful picture of the times and characters embraced, than could be obtained from a strictly true arrangement of facts and restricted use of names?

We go forward now to notice, as guided by the author, the state of population, laws, trade, and manners of some of the North American provinces, nearly a hundred years after the period already referred to, viz. with regard to the laws and manners that prevailed in New England in 1640. The date we are to instance being 1733, may be taken as one exactly intermediate between the present and the former; and in America, how dissimilar do the three eras appear! We shall first select New England again; but without marking the great increase in the number of inhabitants, or the introduction of newspapers, let us observe the state of popular credulity, or rather the uncertainty how to decide upon the province of human agency, that there and then prevailed.

“The invention of inoculation for the small pox, which Lady Mary Wortley Montague first imported from Turkey into Great Britain, was introduced into New England in the year 1721. Cotton Mather, of Boston, whose literary and ministerial merit we have already had occasion to commemorate, having observed in the *Philosophical Transactions* of London, an account of this operation, and of its successful issue; communicated by a Turkish physician, and by the Venetian consul at Smyrna, recommended a trial of it to the physicians of Boston. The experiment was declined by them all, except Dr. Zabdiel Boylston, who adventured to begin with his own family and afterwards continued the practice, notwithstanding the most violent opposition. Many pious people were struck with horror at the idea of a voluntary communication of disease, which seemed an inversion of the purposes of medicine, and a wanton provocation of those sufferings which were ascribed to the

unerring though mysterious exercise of divine wisdom and justice; and they protested that Dr. Boylston ought to be made criminally responsible for the death of any of his infant patients, and that all persons of mature years, dying in consequence of voluntary submission to the operation, ought to be accounted suicides. The more moderate opposers of the practice condemned it as indicating a greater reliance on the arrangements of human prudence, than on the all-wise providence of God in the ordinary course of nature. The physicians of the province pronounced a decree reprobating inoculation: and Dr. Douglas, one of their number, a credulous and intemperate man, distinguished himself by the zeal of his opposition to the new practice. The people, in general, regarded the practice with abhorrence, and were incensed at the pertinacity with which its promoters continued to uphold it. Cotton Mather was reproached and vilified in newspapers and pamphlets; and Boylston was insulted in the streets, and his house and family threatened with destruction. The house of representatives at length passed a bill for suppressing inoculation: but the doubts of the council happily arrested the completion of this measure, till the public were undeceived, and the manifest advantage of inoculation obtained for it a general and undisputed prevalence."—vol. iii, pp. 151, 152.

One may consider this dubiety regarding inoculation as a much milder state of puritanism than was in vogue a century before. The general description which follows, of the religious zeal of the great majority of the inhabitants in 1733, exhibits the difference still better—a zeal which was now divested of its primitive intolerance.

"All classes of the people had in this respect undergone a change. Some had become lukewarm and indifferent: others had learned to temper zeal with charity and indulgence. An explosion of frenzy and folly occurred in the province of Connecticut in the commencement of this century, among a sect of wild enthusiasts, who termed themselves *Rogerenes*, (from a madman named Rogers,) or *singing quakers*. They professed much veneration for George Fox, but dissented from his institutions, in admitting vocal music, and recognising the sacramental ordinances. They resembled some of the primitive quakers or ranters in their predilection for disturbing public worship, and for walking naked; and rivalled the primitive baptists of Munster in the scandalous immoralities which they openly committed, and which, at the same time, they associated with a profession of sinless purity and perfection. Their outrages were treated as offences rather against public order and decency than religion, and punished with a severity tempered by prudence and mercy. Happily, the frenzy proved but short-lived; and so little had it tended to revive the ancient animosity against the quakers in New England, that during the government of Belcher, the assembly of Massachusetts passed a law for making satisfaction to the posterity of those quakers who had endured capital punishment in the years 1658 and 1659. The same assembly decreed a compensation to the descendents of the unfortunate persons who had been the victims of the prosecutions for witchcraft in the year 1693. The legislature of Connecticut, in 1729, passed an act for exempting quakers and baptists from ecclesiastical taxes; and in 1731, a similar

law was enacted by the assembly of Massachusetts. In the year 1718, the churches of Boston contributed 483*l.* to the funds in aid of the christian mission among the Indians. A proposition was made in the year 1725 to convoke a synod of the New England congregational churches: but it was abandoned in consequence of a royal prohibition which was issued in compliance with the solicitations of the episcopal clergy.

"Although a great deal of puritanical strictness still pervaded the policy of New England, and much puritanical formality still lingered in the manners of a large proportion of its inhabitants, the social and domestic intercourse of the people appears to have been distinguished by cheerfulness, refinement, and liberality. An English gentleman, visiting Boston, says Oldmixon, might suppose from the politeness of conversation, and the costliness and elegance of dress and furniture, that he was in the metropolis of England."—vol. iii, pp. 152, 153.

Pennsylvania was the province where religious toleration seems first to have been most amply established. Various sects arose, some of them, as the Tunkers, curious enough in their habits and sentiments. This sect was founded by some German emigrants; they adopted the dress of the monks and nuns of the order of White Friars, and a system of doctrine, partly from the Quakers, and partly from the Anabaptists. They had a community of goods, and a separation of sexes, although marriage was allowable, on condition of being exiled from the bosom of the society. One resolution seems to have been wisely observed by them—that of never committing their dogmas to writing, from the apprehension of exposing themselves to the danger of professing tenets after they might cease to believe them, or to the shame of abandoning what they or their fathers had publicly embraced. At first they practised numerous austerities, which were afterwards relaxed, but they were always an industrious, gentle, and simple people. Still speaking of the year 1733, Mr. Grahame gives this pleasing and moral picture:—

"In every one of the North American provinces, at this period, there were exhibited, on a greater or smaller scale, the grand and pleasing features of national happiness, liberty, piety, and virtue. But Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and New Jersey, were distinguished above all the rest by the scenes of tranquillity and contentment that they presented. Virginia and Maryland had, indeed, enjoyed a long exemption from foreign war and the actual infliction of domestic tyranny; but in both of these states, a theoretic intolerance and consequent insecurity prevailed. In Virginia, a numerous body of protestant dissenters were nominally exposed to the penalties of an intolerant ecclesiastical constitution: and in Maryland, the great majority of the people enjoyed their estates and franchises only by a connivance which restrained the practical execution of the existing laws against the professors of the catholic faith. In Virginia and Maryland, too, negro slavery prevailed far more extensively, and was productive of much greater evils than in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, or New Jersey.

"It was noted from an early period, as a peculiarity in the manners of the North American colonists, that their funerals were conducted with

a degree of pomp and expense unknown to the cotemporary practice of Europe. The costliness of funerals in New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, in particular, has been remarked by various writers. The legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1724, enacted a law for restraining this vain and unseasonable prodigality! and especially prohibiting, under a penalty of twenty pounds, the common practice of presenting a scarf to every guest who attended a funeral. Philosophic men, in others of the provinces, laboured with more zeal than success to recommend a similar reformation to their fellow-citizens. In none of the colonies was greater expense incurred, or magnificence displayed at funerals, than in South Carolina, where the interment of the dead was generally combined with a sumptuous banquet and a profusion of good cheer for the living."—vol. iii, pp. 172, 173.

May we not say that a land so well planted and watered, is destined for centuries to come to yield rich harvests of all that is most estimable among men?

Towards the close of his last volume, Mr. Grahame, after stating that although the court of France, stimulated by jealousy and intrigue, was willing to embarrass and weaken Great Britain, by fomenting the quarrel between her and America, yet demurred to patronize American independence, and that the force of public opinion alone, was the cause of her at last ultimately espousing the American cause, adds the following anecdote, which he says, was related to him by Lafayette himself.

•The most active, the most influential, and the most generous promoter and partizan of this cause in France, and indeed in Europe, was a young French officer, the Marquis de la Fayette. The circumstance from which his connection with America originated, was curious and remarkable, and occurred in the commencement of the present year, when this illustrious friend of human liberty, then in the nineteenth year of his age, was in garrison with his regiment at the town of Metz. Here arrived, in the course of a continental tour which he was pursuing, the Duke of Gloucester brother of the king of Britain, who having contracted a marriage that was deemed unsuitable to his dignity, was discountenanced by his reigning brother and denied the privilege of presenting his duchess at court. The duke sought to cover his disgrace under the show of a conscientious opposition to the measures and policy of the British government, and vented his discontent in passionate declamations in favour of liberty and reprobation of arbitrary power. Having accepted an invitation to dine with the French officers at Metz, he launched after dinner, into an animated exposition of British tyranny, and of the gallant spirit of resistance which it had provoked in America; and indulged his spurious zeal on this theme with such success, as to kindle in the breast of young La Fayette a purer and more generous fire, and awaken the first glimmering of that purpose which soon after broke forth with so much honour and glory in the enterprise by which he staked his life and fortune on the cause of American freedom. And thus the irritated pride and effervescent impatience of a discontented scion and ally of royalty, was able to rouse the zeal, dormant as yet from lack of knowledge and opportunity, of a champion as virtuous and heroic at least as the world has ever produced, of the principles of democracy and the just rights of men. So strange (was the remark La Fayette him-

self fifty-three years after) are the concatenations of human affairs!"—vol. iv. pp. 409, 410.

As still in some measure connected with Lafayette, we cite the following note.

"One of the most interesting pictures that ever was painted, is that noble composition of Trumbull, an American painter, which represents the members of this congress in the act of subscribing the Declaration of Independence. It is impossible to survey the countenances there delineated, without acknowledging that these are men worthy of the great transaction in which they are engaged, and whom their country may well be proud of having produced. No affectation appears in their looks—no coarseness—no dramatic extravagance—no turbid passion—no effeminate refinement: but a graceful plainness and simplicity, manly sense, deliberate thought and courage, and calm determined possession of noble purpose. Comparing this picture with the corresponding French one, representing the *Serment du jour du Paume*, as I earnestly did one day in the house of La Fayette at Paris, while this great man directed my attention to them both, we beheld a striking illustration of the contrasted character of the two nations. What fiery, turbid, theatrical aspect and gestures, the French artist has given to his countrymen! The one ceremony appears a fleeting, extravagant dramatic show. In the other we seem to behold the edifice of national liberty established on firm and solid foundations."—vol. iv. pp. 463, 464.

ART. X.—*Matthias and His Impostures; or the progress of Fanaticism.*

Illustrated in the extraordinary case of Robert Matthews and some of His Forerunners and Disciples. By W. L. STONE. New York. 1835.

THERE is no church establishment in the United States of America, and in no country in the world has sectarianism, as regards religion, and fanaticism, been so rife. Unlimited toleration exists in America; and it is a resort open to every individual from all the nations that inhabit the globe, whatever opinions the emigrants thither may profess, so long as these amount not to overt acts against the state. Early in the colonization of North America, the English puritans numerously took refuge there, and transmitted to their successors a style of feeling, thinking, and biblical study, that is yet perceptible and influential. These are facts, and every one may unite them as causes and effects, just as he pleases. We only say in reference to them, and the extraordinary case about to be detailed, that there seems to us to be a connection between them.

Mr. Pierson was a native of Morristown in New Jersey. He passed through the several grades of apprentice and clerk, in the city of New York, and was a highly respected merchant for many years. He was amiable, intelligent, and religious, and in the cause of charitable and pious institutions had a prominent name. He was an elder in the church, and after becoming a Baptist, was for several years a deacon. We may remark that it is no uncom-

mon thing with pious and uncommonly strict men, to change their opinions on fundamental points of religion ; and also that after the first change, few occurrences may be more certainly predicted than that such individuals will not halt where they afterwards at any time happen to be.

Mrs. Pierson was the eldest daughter of a clergyman in the city of New York, and described as still less likely than her husband to give way to singularities. She was a comely and an intellectual person. Her mind was not only one of a high order, but it had been well cultivated. She was mistress of several accomplishments, but that in which she most delighted was music. She was even a proficient on the flute and flageolet, which is evidence of her passion for the art. Originally she belonged to the episcopal church, which comparatively seldom in England, is deserted by its members ; but with her husband, she ultimately joined the Baptists. Such were two of the persons who became connected with the individual named at the head of this article, in a wonderful and disastrous manner ; nor is it easy to conceive how they could have been so duped as the following narrative unfolds, unless we should suppose their minds to have been unsound. They did not, however, all at once become ensnared by Matthews or Matthias, as the individual alluded to was called. Before his appearance, they had been members of a fanatical community. The meetings and exercises of this sect, which happily was a small one, were distinguished by arrogant and preposterous folly, such as abstinence from food, and wild notions of supernatural communications. But they seem not to have gone into any blasphemous excesses, and were far from going the length of believers of such dreadful falsehoods as Matthias held forth. Will our readers credit us, when we tell them that he announced himself to be the Supreme Being ?

But we ought to mention that an event occurred which, it is not to be doubted, prevented Mrs. Pierson from proceeding to such decided extremes as her husband did ; and as there are circumstances described in connection with that event, of the most affecting kind we have ever heard of, either in romance or history, we shall cite Mr. Stone's account at length.

Mrs. Pierson became sick, and her husband erroneously, because literally interpreting certain words in the Epistle of St. James, assembled his church and solemnly anointed the patient, confidently believing, that although her life was despaired of, and although she should die, that she would again be brought to life. The words are, "Is there any sick among you? let him call the elders of the church, and let them *pray over him, anointing him with oil*, in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, *and the Lord shall raise him up.*"

"It is not known or believed by the friends of Mrs. Pierson, that she altogether approved of this fanatical procedure, notwithstanding what it will soon be perceived her husband said upon the subject ; or, if she did, her mind and body had become so much debilitated by disease, that her

own views at this time need scarcely be taken into the account. Either way, however, it is now of but little consequence. In a very few days after the anointing, she was no more of this world—her purified spirit having ascended to the bosom of her Saviour*. Preparations were made for the funeral, as usual, and a large number of special invitations were issued, Mr. Pierson himself declaring, however, that it would be no funeral, but rather a resurrection. Indeed, he seemed to be fully persuaded that she would that day be restored to life again by the prayer of faith. The universal respect which the deceased had enjoyed while living, as a lady of eminent piety and unbounded benevolence, would of course have produced a large attendance at her funeral, to say nothing of the peculiarity of the case. About two hundred persons attended, a majority of whom were females. There were also several clergymen of different denominations present. From the lips of one of these, the writer has noted down a full account of the whole of the solemn and awful procedure which followed, and by a physician who was also present he has likewise been favoured with a written account. The latter remarks—“The hall and rooms being filled, I stood upon the piazza, which opened by a large raised window into the parlour where the corpse lay in a coffin, clad in grave-clothes. Soon after I took this position, where I could see and hear the anticipated ceremonies, I was questioned by several persons whether I believed that she would be raised. As I saw they were followers of Mr. Pierson, and addressed the same question to others who looked sceptical, I evaded a direct answer.”

“Meantime Mr. Pierson was sitting in an adjoining room, opening into the parlour where the corpse was laid, with the utmost tranquillity and composure. One of his clerical friends sat with him for a time, and as the funeral seemed to be delayed, he at length suggested that they had better proceed, and inquired whether there was any particular order of service which he wished to be observed. His reply was—‘wait a minute;’ and he sat with the same unmoved composure a time longer. Taking an open bible in his hand, he then rose, and entered the room of the assembly, where the body lay, and a scene ensued which almost baffles description. He approached the coffin with a measured and solemn tread, and with deep solemnity, and a hollow sepulchral voice, read the following passage from the Epistle of James, v. 14, 15.”—pp. 310, 311.

Having read the passage, and looking round upon the audience, he added with deep emphasis, “this dear woman has been anointed in the name of Israel’s God, and in obedience to this divine command; and I believe that God will fulfil his promise.”

* “In relation to the disorder of which Mrs. Pierson died, a medical gentleman acquainted with the whole proceedings at the Bowery Hill, remarks in a letter to the writer:—‘I always attributed Mrs. Pierson’s sickness and death to her excessive fasting, being so frequently repeated and long continued. Indeed, it is very probable that Mr. Pierson himself lost both health and reason from the same cause. I had frequent occasion to speak to patients whose health was so rapidly declining, in relation to the mischief of this delusion, and received for answer that they belonged to the Retrenchment Society. and —

He several times repeated the last words of the quotation, giving *shall* the most solemn and weighty expression, and argued that its literal was its proper meaning, as revealed to him, and to her who was now a corpse, adding, that in this faith she died.

“ He then related a remarkable *revelation* made to him in a carriage as he was coming out from the city a short time previous, and declared, that the same *revelation* was simultaneously made to his wife, then nigh unto death. He stated that the word of the Lord came to him and commanded him to have faith in that promise, and in that faith to conform to the conditions, and the promise should be fulfilled. When he arrived home, he found his wife anxious for his return, and she told him, without hearing anything from him touching the extraordinary communication from heaven which he had received by the way, that the Holy Ghost had directed her to instruct her husband in the faith of St. James's testimony, and assured her that she should be raised.

“ Mr. Pierson farther proceeded to say, that finding that the *moment* she had received the revelation was the *identical time* when his manifestation was communicated, he felt it his duty, and so did that dear woman, (again pointing to the corpse,) to do as the Lord had commanded them. He accordingly collected together a number of pious friends who were in the faith, and they proceeded literally to anoint her body with oil, and pray over her, trusting in this promise, ‘ The Lord *shall* raise him up.’ And though her physicians had told them that she must die, for the consumption had destroyed her lungs, they knew the Lord, the Heavenly Physician, could heal the sick, and even raise the dead; and they had strong faith in His word, that if they anointed her, and prayed, the promise would be fulfilled, for ‘ the Lord *shall* raise him up.’ In that faith, he repeated, that dear woman died. And after exhorting all present to exercise similar faith, and affirming in the language of the Saviour, ‘ She is not dead but sleepeth,’ he commented on the wickedness of unbelief, and the sin of doubting the word of God. He then unequivocally declared, that whereas the elders of the church had anointed her with oil and prayed over her, if she were not raised up *to-day, now, on the spot, the word of God falls to the ground.* But, expressing his full confidence that the miracle would be performed, for the strengthening of the faith of His disciples, and that the mouths of gainsayers might be stopped, by her instant resurrection, he invited all present to unite with him in prayer. He then spread forth his hands over the coffin, closed his eyes, and began a solemn and impressive prayer. The following sentences he *repeatedly* used with most impassioned feeling, and with very little variation of language. ‘ O Lord God of Israel! thy own word declares that if the elders of the church anoint the sick and pray over him, the Lord *shall* raise him up. We have taken thee at thy word; we have anointed her with oil, and prayed the prayer of faith, and thou knowest in this faith the dear woman died, and in this faith we thy children live. Now, Lord, we claim thy promise! God is not man that he should lie, and if this dear woman is not raised up this day, thy word will fall to the ground; thy promise is null and void; and these gainsaying infidels will rejoice, and go away triumphing in their unbelief. Lord God! thou canst not deny thyself. Thou knowest we have performed the conditions to the very letter. O Lord, now fulfil thy promise—now, Lord—O let not

thy enemies blaspheme—shew that thou hast almighty power—thou canst raise the dead—we believe it Lord. Come, now, and make good thy word, and let this assembly see that there is a God in Israel!’ Thus he continued to pray with a loud voice and great effort for nearly an hour, when he closed and sank down into a chair, apparently much exhausted, but yet with the calmness and serenity of perfect and entire conviction. The manner and matter of the prayer had evidently a wonderful effect upon the audience. The attention of every one was riveted upon the preacher, and all eyes, save those of the afflicted and weeping relatives, were fixed upon the coffin, as anxiously as though they themselves had yielded to the delusion, and were expecting to see the lifeless body rise up in full health and vigour before them. In the course of the enthusiastic effusion, a number of ladies who were in the faith, and one of whom, as the writer has been assured, was Mrs. * * *, stood around the coffin, looking intently for the miracle, and occasionally touching the face and hands of the corpse, expecting to discover signs of returning life. This they continued to do, during the solemn pause which followed the prayer, and a drop of blood, oozing at the moment from one of the nostrils, inspired strong hopes that she would indeed be raised up; and two of the ladies stepped up to one of the physicians present, and inquired whether that circumstance was not a token of returning life. Upon this point he himself says, ‘I could suppress the emotions produced by this scene no longer, and after telling them it was an infallible evidence of death rather than life, and a token of incipient putrefaction, I followed them into the room and requested the Rev. Mr. —, who stood by and saw and heard this solemn mockery, to address the people, and if possible to remove the erroneous impressions which would otherwise result from our afflicted brother’s delusion.’ The effect of the whole scene is described as having been paralyzing. A breathless silence prevailed. They looked at each other, and even the clergymen present seemed to know not what to say. The appeal to one of them, however, made by the physician, as just noted, was responded to in a very judicious and appropriate manner. He rose and remarked with emphasis, ‘Yes, this beloved and lamented Christian *SHALL* rise again—*AT THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST*! for it is the promise of God, that all those who are Christ’s, he will bring with him at his coming.’ This remark was followed by a series of timely observations, which had the effect of tranquillizing the feelings of the audience. He proceeded to explain the passage in St. James, and rejoiced in the certainty of its fulfilment. ‘The Lord will raise her up, but not to-day, nor to-morrow; yet, dying in the Lord, she shall have part in the first resurrection,’ &c. Several friends then united in requesting the sexton to close the coffin, which was strenuously opposed by a few of the disciples, who insisted that they must wait until 12 o’clock, (it was a morning funeral, and had been appointed at 10 o’clock), when the miracle would certainly be performed. In the sequel, when they found it did not take place, the failure was ascribed by Mrs. * * *, Mrs. —, and other votaries of Mrs. Pierson, to the unbelief of some of the persons present, and they upbraided them upon the subject.

“Mr. Pierson said nothing himself, but seemed to be lost in devout contemplation, and sat with perfect confidence awaiting the moment when his prediction would be verified by the restoration of his wife. He was viewed by those not labouring under the delusion, as an afflicted brother,

who was entitled to all their sympathies, in his melancholy bereavement, and his yet more melancholy state of mind; it was at first apprehended that he might interpose objections to the interment of the body; but he did not; and it was laid in its narrow bed in the church-yard in Amity-street. Some of Mr. Pierson's particular friends accompanied him back to his now desolate home, for the purpose of endeavouring to converse with him, and if possible, restore him to a sound state of thinking—re-adjusting the balance of his mind. But all was in vain. He now believed as firmly that she would be raised at 12 o'clock at midnight, as he had done that she would arise at the close of the prayer at noon. Under this impression, he directed her sleeping apartment to be set in order, the bed made up, night-clothes prepared for her accommodation, and all the little affairs arranged, as for the reception of a bride. He also sent down to the city, and procured such delicacies as he supposed would gratify her taste."

Can there be fancied a more melancholy and impressive scene than Mr. Stone has here described? He continues to say, that on the following day Mr. Pierson still insisted that his wife would rise again, but that her resurrection would take place at sunrise on the following Sabbath morning. We need not state whether he was right or wrong in his prediction; it is more important to learn, that on every other subject he was sound and collected. At the same time it is evident that such an individual was a prepared instrument to be acted upon, by any impostor who was artful and talented enough to perform his part confidently. And yet one can hardly suppose that a man like Matthias, who is described as being an ordinary, illiterate creature, without talent or attainments, without uncommon sagacity, or much low cunning, and without even prepossessing exterior or manners, could have been able even to instil such extravagant notions into the head of this infatuated man, as he assuredly was not long in succeeding to do.

It is proper to mention, however, that Mr. Pierson believed that he had previously received a supernatural communication, proclaiming himself to be Elijah and John the Baptist. But we must proceed to trace the history of Matthias.

This impostor was a native of Washington county, and descended from respectable parents. He had been left an orphan at an early age, but received a good education. He came to New York when twenty years of age, as a journeyman carpenter, and was a first-rate tradesman, in a few years saving as much money as to establish himself in business. He married suitably, but afterwards failed. About the year 1827, he established himself in Albany, and ere long became highly excited on religious subjects. He soon afterwards plunged with extraordinary zeal into the temperance reform, enjoining on his family abstinence from animal food, as well as intoxicating liquors. He also neglected his work, was consequently discharged from his employment, and took to street-preaching. He made a convert of one of his fellow workmen; and in 1830, proclaimed that the conversion of Albany was

an object he was commissioned to carry into effect ; but his warnings being despised, he declared that that city would be signally destroyed. He allowed his beard to grow, and also enlarged his claims and authority over mankind, announcing that he was commissioned both to convert and to rule the world. There is nothing in all this to prove that he was either insane or a hypocrite ; but the following statement can scarcely be supposed to hold true of any man whose intellect was not deranged, although the belief has prevailed, that he was more rogue than fool throughout.

“ Like the Jewish prophet of evil to the city of Jerusalem, during the siege by Vespasian, Matthews continued his denunciations of woe against the city for several days—frequently urging his wife to fly with him from the approaching destruction. Finally, about the middle of June, soon after midnight, he aroused his wife and her five children from their slumbers, and told them they must fly with him to the hills, as the city would be destroyed the next day. Not being able to persuade the former into his belief, he then declared his purpose of escaping himself, with his children, leaving the mother to destruction. The eldest daughter, however, being of age sufficient to discover the wildness and absurdity of her father’s conduct, refused to accompany him ; the mother clung to the infant ; while the semi-lunatic or impostor took with him his three little boys—the eldest six, and the youngest but two years of age—and departed in the dead of night.

“ The mother at first thought but little of the occurrence, having seen his vagaries so frequently of late, and presuming that by morning light they would all be safely at home again. But morning came, and the day passed, and they did not return. He seemed indeed to have left the city, nor could any trace of him be discovered. Her anxiety now became intense, as also was that of the citizens, to whom she communicated the circumstances. An alarm was given, and the people turned out in great numbers to search for the wanderers. It was seriously apprehended that the father might have put them to death and destroyed himself. The unhappy mother’s distress increased with every succeeding hour ; the press sounded the alarm ; and the mayor issued a proclamation, announcing the facts, and offering a reward for the return of the children.

“ But a few days elapsed, however, before tidings were received that the fugitives were all safely housed in the town of Argyle, Washington county. Matthews had a sister living in Argyle, a distance of forty miles from Albany ; and it subsequently appeared that the cruel parent had travelled the whole distance, regardless of the tender years of his children, without stopping—going the whole way on foot—and arriving at the house of his sister shortly after midnight, and in twenty-four hours from the time of his departure from Albany. Under any other circumstances, the children would have sunk midway from fatigue ; but the terror in which they were kept by their father seemed to invest them with supernatural strength.

“ Arousing his sister and her family from their sleep, he greatly terrified them by his conduct. They had heard nothing of his strange proceedings ; and his incoherent ravings, coming thus suddenly upon them, and at such a gloomy hour, were appalling. He declared that he had fled with his children from Albany, which was to be destroyed on the day of his flight, and he

supposed that his wife and the remaining children, who like the sons and daughters of Lot, had refused to escape, were destroyed also. His sister admitted them with fear and trembling, not doubting that he was raving mad. Having partaken of some refreshments, notwithstanding his fatigue, and the still greater weariness of his children—sinking from exhaustion—he would not allow them to be taken to bed, or to leave his side, until after the performance of his evening devotions. He then pulled a Bible from his bosom, and after reading a chapter, and singing a hymn, in which his children were compelled to join, thus closed this first day of his wanderings as a prophet.”

The Sunday after, he appeared in a village church, and proclaimed the impending destruction of all kingdoms and institutions not founded on the word of God, assuming now the name of Matthias instead of Matthews, and declaring himself to be a Jew. He advanced from one folly and error to another, till he openly pronounced himself to be the Supreme Being, personating that character before numerous witnesses, for a year or two, in the course of an itinerant career, taking a western direction first, for the purpose of visiting his brother in Rochester.

“ The itinerant preacher soon quarrelled with his brother, however, and his stay in Rochester was but for a fortnight; and it was then, and from thence, that he commenced his first grand apostolic tour. While in the anti-masonic region of New York, he declaimed against free-masonry, as against what he considered other abominations of the land. Directing his face towards the setting sun, he traversed the Western States, through the deep forests, and over the prairies, until he had proclaimed his mission amid the wilds of the Arkansas. From thence he turned his steps to the south-east—recrossed the Father of Rivers, traversed the States of Mississippi and Tennessee, and penetrated the Cherokee country, in Georgia, and commenced preaching to the Indians. Here he was seized by the authorities of Georgia, and imprisoned;—but he was an overmatch for them. They knew not what to make of his conduct, nor what to do with him. His appearance was eccentric; his kindling eye flashed with fury as he poured forth his maledictions upon them; and they were at length constrained to unbar the prison-doors, and bid him depart. From thence he bent his footsteps to the North, and passing through Washington, came to the city of New York. He immediately visited the brother-in-law heretofore mentioned, and was at first very mild and agreeable in his manners and conversation, though of course forbidding in his aspect, since his temporal affairs did not then enable him to array himself in broadcloth and gold, and fine linen, and his beard presented a most unchristian appearance. On being asked why he had assumed such a disguise—why he had abandoned his family, and conducted himself so strangely, he soon became greatly excited, grew furious, and uttered a shower of bitter curses. Foaming with rage, his eyes kindled with passion, and he denounced his relative as a devil with great violence—declaring that he had burnt his fingers by coming into the devil’s house. He thereupon departed in a towering passion.

“ Little is known with certainty either of his proceedings or his tenets and pretensions at this period. He remained for some time in the city of New York, exhibiting himself frequently in various parts of the city, gro-

tesquely but meanly clad, and sometimes mounted upon an old and half starved horse—wandering from place to place—preaching whenever he could find listeners—and attracting little attention, except from the younger members of the population, who used to gather round him with wondering eyes, and an evident disposition to make themselves merry at his expense, which was kept within bounds by his fierce looks, and his apparent activity and strength of body. As yet his proceedings were seldom, if ever, mentioned in the public prints, and although some curiosity existed respecting him, it was confined to a narrow circle of observers.”

Allusion has already been made to a fanatical community, which, previous to Matthias' appearance as a preacher, existed in New York. Besides the family of Mr. Pierson, that of a Mr. Folger had belonged to it, and both became also the dupes of the arch impostor described. As a proof that it was not without a worldly purpose, he assumed the Divine character, he contrived to get one of his followers to convey to him, “according to the forms of the Gentile law,” the title to a beautiful estate at Mount Pleasant, on the North River, to which he gave the name of Mount Zion, and where he established “the Father's House.” Here he collected his own children, one or two domestics of both colours, and these with the Piersons and the Folgers, formed his kingdom. Part of Mr. Stone's account is, indeed, taken from certain details furnished by Mrs. Folger.

It was not long, however, till the members of this little kingdom began to grow weary of the impostor's conduct. He was a perfect barbarian. Hard labour, the denial of every worldly comfort, vociferations, which he called preaching, and frantic curses, was what they had to submit to. At last Mr. Pierson, who came to be afflicted with some kind of fits, grew rapidly worse. The base impostor would not allow him to receive any medical aid, not even the ordinary nursing and diet of a sick person. If the poor deluded patient happened to fall from his bed in his convulsions, he was allowed to lie on the floor, and when Mrs. Folger insisted that he should have a draught of cold water, the cruel wretch poured it down from a height of four or five feet into the throat of the prostrate man. Mrs. Folger describes this operation as causing “a shocking noise or gurgling in the throat, which she could not remain to hear.” She adds—

“When she returned, this noise had ceased, and Matthias had ceased to give him drink. Mr. Pierson had fits now in rapid succession, and the peculiar noise he made could be heard in every part of the house. The coloured woman inquired if she should remain with Mr. Pierson; but Matthias said, no, and directed her to go to bed, and retired himself. Mrs. Folger and the coloured woman sat up with him, however, until 12 o'clock, when Mrs. Folger laid herself down, only to rest, feeling that her health required it; but she did not sleep—constantly hearing Mr. Pierson until after one o'clock. Not long after the peculiar noise from Mr. Pierson ceased, she heard Matthias go to his room. Following thither herself, she met him coming from it. The moment Matthias saw Mrs. Folger, he

said Mr. Pierson was dead. Mrs. Folger was struck with surprise, and asked him how he felt, or what he thought—she does not know which;—he replied, don't ask me now, and retired to his room."

Matthias was indicted for murdering Mr. Pierson, and the verdict seems to have been decided on the question, whether he had been poisoned; and as on a chemical examination, no poisonous substance was found in the stomach, the villain was acquitted on the capital charge, but sentenced to three months' imprisonment for scourging his daughter, and one for contempt of court. The vociferation with which he denied the jurisdiction of the tribunal is described as having been frantic. We do not learn what has become of him since his liberation from confinement, but enough has been narrated to fill the mind with horror, and some awful lessons. Mr. Stone, who is an aged and pious man, the chaplain to a penitentiary and other benevolent institutions, offers some remarks on the faults of character in the individuals most involved in Matthias' delusion and imposture, as well as on some hundred extravagances of the times, and the country to which he belongs. It does not seem possible that such absurd and frightful errors as were maintained by Matthias can ever, in a well-informed community, become general or extensive; and yet education does not offer an insurmountable barrier to monstrous delusions. Anne Lee and Johanna Southcote have had a number of educated dupes. Neither does insanity always predispose the mind for such delusions. The great danger seems to lie in over-excited feelings upon certain religious points that are seldom cardinal articles, as respects faith or duty; and therefore nothing less than the most careful guarding against erroneous evidences of Christianity should ever be promulgated. On this account a church establishment, which is sure, when supported and countenanced by the state, to have the favour of the wealthy and the educated, deserves to be defended; and whatever may be said of the liberty and independence of Americans, few would have England to exchange condition, as respects religious communities, with them.

ART. XI.—*The Animal Kingdom, arranged according to its Organization; serving as an Introduction to comparative Anatomy.* By BARON CUVIER. Translated from the latest French Edition. With Notes and Additions. In four Volumes. Vol. 2. London: G. Henderson. 1835.

It is not generally known, and can only be fully understood by deeply-read students in natural history, that Aristotle, who flourished about *two thousand two hundred and eighteen years* before Cuvier, has left nearly identical descriptions of the Animal Kingdom with the latter immortal philosopher and inquirer. In comparing the zoology of the two, it is not meant that the classification of the one is built upon equally clear, minute, and extensive demonstrations as that of the other, but to shew that in the very dawn of science, or in the case of an earnest and otherwise enlightened inquirer, prodigious advances may be made in the study of the works of nature, and a wonderful approximation to the truth, by him who is in the habit of philosophically tracing the uniformity of natural laws.

In perusing the volume at the head of this article of "Cuvier's Animal Kingdom," we find that the editor has appended to what the great French naturalist has discovered and written about fishes, a translation of Aristotle's descriptions parallel with those of Cuvier, on various orders of animals; for the latter famous high priest of nature looked upon his ancient and illustrious predecessor as a brother minister in the same temple. It is proper to mention that the English editor of the "Animal Kingdom" has been chiefly indebted for the parallel comparison, from which we are about to extract specimens, to the labours of Professor Kidd, of the University of Oxford.

Aristotle.

"In some animals there is a mutual resemblance in all their parts; as the eye of any one man resembles the eye of every other man: and it is the same with respect to the constituent parts of the horse, or of any other animals which are said to be of the same species: for in individuals of the same species each part resembles its correspondent part as much as the whole resembles the whole.

"All animals have certain common organs, by means of which they lay hold of, and into others of which they convey, their food. The organ by which they lay hold of their food is called the mouth; that, into which they convey it, is the stomach: but the other parts are called by various names. The form and relative proportions, structure, and position of these parts, are the same in the same species, but vary in different species of animals.

"In addition to the mouth and stomach, most animals have other common parts by which they exclude the refuse of their food: but in some animals these parts are wanting.

"There are fibres of a peculiar kind in the blood; by the removal of which, that fluid is prevented from coagulating; but if they are not removed, it does coagulate. And through defect of these fibres the blood of the deer and of some other animals does not coagulate.

Cuvier, tom. I.

"Every organized body has its peculiar form; not only generally and exteriorly, but even in the detail of the structure of each of its parts; and all the individuals which agree in the detail of their structure are of the same species.

"The leading character of animals is derived from the existence of a reservoir for their food, that is, an intestinal canal, the organization of which varies according to circumstances.

"The lowest animals have no other outlet for the refuse of their food, than that by which they admit the food itself.

"The blood contains a principle called *fibrine*; which, within a short time after the blood has been withdrawn from the body, manifests itself in the form of membranes or filaments.

Aristotle.

"The particular senses are five in number, sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch. Of these the sense of touch is alone common to all animals; and is so generally diffused over the whole body, that it is not said to reside in any specific part. All animals do not possess all the senses; some possess only a part of them. But no animal is without the fifth sense, that of touch.

"All animals which draw in and breathe out the air have lungs. Those animals which employ water, analogously to air, in respiration, have gills.

"Animals in general appear to have a certain degree of intellectual power, and some are capable of instruction. Some animals are cautious; some are cunning. Man alone is capable of meditation and reflection. Many animals possess memory: no animal but man is capable of recollection.

"In the greater number of animals there are traces of the moral affections of man; for some are mild, and some are fierce. And the same thing may be very readily discerned in children, for in them we may perceive the germs of their future habits; and indeed the dispositions of human beings at that early period of life do not differ from those of the inferior animals.

"As man possesses contrivance, and wisdom, and comprehension; so some animals possess a certain natural power, which, though not the same as, in some respects resembles, those faculties.

"All animals which have red blood, have a spine or backbone: but the other parts of the bony system are wanting in some species,

Cuvier, tom. I.

"The most general external sense is that of touch; its seat is the surface of the whole body. Many animals are without the sense of hearing, and of smell, and of sight. Some have none of the senses except that of touch, which is never wanting.

"When the element subservient to the process of respiration is the air, the organ of respiration is the lungs: when water, the gills.

"Even the most perfect animals are infinitely inferior to man in the intellectual faculties; although it is certain that their intelligence performs similar operations to those of the human mind: and they are capable of instruction. Man has the faculty of associating his general ideas with particular images of a more or less arbitrary character, but easily imprinted in his memory, which serve to recal to him the general ideas which they represent.

"Animals are susceptible of emulation, and jealousy, &c. In short, we may observe in the higher animals a certain degree of the reasoning faculty, which appears nearly the same with that of infants before they have acquired the power of speech.

"In a great number of animals there exists a faculty, different from intelligence, which is called *instinct*.

"The first general division of animals includes all those which have a spine or backbone consisting of separate portions called *vertebræ*.

Aristotle.

and present in others. The spine is the base or origin of the bony system: it is composed of vertebræ, which are all perforated; and extends from the head to the hips: and the cranium is a continuation of its upper or anterior extremity.

"Red-blooded animals when in their perfect state have either no extremities, or they have one or two pair. Those animals which have more than two pair are not red-blooded.

"In some animals the corresponding limbs are different in form, but analogous in use. Thus the anterior extremities of birds are neither hands nor feet, but wings. Fish have no limbs, but appendages, called fins, commonly four in number, sometimes two.

"The red-blooded animals are man, viviparous and oviparous quadrupeds, birds, fish, cetaceous animals, and snakes, &c.

"Animals of the largest size are found among those which are red-blooded. All animals which have colourless blood are smaller in size than those which have red blood; with the exception of a few marine animals, as some of the sepia.

"All red-blooded animals have the five senses."

Now, we have made use of the comparisons quoted, to offer a few remarks as to the opportunities, the advantages, and the delights which every man has it in his power to command in reference to the study of natural history. If Aristotle, who knew nothing of the circulation of the blood, or of the general physiology of the nervous system, and even comparatively little of the osteology of animals, succeeded in laying down an order of arrangement of animals as he did, which has scarcely been disturbed by subsequent discoveries,

Cuvier, tom. I.

The animals of this division are called *vertebrated*. They have all of them red blood: their body is composed of a head, trunk, and members: of the spine, which is composed of vertebræ, having each an annular perforation, and moveable on each other, commences at its upper or anterior extremity from the head; the lower or posterior extremity usually terminating in a tail.

"Their extremities never exceed two pair in number: sometimes one pair is wanting, sometimes both.

"The form of the extremities varies according to the uses to which they are to be applied; the anterior extremities being hands, or feet, or wings, or fins; the posterior, feet or fins.

"The division of vertebrated animals includes man, the mammalia consisting of viviparous quadrupeds and the cetacea, birds, reptiles of all kinds, many of which, though oviparous, are quadrupeds, and fish.

"Vertebrated animals, all of which have red blood, attain to a much larger size than those whose blood is colourless.

"Vertebrated animals have always two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, the integuments of the tongue and those of the whole body."

what may not any enlightened and zealous inquirer accomplish in modern times, with all the aids of many later lights, and ripened science? Professor Kidd has remarked, for example, that the *Stagyrite* placed the whale in the same natural division with common quadrupeds, because he saw that like them it is viviparous; and suckles its young, and respires by lungs, and not by gills; and with viviparous quadrupeds it is still classed, the circulation of its blood, as well as the arrangement of its nervous system, being essentially the same as in that class of animals. Notwithstanding the difference of its form, its osteology, which holds an analogy throughout, with that of quadrupeds, is the same actually in a part where it would be least expected; for, with the remarkable exception of the sloth, all viviparous quadrupeds have exactly seven cervical vertebræ, and so has the whale; whereas fish, to the general form of which the whale closely approximates, having no neck, have no cervical vertebræ, and the deficiency of the neck in fish was recognized by Aristotle.

But to return to the subject of the study of Natural History—its facilities, pleasures, profitable character—every one who can properly be called an observer, may make for himself great progress. It may not be that he will become a scientific inquirer, but at least he may accumulate facts; the mere exercise of the mind and body in so doing, independent of the additional knowledge which he acquires, will stimulate him to farther pursuit, and thereby furnish new materials for those who may be able or have time scientifically to use them. White, of Selborne, has frequently been praised in this capacity. He was a mere observer, and had a field for observation no way more favourable than thousands of other men; yet, perhaps, no man has begotten a finer and deeper taste for the branch to which he so assiduously contributed. Wherever nature presents her works, there may every man learn much of Natural History. It matters not in what clime, in what season, under what circumstances he may be situated; if health of mind and body be his, he may amply nurse his reason and his taste with the provisions that are around, above, and below him.

It is admitted that a taste for the study of Natural History has of late years greatly increased and extended; but then it is objected, that it is a taste for the results of inquiry, rather than to pursue that inquiry for its own sake, or for the more certain advancement of science, that has become prevalent. All this is true, and will even hold true of any pursuit, wherein labour and exactness are required. But we do not judge disparagingly or hopelessly of the future progress of the study from this circumstance; for wherever there is abundance of admirers and friends, many will be stimulated to cater for the public taste; and thus the mere student and lover of what others have discovered, acts an influential part, even as respects the pioneers of the department thus encouraged.

And yet there are some men, and reflecting men too, who are

blind to the beauties and insensible to the language of external nature—at least who are unconscious of the poetic and passionate sentiments which others experience when similarly situated. We ourselves have known a learned and intellectual man, who wrote or rather compiled a bulky work on the beauties of his native land, before he had ever been many miles from the city or neighbourhood of his birth, but who, when after dignified ease allowed him to take a summer trip to the most romantic lakes, groves, and mountains of the country, said in answer to the question, “What thought you of them, when you actually beheld them?” “Why,” quoth the Romantic Guide, “I have known, since my infancy, what a tree, a lake, and a hill were, and I know nothing more now; indeed, I could not have produced such a good work, for the information of tourists, had I seen, before undertaking it, the places I have since visited.”

But few are so insensible to the indescribable charms of nature, as a thing of life. Every one is aware how children delight in flowers, and perhaps still more in some pet animal; nor can anything, as it seems to us, stagnate or dry up this fountain of pleasure, but the deadening effects of vice or worldly-mindedness. It has been well observed, that in no period of the bulk of men's histories, is there the sense of loneliness felt when surrounded by nothing but the works of God, that there is amid the desolations of man's works. In the desert, where a flower smiles, or a bird sings, on the bosom of the mighty deep at midnight, when nothing but the solitary bark offers a path for our steps, and all around is a trembling and apparently interminable waste of waters, there is a communing spirit which the soul understands, and with it reciprocates the finest and most impressive emotions. To come to more homely illustrations—we have never known a cottager who had wisdom or thought enough to rear and cherish domestic animals, who has not exhibited superior intelligence and affections. When the housewife takes her customary walks of an evening among her ruminating herd, naming each of the docile creatures, and acknowledged by all, it is not to be imagined, because she may have no human companion, that she returns like an idler, more vacant and less content than before. We remember the words of such a naturalist, as now approvingly referred to, who said, in answer to the notice of her frequent solitary walks amongst a neighbouring farmer's herd, that she always felt bettered by such intercourse, “for, indeed, they were guileless and sensible creatures, and as beautiful as they were good.” Nor is rustic scenes alone the regions of such sympathy and tastes. Behold the immured artisan's garden window, and his petted animals, sometimes cherished at no trifling sacrifice of money or abstract convenience, and say if the heart of man be not lofty and healthy enough to swell beyond walls, and smoke, and turmoil, transmuting these into foils for a more adventurous and beautiful love of nature, than can be evinced by the peasant.

Now, if the love and admiration of the works of creation be so natural and universal, and capable of affording pleasure to the most untutored or least scientific of those that have an eye and an ear for their influence, is it to be supposed that a deeper acquaintance with their beauties and marvellous order, will not induce a higher, because more enlightened experience of satisfaction and delight? Is it to be imagined that Linnæus, Wilson, Audubon, and a host of others who might be named as fathers in natural science, had their sensibilities blunted by their knowledge? Are we to believe that the more we know of God—or, what amounts to the same thing—the better we become acquainted with his works and providence, as wondrously evinced—for instance in the construction and variety, the instincts and habits of animals, that thereby our perceptions of design, of wisdom, and of goodness are to be frittered away? There is an end to excellence, whenever, the more that is known of a thing, it becomes less worthy of our pursuit. The absurdity attendant on charging the works of creation with this inherent defect, requires no refutation; every man's conscience repels the hypothesis; the native curiosity of every sane mind is evidence as to the scope of man's duty and pleasure in this field; the benefits resulting to men individually and as a community, overturn every narrow-minded objection on the subject.

To glance for a moment at some of these benefits, as already widely experienced, and destined doubtlessly, in the course of wider and profounder discoveries, to be far more extensively appreciated and used—the study of natural history has an immediate and almost singular result, compared with other pleasurable or lucrative pursuits, in that it engages the body and the mind at the same time, and in a reciprocal style of offices; nay, it points out, and at the instant exemplifies admirably the way in which the most expansive and rational method of education may be followed—that is, how the labour of the body and that of the mind may act upon each other, or how words and things may be learnt at the same time pleausurably, speedily, permanently, and impressively.

There have been persons who have dreaded to look searchingly into nature, lest some preconceived belief might be overturned or chastised. This is a sort of objection to the pursuit of natural science, that should keep company, or is the same with that which supposes that the delights to be derived therefrom, will be lessened by a more perfect sight of its wonderful discoveries. If science, which signifies knowledge, is to be dreaded, because it will exhibit the Creator of all things—not in a manner different from what we have preconceived—but disadvantageously, or in other words, if we fear, lest the more we know of him, we shall love and revere him less, then, what sort of degradation does such a doctrine offer, not to knowledge or to science, but to God himself? The truth is, that natural science has not only by every step raised us to take a more extensive and delightful view of the divine character, but had not

the friends of religion found it necessary, as well as a pleasure, to enter the lists in this department with sceptics, the consequences would now be dreadfully worse than they have ever yet been—the implied confession would have been desperate.

Look, in a temporary point of view, to the services which scientific inquiries into the capabilities of external and rude nature have conferred upon mankind. Roots, herbs, and fruits are the objects that first and most easily come to the hand of uncultivated man. But without science and the study of the vegetable kingdom, how few and how inferior must these have been? How has water and minerals, as well as plants, been made to minister, in consequence of the lights of science, to man? What has there not been done, and what may not still be accomplished over the wide domain of animal life? It has been strikingly suggested—what may not the insect kingdom furnish for the good of our race? or, to put the matter negatively, what may not science discover, as regards the subjugation and control of our diminutive enemies? These and many similar questions instantly suggest a true and satisfactory answer; for we cannot appeal to a comfort or an event in our lives, which are not found inseparably connected with the conquests of natural science.

Ere concluding, we shall once more refer to one of the greatest benefits which we contemplate in regard to the study of natural history. There is a strong and stirring sensation abroad on the subject of education. Now, independent of the direct fruits reaped by a diligent study into the works of creation, the mode of procedure necessary in that study probably offers the great key for the reform in question, when it will become not only a prominent branch in every seminary, but be held as the model for procedure in many other departments.

As we began with Aristotle and Cuvier, so we shall here end with them, by recurring to the Appendix before mentioned. The quotation that follows is from the former of these great naturalists, extracted by the latter (Cuvier), who considers it a perfect masterpiece on fishes; and it proves, as previously noticed, how much may be learnt and discovered by an enlightened inquirer. Cuvier has collected this description from various parts of Aristotle's works.

"The neck is wanted; their tail is continued with the body, except in the rays, where it is long and thin: they have neither hands, feet scrotum, virile member, nor mamilla (female breast); they ought to be distinguished from marine animals, which produce little ones alive, such as the Dolphin, whose sucking breasts are concealed near the sinuses of the vulva.

"The special character of the true fishes consists in their gills and fins: the majority of them have four fins; but those of an elongated form, as the eels, have only two. Some, as the murena, are entirely without them. The rays swim with the whole of their body enlarged. The gills are sometimes furnished with an operculum, sometimes they are without it; and this is the case in cartilaginous fishes: in some they are simple, in

others double. It is remarkable that the sword fish has eight gills on each side; each of these gills is divided into two combs. No fish has either hair or feathers; the greater part are covered with scales, some with a rough or smooth skin. Their tongue is hard, frequently armed with teeth; sometimes so adherent, that they appear to be mantled, and this is on account of their being obliged to swallow rapidly; it is for the same reason that their teeth are generally crooked.

"Their eyes want eyelids. We cannot see either their ears or nostrils, for what is in the place of the nostrils is only a blind cavity. They have nevertheless the faculty of taste, smell, and hearing; as the author proves from numerous experiments. All of them have blood: all the scaly ones have eggs; but the cartilaginous, if we except the lophius, bring forth living spawn. They have all a heart, a liver, and a gall bladder; and in this respect he enters into very particular and true details upon the biliary vesicles of some fishes, amongst which is the amnia; but he is mistaken in refusing kidneys and a bladder to fishes."

"Their intestines vary very much; there are some, such as the mullets, which have a fleshy gizzard like birds; others have scarcely any apparent stomach. Blind appendices adhere near to their stomach; they are very numerous in some, but much less so in others. There are even some which are entirely without them, as in the greater part of the cartilaginous fishes.

"Along the spine are two organs which supply the place of testicles, of which the excretory canals terminate at the anus, and which become very large during the time of spawn.

"Their scales remain as long as their lives. Being without lungs they have no voice, properly speaking, and nevertheless there are several (which he names) which make sounds and a kind of croaking. They are subject to sleep the same as other animals. In greater part of the species, the females are larger than the males. In the rays and the squalus, the male is distinguished by appendices on each side of the anus.

"Not only had Aristotle made numerous observations, from which he deduced such exact rules; but he has also represented by plates these different conformations.

"As to the species, Aristotle knew and named one hundred and seventeen, and he enters upon their manner of living, their journies, their friendships and hatreds, the stratagems they employ, their amours, the time of spawn, of their laying and fecundity, the manner of catching them, and the time when their flesh is best."—vol. ii, pp. 394, 395.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*The Cabinet of Modern Art, and Literary Souvenir.*
 Edited by ALARIC A. WATTS. Second Series. London : Whittaker & Co.
 1836.

LAST year, we were so delighted with the plan and finish of the first series of the "Literary Souvenir," as to speak with unqualified praise of it; but the second series presents a still more beautiful and valuable volume. On the former occasion, we characterized the plan of the work as so superior to the ordinary run of Annuals, that we are glad to find the editor disdaining and repudiating the idea of his Cabinet belonging to the family. There is a definite purpose, and that too an elevated one, in its method and subjects, which satisfies the desires of intellect as well as of tasteful fancy. The prevailing features of the work are such as are admirably calculated to excite a relish for the pictorial art, and to instruct us as to the history and talents of illustrious artists. In the present series, for example, we have valuable sketches of the lives and works of Uwins, Sir W. Beechy, Edmonstone, and others. The five-and-twenty plates now before us, have, we believe, been all or almost all taken from subjects that appeared at the exhibitions of Somerset House and elsewhere; and Mr. Watts truly informs us that they were among the leading attractions at these places. We thought of enumerating them, and giving our judgment of their respective excellencies. But as no such criticisms can convey any thing like an idea of pictorial art, we rather make room for a literary contribution, premising, that several of the plates illustrate certain portions of celebrated works, while poetry and prose, by the most popular writers, all bearing upon the leading character of the work, help to exalt its peculiar merits. Our favourite, Mary Howitt, with one of her exquisitely sweet ballads, must at present suffice :—

A FOREST SCENE, IN THE DAYS OF WICKLIFFE.

"A little child, she read a book,
 Beside an open door:
 And as she read page after page,
 She wondered more and more.
 Her little finger carefully
 Went pointing out the place;
 Her golden locks hung drooping down,
 And shadowed half her face.
 The open book lay on her knee,
 Her eyes on it were bent,
 And as she read page after page,
 The colour came and went.
 She sate upon a mossy stone,
 An open door beside,
 And round for miles on every hand,
 Stretched out a forest wide.
 The summer sun shone on the trees,
 The deer lay in the shade;
 And overhead the singing birds
 Their pleasant clamour made.

There was no garden round the house,
 And it was low and small :—
 The forest sward grew to the door,
 The lichens on the wall.
 There was no garden round about,
 Yet flowers were growing free,
 The cowslip and the daffodil,
 Upon the forest lea.
 The butterfly went flitting by,
 The bees were in the flowers :
 But the little child sat steadfastly,
 As she had sat for hours.
 ‘ Why sit you here, my little maid ?’
 An aged pilgrim spake :
 The child looked upward from her book,
 Like one but just awake.”

ART. XIII.—*Marco Visconti ; a Romance of the Fourteenth Century, from the Italian of Tommaso Grossi.* By MISS CAROLINE WARD. 2 vols. London : Smith, Elder, & Co. 1836.

We understand that this is a popular romance in Italy ; and to the admirers of the Italian language, Miss Ward’s translation must be a treat. It appears to us to be singularly elegant and easy. We seldom undertake to sketch the plot of a work similar to the present : it is an ungracious and unnecessary labour. We rather give specimens, when the scenes or characters described can conveniently be shown within a moderate space. Many highly wrought and effective passages might be extracted from this stirring romance. Take the following, which refers to the order and ceremony of a magnificent banquet.

“ The table-cloths and napkins were of the finest materials, embroidered with the adder in the centre, and trimmed with fringe and tassels ; there were rich vases, and dishes of the finest gold and silver ; meats of every kind, dressed in savoury sauces of various colours ; fishes garnished with gold, and peacocks ornamented with their own plumes so skilfully spread, that the birds seemed alive, soon disappeared under the knife of the carvers ; there was also an abundance of poultry and game, to say nothing of a young bear with its hair beautifully silvered over, and its teeth and claws finely gilt. At the end of each course, scented waters were handed round for the fingers, and the most exquisite wines were poured from carved vessels of precious metals, into elegant crystal cups, painted with various devices in flowers, animals, and lace-work.

“ While the guests were taking their last cup, a dozen bachelors entered the hall, richly dressed, with their doublets and hose striped with red and white, bringing the presents of the feast. Some held either a couple of greyhounds, or spaniels, or bloodhounds, with velvet collars, and chains and clasps of flowered Morocco : some carried on the wrist noble hawks of different species, sparrow-hawks, randel-hawks, and gerfalcons ready trained for sporting, with red jesses, white leashes, hoods embroidered with pearls, silver bells, and a little plate of the same metal on their breast with the adder graven on it ; others bore a sword with a hilt

of gold, or a steel helmet, or mantles and pelisses of embossed stuff, with silken cords, small buttons of pearls, and tassels of gold. As the pages approached with the gifts, Marco saw that there was none fitting the acceptance of a gentle lady; and beckoning his esquire, he whispered some words in his ear, when the attendant disappeared for a few minutes, and then returned carrying a rich crown of pearls on a golden salver. Visconti rose from his seat, and taking the crown in his hands, bent his knee to Bice, then rising, he placed it gently on her head, saying, 'God save the queen of the banquet!' to which all the guests responded with a loud cry of applause. He then entreated her to render his poor gifts of some value, by presenting them with her own hands to the knights and barons who had honoured him with their company; and as soon as she stood up, the whole company rose likewise. Marco, in the character of her esquire, led her round the tables, and took from the pages each separate article which he put into her hands, and which she then gracefully offered to the nearest guest, he acknowledging the courtesy by kneeling and kissing the hem of the fair giver's robe.

"A steel helmet, with an enamelled crest, fell to the lot of Ottorino, and some there were who noticed that the hand of the pretty queen trembled very perceptibly as she offered it to him, although it might only be that the weight of the armour was too much for her delicate arm."—vol. i, pp. 153—155.

There is a good deal of poetry scattered throughout these volumes, the whole being from the pen of Mr. C. Whitehead. Those who wish to be gratified with happy translations of Troubadour songs, will here find their desire satisfied, by these and other brave matters, characteristic of a chivalrous and romantic age.

ART. XIV.—*The Political Almanack for 1836; illustrated by Thirteen humorous Engravings, with Poetical Contributions from popular Pens.* London: Effingham Wilson.

If it were necessary to be serious on the present occasion, we would warn the Conservatives that they will find some smart hits in this "Right Merrie" Almanack. It has all the pungency of sneering and laughing radicalism, in as far as Mr. Seymour's part of the work, and the poetical contributions, are concerned. We think the artist has surpassed himself in these humorous sketches, while the verses from popular pens will be favourably judged of, from the specimen that follows. Let it be understood, however, that as regards the ordinary information contained in similar publications, the "Political Almanack" is one of the best, and considering all things, the cheapest we have seen. For one shilling and sixpence, the days and months of the year, natural phenomena, festivals, holidays, and a large quantity of political and commercial information, &c., are given, besides provision for an hour's laughter, to be renewed at any time the reader chooses to turn his eye to the twelve months of the year. We open at July, and the verses that follow will afford some idea of the artist's caricature.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, *loquitor*.

"JULY arrives—we can no longer fudge it,

Come, my colleagues, and let us make the Budget.

First prepare a little sneer,
Against the Budget of last year !
With a hint, in phrase seductive,
The new one will be more productive !
Let figures show, in manner due,
Th' improvement of the revenue ;
We'll append—'twill swell the amount—
The current quarter's last account !
Pensions, too, that chance may fall,
And with a surplus wind up all !"

" Now like the fam'd Bœuf Gras of France,
Which, yearly, they through Paris prance,
Bull must to Saint Stephen's trudge it,
And bear the burden of the Budget !
See, upon his patient back,
The nation's various loads they pack ;
On his hind part's broad dimensions,
They have bound the black book's pensions,
While the Civil List—uncivil—
Round his neck hangs like the devil !
E'en his tail its weight must bear,
The Privy Purse they've tied on there !
While his horns, bedeck'd with gold,
Must Secret Service money hold !
And on the top, with heart elate,
GUELPH, head driver, sits in state !"

SONG OF THE HEAD DRIVER.

" Ride a cock-horse towards Charing-cross,
To see an old Bull made to serve for a horse ;
How nicely we sit here, in manner bombastical ;
Soft are our cushions, they're ecclesiastical ;
Take care, my love, you to fall seem inclin'd—
Your bayonets, Guards !—keep her up behind.
Holloa, boys !—holloa, boys ! Let the bells ring—
Follow, boys—follow, boys !—God save the King !"

ART. XV.—*The Royal Book of Dreams ; from an Ancient and Curious Manuscript, &c. &c.* By RAPHAEL. London: E. Wilson. 1836.

This book, it is declared, is " from an ancient and curious manuscript which was buried in the earth for several centuries, containing one thousand and twenty-four oracles, or answers to dreams, by a curious, yet perfectly facile and easy method, void of all abstruse or artificial calculations ; whereby any person of ordinary capacity may discover those secrets of fate, which the universal fat of all nations, in every age and clime, has acknowledged to be portended by dreams and nocturnal visions" !!! All which of course is true ; and yet it is only to those who may suppose there is some truth in its method of interpreting dreams, that it can do any harm. It is otherwise a curious work on a curious subject ; but in so far as the method of working the signs in the Book of

Dreams is concerned, certainly it can only be those who are as idle as the wind that will be at the pains to bestow upon it any study; we are also at a loss to conceive what sort of pleasure any man can take in such contrivances; but every one to his taste.

In the account given by the author of several famous dreams of the ancients and moderns, he has omitted some of comparatively late date, of the most extraordinary kind. The following, as given by him, is, however, a match for any we could instance; and let those who theorize upon the nature of dreams make of it what they choose.

"In the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams, of Scorrion House, near Redruth, in Cornwall, awoke his wife, and, exceedingly agitated, told her that he had dreamed that *he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot, with a pistol, a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the Chancellor*; to which Mrs. Williams naturally replied, that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed and go to sleep as soon as he could.

"He did so; but shortly after he again awoke her and said that he had, a second time, had the same dream; whereupon she observed that he had been so much agitated by his former dream, that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind, and begged of him to compose himself and go to sleep, which he did.

"A third time the same vision was repeated, on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would lie quiet and endeavour to forget it, he arose (then between one and two o'clock) and dressed himself. At breakfast the dreams were the sole subject of conversation, and in the forenoon, Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars to all his acquaintances that he met. On the following day, Mr. Tucker, of Trematon Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scorrion House on a visit, and arrived about dusk. Immediately after the first salutations on their entering the parlour, where were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams, Mr. Williams began to relate to Mr. Tucker the circumstance of his dreams, and Mrs. W. observed to her daughter, Mrs. T., laughingly, that her father could not even suffer Mr. Tucker to be seated before he told him of his nocturnal visitation; on the statement of which Mr. Tucker observed, that it would do very well for a dream to have the Chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons, but he would not be found there in reality. And Mr. Tucker then asked what sort of a man he appeared to be, when Mr. Williams described him minutely; to which Mr. Tucker replied, 'Your description is not at all that of the Chancellor, but is certainly very exactly that of *Mr. Perceval*, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and, although he has been to me the greatest enemy I have ever met with through life, for a supposed cause which had no foundation in truth,' (or words to that effect), 'I should be exceedingly sorry indeed to hear of his being assassinated, or of any injury of the kind happening to him.'

"Mr. Tucker then inquired of Mr. Williams if he had ever seen Mr. Perceval, and was told that he had never seen him, nor had ever written to him, either on public or private business; in short, that he had never had any thing to do with him, nor had he ever been in the House of Commons in his lifetime. At this moment Mr. Williams and Mr. Tucker, still standing, heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and immediately after,

Mr. Michael Williams, of Trevince, (son of Mr. Williams of Scorrion), entered the room, and said that he had galloped out from Truro, (from which Scorrion is seven miles' distant), having seen a gentleman there who had come by that evening's mail from town, who said that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man called Bellingham had *shot Mr. Perceval*; and that, as it might occasion some great ministerial changes, and might affect Mr. Tucker's political friends, he had come out as fast as he could to make him acquainted with it, having heard at Truro that he had passed through that place in the afternoon, on his way to Scorrion.

"After the astonishment which this intelligence created had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described most minutely the appearance and dress of the man that he saw in his dream fire the pistol at the Chancellor. About six weeks after, Mr. Williams, having business in town, went, accompanied by a friend, to the House of Commons, where, as has been already observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps at the entrance of the lobby, he said, 'This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my house,' and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out *the exact spot* where Bellingham actually stood when he fired, and which Mr. Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball, where he fell. The *dress* both of Mr. Perceval and Bellingham agreed with the description given by Mr. Williams, *even to the most minute particulars.*"—pp. 33—35.

ART. XVI.—*Nicotiana; or the Smoker's and Snufftaker's Companion; containing the History of Tobacco, &c. &c.* By H. J. MELLER, Esq. London: Effingham Wilson.

To all lovers of the "soothing leaf," this clever little work should be a pocket companion. It contains lots of fun, sound sense, and correct information; excellent taste also characterises the plan and execution of the whole. We have not hesitated a moment, after reading the preface, to declare that *Nicotiana* is the work of a gentleman; neither do we doubt, that instead of having reached a second edition, it will ere long obtain a redoubled circulation. The author can best recommend his own work in a few words, by saying, what we have truly found it to be, a History of Tobacco, its "culture, medical qualities, and the laws relative to its importation and manufacture; with an essay in its defence. 'The whole elegantly embellished and interspersed with original poetry and anecdotes, being intended as an amusing and instructive volume for all genuine lovers of the Herb.'"

As counsel in defence of the lovers of the sovereign leaf, *versus* anti-smokers and snuff-takers, we quote part of the author's arguments.

"The prejudices against smoking are numerous. Smoking that is called *unsocial*, the author affirms to be the common source of harmony and comfort—the badge of good fellowship in almost every state, kingdom, and empire. Aye, from the English settlers in the wildernesses of America, where the *Calumet* or Pipe of Peace is smoked by the natives, to the turbaned infidel of the East—from the burning zone of Africa to the icy regions of the North. In fact, in almost every clime and condition of society it is known as a common sign, or freemasonry of friendly feeling and social intercourse. In the East, the first act of hospitality is proffer-

ing the pipe with its invariable accompaniment coffee, which is more or less observed under various modifications over nearly the rest of the habitable world.

"Smoking that is termed *low* and *vulgar* was, and is, an occasional recreation with most of the crowned heads of Europe, among which may be named his late Majesty, and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland—Ferdinand of Spain, and the Emperor Nicholas of Germany—besides very many of the nobility of either empires and kingdoms.

"Smoking that is termed *idle*, is singularly popular with mechanics, the most industrious classes of England.

"Smoking that is said to be *dirty* and *filthy*, is in the greatest esteem, among the most moral and cleanly sect in Christianity—the Society of Friends or Quakers.

"Smoking that is affirmed to be *revolting* and *disgusting*, is indulged in by the most rigidly kept women in the world—those of Turkey, who elevated in the dignity of the Harem, are taught to consider a whiff of their lord's *chibouque* a distinction. Then the ladies of both Old and New Spain, who twining in the mazes of the giddy waltz, take the *cigarros* from their own pretty lips to transfer to those of their favoured partners. If indeed, royalty be wanted in the female line, since the good old times of Elizabeth, who can be so lamentably ignorant in the annals of smoking, as not to know, that the late *Tumehemalee*, Queen Consort of *Tiruhée*, king of the Sandwich Islands, was dotingly fond a pipe—sensible woman and above all petty prejudices as she was, at our own honoured court.

"Now, in regard to snuff, that like smoking is so much abused, coming under the bans of the ignorant and prejudiced, *beastly* is the world commonly given to its application, though used to the greatest excess in the famed land of *politesse*—France. The most polished and fascinating address is ever followed by the gracefully proffered snuff-box. What a vast deal does it not speak at once in a man's favour, begetting instantly a friendly sympathy in the head, that gradually extends to the heart."—pp. vii—ix.

And as a specimen of the poetry with which the volume is interspersed, we take the "Invocation to Tobacco."

"Weed of the strange pow'r,
Weed of the earth,
Killer of dulness—
Parent of mirth;
Come in the sad hour,
Come in the gay,
Appear in the night,
Or in the day:
Still thou art welcome
As June's blooming rose,
Joy of the palate,
Delight of the nose.
Weed of the green field,
Weed of the wild,
Fostered in freedom—
America's child;
Come in Virginia,
Come in Havannah,

Friend of the universe,
Sweeter than manna:
Still thou art welcome,
Rich, fragrant, and ripe,
Pride of the tube-case,
Delight of the pipe.
Weed of the savage,
Weed of each pole,
Comforting—soothing—
Philosophy's soul;
Come in the snuff-box,
Come in cigar,
In Strasburgh and King's,
Come from afar:
Still thou art welcome,
The purest, the best,
Joy of earth's millions,
For ever carest!"—pp. i, ii.

ART. XVII.—*Illustrations of the Botany and other branches of the Natural History of the Himalayan Mountains, and the Flora of Cashmere.* Part VIII. By J. F. ROYLE, Esq. London: Allen and Co. December, 1835.

THIS scientific and splendidly illustrated work has now reached its eighth number without any falling off, either in external recommendations or in its intrinsic worth. The minuteness and fulness of the details, the accuracy of the arrangement, and the nature of the practical information conveyed by Mr. Royle in this publication, can only be accounted for by knowing that he has a high name as a botanist and general naturalist; that he has been superintendent of the Honourable East India Company's Botanic Garden at Sahurunpore; and that he is passionately alive to the interests of science, as the surest forerunners of discoveries of real commercial importance. Of the various families of plants described in the present part, the Solanææ—so remarkable for containing many that are important as articles of diet, for their uses in medicine, or for giving rise to an extensive commerce—are fully and distinctly described. Of these we need only name the Capsicum and Potato, which are coming fast into use among the Hindoos, says the author, notwithstanding the so frequently stated unchangeable habits of that people; and Tobacco, the species, natural localities, and culture of which throughout the world, are ably investigated. To botanists these "*Illustrations*" are invaluable; for while the Flora of the Himalayan Mountains and Cashmere is made familiar to them, the whole range of the author's favourite science is brought to bear upon the immediate field of his researches, or receive contributions from it.

ART. XVIII.—*Valpy's Elements of Greek Grammar.* A new Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1835.

WHAT need is there to say more of this new edition of the Greek Grammar published by Mr. Valpy, than that it is every way worthy of one who has done so much in the cause of ancient literature, both by reprints and translations? Its typography is remarkably good, its rules possess superior distinctness, and are more than usually appropriate, while the notes show that a ripe and laborious scholar has here put forth his strength.

ART. XIX.—*Report on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia.* By M. VICTOR COUSIN. With Plans of School-houses. Translated by SARAH AUSTIN. Second Edition. London: E. Wilson. 1836.

THE various works on education which have lately (some of them even in the present number of our Review) engaged our consideration, sufficiently display the awakened and increasing earnestness that characterises the present moment, on this paramount subject. Most of our readers must know that M. V. Cousin's Report on Public Instruction in Prussia has attracted the attention and the admiration of the highest authorities in national affairs, and benevolent institutions. Not last nor least, take Lord Brougham's speeches in the House of Peers as evidence of the fact. We have only to say farther of Mrs. Austin's

excellent effort now before us, that it is more and better than a simple translation of a book exhibiting uncommon wisdom and information; for not to speak of the spirited translation, the earnestness and talent of her preface recommend her sound reasonings on the general question in no ordinary degree.

ART. XX.—*Goethe and his Contemporaries; from the German of Falk, Von Müller, &c. with Biographical Notices, and Original Anecdotes illustrative of German Literature.* By SARAH AUSTIN. Second Edition. 3 vols. London: E. Wilson. 1836.

CARRIES predicted safely when they hailed this work at first, as one of the most important and interesting that had for a long time appeared in England. There are few in our country who can familiarly read German, fewer who can translate it well, and still fewer who have the mental powers and accomplishments necessary to such a work as Mrs. Austin has here so admirably executed. It would be strange indeed if Goethe, from the recollections of some of his most eminent literary contemporaries and friends, should not afford abundance of precious material for a good English translator to work upon. Mrs. Austin's previous labours, and probably still more, the preface to the present work, prove her competence for the difficult task.

These volumes throw more light on the character, opinions, and writings of Goethe, than any work that has yet appeared in England; and a greatly increased demand for them, ought and is sure to continue with the reading public.

ART. XXI.—*History of the Middle and Working Classes; with a popular Exposition of the economical and political Principles which have influenced the past and present condition of the Industrious Orders, &c.* By JOHN WADE. Third Edition. London: E. Wilson. 1835.

THE shortest account that can be given of this volume, is to call it a popular compendium of social and economical science. It deals with subjects in which all are deeply concerned, and therefore requiring much delicacy, knowledge, and discernment, inasmuch, as many seemingly opposite interests, at a period of unusual excitement have to be addressed and clearly disposed of. That the author has completed his work in an independent and enlightening manner, must be evident to all who are at the pains to peruse his pages; and that this enlightening influence will display itself observably, in strengthening every relationship in life, and every social institution, we cannot doubt, seeing that while the metaphysics of economical science are avoided, first principles and their workings are plainly handled, and that the work has had already an extensive sale. For we are of those who think that knowledge joined with reflection, which such a work as the present engages and increases, is far less to be dreaded than the crudities that have of late been so much in vogue on national questions.

ART. XXII.—*Letters to a Young Master Mariner, on some Subjects connected with his Calling.* By CHARLES LORNER. Second Edition. London: E. Wilson. 1835.

ONE immediately predicts from the simple reading of this modest title, that these *Letters* are of a superior class. It does not matter what subject a well informed and feeling mind takes up. Let that mind be but in earnest, and it will invest dry bones with life. Not that we say a mariner, much less a master-mariner's calling is monotonous or unimportant; but one is so apt to expect the technicalities of law, and so many references to reported decisions in formal courts, whenever a practical work on nautical affairs is named, that an escape from such a tiresome jargon, and a really healthy volume on the subject, lets us and makes us breathe on its announcement, as we love to do. No mariner is to be excused if he is without this unpretending but pleasant and valuable book; nor is there any well regulated minded man that will rise from its perusal, without finding himself wiser and better for it, be his calling what it may.

ART. XXIII.—*Jamaica as it was, as it is, and as it may be: Comprising Interesting Topics for Absent Proprietors, Merchants, &c. and Valuable Hints, &c. &c.* By a Retired Military Officer. London: T. Hurst. 1835.

THE above confident announcement does not exhaust one-third part of the author's title-page. It goes on to say that the valuable hints are "to persons intending to emigrate to the island, (Jamaica is meant), also an authentic narrative of the Negro insurrection, in 1831, with a faithful detail of the manners, customs and habits of the colonists, and a description of the country, climate, productions, &c., including an abridgment of the slave law." Then, after intimating who the author is, we have this modest motto—"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." As a sample of the spirit of *truth*, which distinguishes the pages of this retired officer, who says that he has sojourned nearly twenty years in the island of Jamaica, we quote part of his delineation of the negro character.

"A negro of the present day is somewhat a different being. From his intercourse with the white people, and his altered mode of life, he has gained an acuteness of perception, and a clearness of judgment, little inferior to many of his lighter coloured brethren; but he still retains, to an enormous extent, a powerful inclination to subtlety, sullenness, and indolence. His principal wish and ambition for freedom is, that he may *live a life of idleness*. Ever careless of the morrow, he looks but for the gratification of to-day. A great many have for years been deemed *trust-worthy*; but the innumerable instances of treachery from such individuals, developed during the course of the 'Baptist insurrection,' as they themselves call it, have for ever deprived the race of a title to that virtue. The negro is seldom active in his master's work; because he only considers it *fair* that he should save himself for his own when his master's hours are expired. He thinks nothing of the most bare-faced falsehood, and is extremely plausible in his statements and excuses. Those of the household may be deemed cleanly, but the generality are otherwise. It is not true, that they are fond and kind parents; on the contrary, they ge-

nerally care little for their offspring, otherwise than as a screen from labour : a few solitary exceptions may be found. A mistaken idea prevails, that negroes have always fine and white even teeth ; this must have originated in the contrast between the teeth and the skin, for there is no class of beings on earth whose dental organs are so unsound, uneven, and soon lost, which is occasioned by an inordinate propensity for sweets, hot peppers, tobacco, and spirits, at all hours of the day and night."—pp. 36, 37.

A general abuse of this degraded and ill-used race, of their advocates in England, and of the measures that the British legislature has adopted, with the view of ameliorating their condition, characterizes this champion of truth. All we shall say in reference to his observations, which bear from the date of the preface to have passed out of his hands so far back as the 1st January, 1836, is, that the cruelties and injustice exercised to the most lamentable destruction of negro rights and feelings, have not been the only results of slavery in our West India colonies, but that the searing of the moral sensibilities of Britons, and otherwise estimable men by their long familiarity with such crimes, is to be instanced as a no less disastrous and melancholy result of slavery. Very many of the masters and their defenders, as well as the negroes, have been shorn of much that ennobles humanity in the island of Jamaica itself.

ART. XXIV.—*Land and Sea Tales*. By The Old Sailor. 2 vols. 12mo. London: E. Wilson. 1836.

THE great excellences of this writer's Tales are, that they speak home to the experience of every one with great force of sentiment, and though fictitious, have all the freshness and reality of truth. It is a rare thing for tale-tellers to use nothing more than the ordinary events and feelings of life, and yet to avoid the tameness and feebleness which at the present day are so much feared by authors and readers. When out of every-day experience a writer can, without violating probability, enchain our attention, and melt the heart, it proves that his imagination is in admirable harmony with soundness of judgment and propriety of style. Now all these are eminently our author's characteristics, and the popularity of his former works attests the truth of our criticism. We have only to add, that the Illustrations, by George Cruikshank give an additional point to the spirit of these Tales, and that altogether, though unassuming in form, price, or pretensions, they outweigh in real value, some half dozen of the three-volumed novels that have lately loaded our table.

ART. XXV.—*My Note Book*. By JOHN MACGREGOR, Esq. Author of "British America," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London: Macrone. 1835.

MR. MACGREGOR has well named his work. It is a collection of miscellaneous sketches by a lively and pleasant writer, who has a random and ready pen for the filling up of a Note Book. His travels having been on the Continent, and principally in Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, he, of course, traverses scenes and describes things of which we have heard and read a thousand times ; nor does he study always to entertain

the reader with what is in any way interesting or new; so that we should have liked his volumes better had they been stored with choicer or more original matter than is here and there to be found in them. At the same time he has given many happy sketches of domestic life, as well as many valuable statistical details, in all of which a healthy spirit and correct judgment are conspicuous. There is besides, in the author's random and irregular plan, or rather disregard of all arrangement, a lightness that relieves the tameness of the information which occasionally arises from trivial or trite details. Abundance of passages might be quoted of a kind highly favourable to the author's reputation, whether the head or the heart be considered. We offer the following respecting an extraordinary family in European history—the Rothschilds.

"I have been told here that, whatever be the gains or losses of the three Rothschilds, all are shared alike by the family, and belong alike to the same common stock, although each negotiates separately during the current year. This is the opinion at Frankfort, the place that gave birth to those extraordinary money-dealers. At the commencement of the wars of the French Revolution, their father, Moses Rothschild, (*Angloes Redchild*), who was a small banker or money-lender, lived in an obscure part of Frankfort. He had established a character of strict probity, and would, no doubt, have amassed a large fortune, and have enriched his family, although events had never so eminently served him. His eldest son, Nathan Meyer, whom he sent to England, commenced business in Manchester, partly as a small manufacturer, but chiefly as a broker, or commission-agent in the way of purchasing the fabrics of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and shipping them for Frankfort to supply the German market. This was a thriving business enough, until the celebrated Berlin and Milan decrees crushed it and the trade of Frankfort at the same time. Another son, Solomon, was sent to Paris, where he commenced business as a money-dealer and *negociant*. The third son remained at home with his father. When the French armies crossed the Rhine, most of the German princes were driven from their territories—among others the sovereign of Hesse Cassel, who carried his jewels and money hastily with him to Frankfort, in order, if possible, to deposit them where they would be most likely to escape the French. The reputable character of the humble Jew, Moses Rothschild, induced the prince to call upon him for the purpose of depositing with him his treasure, in value some millions of *thalers*. Rothschild at once refused accepting so dangerous a responsibility, for the French troops were advancing fast to the city. The prince, who would not even take a receipt for them, at last urged Moses to take charge of the money and jewels; and the French army was actually entering Frankfort at the moment that Rothschild succeeded in burying the prince's treasure in a corner of his little garden. His own property, which in goods and money was worth about forty-thousand thalers, he did not hide, well knowing that if he did so a strict search would be made, and that not only his own, but the prince's hoard would be discovered and plundered."

Rothschild was robbed of every thing that belonged to himself, by the republican army, but the treasure that had been left to his protection was safe, and with this he commenced again as a money-lender, at first in a small way, increasing his transactions cautiously. In 1802 the prince returned, but without any hopes of recovering his money, as he

had heard that Rothschild had been plundered of every thing. But the Jew said—

“‘As I was left without a kreutzer of mine own,’ continued he, ‘and had so much good money of your highness’s, idle and doing no profit, and as I could get high interest for it from the merchants, I began to use it by little and little. I have been successful; and it is now only just that you should have it all back with five per cent. interest.’ ‘No,’ said the prince, ‘I will neither receive the interest which your honesty offers, nor yet take my money out of your hands. The interest is not sufficient to replace what you lost to save mine; and, farther, my money shall be at your service for twenty years to come, at no more than two per cent. interest.’ At the congress of Vienna the Prince of Hesse Cassel held up the high character of Moses Rothschild so earnestly to the potentates and ministers there assembled, as to obtain from them promises of giving a preference of negotiating loans to the family; and the loan of two hundred millions of francs contracted by France to pay to the allied powers was accordingly intrusted to the son at Paris, the present Baron Solomon Rothschild. Thus began their loans and negotiations on a large scale; added to which, their increasing connexions and resources having enabled them to have more expeditious intelligence than all other capitalists, they have profited by their contracts, to an unprecedented extent. Mr. Rothschild of London, for instance, had information of Napoleon’s escape from Elba twenty-five hours before the British ministry.”

That honesty is always the best policy was thus signally exemplified, and the Rothschilds live and flourish as splendid proofs of the truth of the aphorism.

ART. XXVI.—*Hood’s Comic Annual for 1836.* London: Bailey.

UNLIKE most of the *Annals*, the “*Comic*” grows better as it grows older. The wit and drollery of the present volume are as quaint, various, and original, as ever Hood gave us, with even a finer vein of poetry in some of the pieces, than he has been wont to treat his readers with. There are also some excellent long papers in the volume; we particularly like one or two which wear a foreign air, most true to the life. The wood-cuts are admirable, and so irresistibly clever, that we defy the face of the man, to preserve its propriety, who for a moment catches a glimpse of any one of them. The excellence, however, of the graphic and literary character of the work, consists not merely in broad comedy; there is a Hogarthian depth of sentiment in many parts that draws sighs as well as laughter, and sets the mind to profitable though unexpected reflection. The wood-cuts we cannot conveniently copy, but we introduce, as a specimen of the poetry, “*Stanzas on Coming of Age*,” which, we are sure—although they are not the best that may be found in the volume—will bear out any strong opinion in favour of it, that we can express.

“To day it is my natal day—
Three ‘prenticeships have past away.
A part in work, a part in play,
Since I was bound to life!
This first of May I come of age,
A man, I entered on the stage

Where human passions fret and rage,
To mingle in the strife.

It ought to be a happy date;
My friends, they all congratulate
That I am come to 'Man's Estate.'

To some, a grand event:
But ah! to me descent allots
No acres, no paternal spots,
In Beds, Bucks, Herts, Wilts, Essex, Notts,
Hants, Oxon, Berks, or Kent.

From John o'Groat's to Lands End search,
I have not one rod, pole, or perch,
To pay me rent, or tithe to church,
That I can call my own.

Not common-right for goose or ass;
Then what is Man's Estate? Alas!
Six feet by two of mould and grass
When I am dust and bone.

Reserve the feast! the board forsake!
Ne'er tap the wine—don't cut the cake,
No toasts or foolish speeches make,

At which my reason spurns.
Before this happy term you praise,
And prate about returns and days,
Just o'er my vacant rent-roll gaze,
And sum up my returns.

I know where great estates descend,
That here is boyhood's legal end,
And easily can comprehend

How 'Manors make the Man.'
But as for me, I was not born
To quit-rents of a peppercorn.
And gain no ground this blessed morn
From Beersheba to Dan.

No barrels broach—no bonfires make!
To roast a bullock for my sake,
Who in the country have no stake,
Would be too like a quiz;

No banners hoist—let off no gun—
Pitch no marquee—devise no fun—
But think when man is twenty-one,
What new delights are his?

What is the moral legal fact?
Of age to day, I'm free to act
For self—free, namely, to contract
Engagements, bonds, and debts;
I'm free to give an I O U,
Sign, draw, accept, as majors do:
And free to lose my freedom too
For want of due assets.

I am of age to ask Miss Bell,
 Or that great heiress, Miss Duval,
 To go to church, hump, squint, and all,
 And be my own for life :
 But put such reasons on their shelves,
 To tell the truth between ourselves,
 I'm one of those contented elves
 Who do not want a wife.

What else belongs to manhood still ?
 I'm old enough to make a will,
 With valid clause and codicil,
 Before in turf I lie.
 But I have nothing to bequeath
 In earth, or waters underneath,
 And in all candour let me breathe,
 I do not want to die.

Away ! if this be Manhood's forte,
 Put by the sherry and the port—
 No ring of bells—no rustic sport—
 No dance—no merry pipes !
 No flowery garlands—no bouquet—
 No birth-day ode to sing or say—
 To me it seems this is a day
 For bread and cheese and swipes.

To justify the festive cup,
 What horrors here are conjured up !
 What things of bitter bite and sup,
 Poor wretched Twenty-One's !
 No landed lumps, but frumps and humps,
 (Discretion's Days, are far from trumps)
 Domestic discord, dowdies, dumps,
 Death, dockets, debts, and duns !

If you must drink, oh, drink 'the King,'—
 Reform—the Church—the Press—the Ring ;
 Drink Aldgate Pump—or any thing,
 Before a toast like this !
 Nay, tell me, coming thus of age,
 And turning o'er this sorry page
 Was young Nineteen so far from sage ?
 Or young Eighteen from bliss ?

Till this dull, cold, wet, happy morn,
 No sign of May about the thorn—
 Were Love and Bacchus both unborn ?
 Had Beauty not a shape ?
 Make answer, sweet Kate Finnerty !
 Make answer, lads of Trinity !
 Who sipp'd with me Divinity,
 And quaff'd the ruby grape !

No flummery then from flowery lips,
 No three-times-three and hip-hip-hips,

Because I'm ripe and full of pipe—
 I like a little green.
 To put me on my solemn oath,
 If sweep-like I could stop my growth,
 I would remain, and nothing loth,
 A Boy—about nineteen.
 My friends, excuse me these rebukes!
 Were I a monarch's son, or duke's,
 Go to the Vatican of Meux
 And broach his biggest barrels—
 Impale whole elephants on spits—
 Ring Tom of Lincoln till he splits,
 And dances into St. Vitus' fits,
 And break your winds with carols!
 But, ah! too well you know my lot,
 Ancestral acres greet me not,
 My freehold's in a garden-pot,
 And barely worth a pin.
 Away then with all festive stuff!
 Let Robins advertise and puff
 My 'Man's Estate,' I'm sure enough
 I shall not buy it in."

ART. XXVII.—*The Comet, in Four Parts: illustrated and explained by Tables, Diagrams, &c.* By JOHN SEARES. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co, 1835.

THE author tells us that he "lacks many years from arriving at the prescribed age of manhood," and we should have presumed as much, though he had not told us. His work is that of a clever, conceited, and talkative youth. He knows a good deal of a number of things, though deficient as respects the method of pure science, while his composition as a writer is much inferior to that of thousands of grammar school-boys. Why does he entangle himself with such long sentences as he introduces, wherein the sense is obscured, and the grammatical construction not unfrequently violated? He has much to learn, though inclined to teach, or able to astonish the committee of the Bury Mechanics' Institute, as the two following extracts amply testify.

"I can, while turning upon an Astronomical *fulcrum*, *Mechanically* treat of the motions of the Universe, not being too tedious in *Mathematically* calculating the *Optical* changes observed in the same; and I see clearly the three fluids or virtues of *Electricity*, *Magnetism* and *Voltalism*, are possessed by the different bodies according to their several qualities; again, the *Chemical* changes inanimate nature is continually undergoing we may readily see by taking a glance at *Geology*, for there is certainly a gradual decay in the heaven, I mean the lessening of Comets at every appearance, and whether we *Spherically* or *Perspectively* view the sky, we shall then be able to consider *Astronomy*, though the most tedious, the most capacious for a roving mind of all the Sciences; now I can, without deviating in any manner from the subject explain a System of

the Universe by the introduction of more than twenty-five popular Sciences.

"The Stars are supposed to be Suns of other systems, and for the better delineation of them, are arranged into clusters, called Constellations, but though so much has been done to aid the improvement of Astronomy, there has never yet come forward a theorist, to attempt to lay down a plan (merely for the mind to form an idea,) of the situation of the Stars, as deposited in Universal Space, *individually*;—I have formed a plan, in which I can fully demonstrate the mysterious phenomenon of the Via Lactea; but I could not, without going contrary to my opinion, explain what I would introduce, but at a future time I shall publish my MS. on 'Theoretical Astronomy,' which embraces most of the Science, (more especially that part relating to the Stars.)—But, as my intention was, in the present volume, to introduce the reader to the Science of Astronomy, just to explain our system, in which Comets only can be seen, and so far as they are connected with it, which I have done, I have, therefore, for the present, done with this part of Astronomy."

ART. XXVIII.—*A History and Description of the Different Varieties of the Georgiana or Dahlia, now in cultivation in the British Gardens; illustrated with Coloured Figures of all the choicest Sorts.* By JAMES SINCLAIR. London: Sherwood and Co. 1835.

EACH number of this work is to contain four varieties faithfully drawn and coloured from nature, accompanied with such concise details and descriptions as will be calculated to promote the growth and culture of the Dahlia among all classes. The sorts are carefully selected from the richest collections in England, viz., from those splendid displays annually made by the Metropolitan Society of Florists and Amateurs, and the South London Horticultural Society, which perhaps are the finest in the whole world. And certainly we have never seen the grandeur and magnificence of Dahlias so happily pictured as in this publication. They are lithographed and printed, according to the new method of printing in colours, which has been adopted by foreign artists. Let every warm admirer of this beautiful tribe of flowers but once have a glimpse of any one of the numbers of the work now before us, and purchasers will be equally numerous. There is no end to the new varieties of the Dahlia that may be raised from seeds. Of the present specimens it is impossible for us to say which is our chief favourite, where all seems the perfection of form and colour. But it may afford some adequate notion of the ardour with which these flowers are cultivated, when it is stated, that Mr. Widnall, a florist, near Cambridge, has, within these last three years, rejected 200 varieties of named Dahlias, which had been previously esteemed fine specimens.

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1836.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of Mirabeau; Biographical, Literary, and Political.*

By Himself, his Father, his Uncle, and his Adopted Child. 8vo. Vols.

III. and IV. London: Churton. 1836.

THE two first volumes of these strange and extravagant Memoirs now before us, fell under our notice nearly a twelvemonth ago. The third and fourth, which do not complete the work, are in perfect keeping with the preceding, and exhibit to the English reader a picture far more wonderful, than, as we believe, the compiling author or any Frenchman can be aware of. That picture displays not only the man who is the principal subject of the work, to have been one of extraordinary genius, and of the vastest powers of mind—to have been one of the most illustrious, the most inconsistent, the most passionate, the most erring, and one of the greatest sufferers of mankind, but it exhibits the Mirabeau family as extraordinary throughout, to a degree and in a fashion that can only be accounted for, by saying that a constitutional insanity tainted the whole, or rather guided their splendid mental faculties. If ever madness could be said to be nearly allied to genius, it was in their case. But the general picture we refer to, has more in it than individual portraits, or a family group; it exhibits a state and style of national manners and feelings, sufficiently extraordinary to excite astonishment and the most serious reflections on the part of every rightly constituted mind, and cannot fail to affect people of our own country with the most impressive lessons. Indeed, we look upon these Memoirs as nothing less than containing a splendid picture of genius, of wide-spread vice, and of incalculable suffering. To us the whole is, beyond description, arresting, melancholy, and woful.

Our readers may remember that the adopted child mentioned in the title of the work, gives out (and there is no question about the truth of the matter), that nothing but imperfect documents have previously served to let the public into the secret, well or ill understood, of the private life of the wonderful man whose Memoirs he now furnishes; and that both the admirers or adulators of Mi-

rabeau, and his detractors, have equally mistaken his character and real history. By means, however, of the present author's peculiar opportunities, his possession of almost innumerable private and family documents, which no one else had such ample access to, and certain injunctions imposed upon him by members of the Mirabeau family, he professes now to give a full and most impartial account of the great subject of his work; and although it is but fair to suppose that his personal obligations to his hero, and familiar acquaintance with his splendid powers, must have naturally in some measure affected the spirit of his narrative, and the selection of the documents published, yet the impression communicated to the reader of these volumes is altogether favourable to the author; nor have we the least design or desire to impugn his honesty either as an editor or commentator. In all conscience, taking his picture as it stands it is striking and affecting enough.

On the present occasion it is not our purpose to go much into the squabbles of the Mirabeau family, as chiefly exposed by the correspondence of Mirabeau himself, of his perverse, obdurate, and unnatural father the marquis, and of his uncle the bailli. Abundance, on this head, was given in our former review.

The story of the abduction of Sophie, the wife of the Marquis of Monnier, was there likewise taken notice of. For this flagrant crime—but of which the seducer and the seduced seem to have been equally guilty—Mirabeau was condemned to death, and kept in prison for a very lengthened period in Vincennes, while the fair sinner, but not penitent, was confined in a convent. In the first of the volumes now before us, we have a great deal of the same sort of family correspondence which was carried on in the two that preceded; we have Mirabeau set at liberty, the death of Sophie, and the occupations and incidents most worthy of record in the private life of the hero himself, down to its termination—wherein his exertions to obtain the restoration of his wife, lawsuits, and many strange, yea, and most disgraceful documents employed in connection with these lawsuits, are disclosed. The fourth volume gives us the commencement of the second branch of these Memoirs, viz. of Mirabeau's public life, which was vast even in its brevity, and which is to occupy the succeeding portions of the publication. Our present purpose will, however, only be to select such passages of the portion before us, as guide the reader immediately to an appreciation of some of the individual characters introduced into them, as well as of certain national features, not merely belonging to the period when Mirabeau flourished, but to the present, as indicated by the author's sentiments here published for the eye of his countrymen. There is no necessity for tracing Mirabeau's public career regularly or closely; every one knows that his speeches and writings abound with specimens of splendid mental energy and tempestuous eloquence.

It seems but fair to allow that the duration and severity of Mirabeau's confinement in the donjon of Vincennes—the general and unfavourable impression produced upon his mind by certain scandalous publications greatly to his prejudice, and when he possessed not the means nor the friends fully to defend himself—the influences which so long a detention must necessarily have exercised over the prisoner's subsequent career, over his studies, his systems, his resolutions, and his private and public life—should attend all our conceptions of what is related as to the future, from the period of his liberation. We observe in many parts of this work, at the same time, that both Mirabeau and his biographer lay much stress, as to the past, on the fire of youth, burning thoughts, bad advice, unfortunate circumstances, over a heart declared to be naturally good. In reference to such apologies for flagrant errors, we shall have afterwards occasion to speak; but in the meanwhile, who does not see how dangerous would be the admission of such kinds of defence? But to begin with our extracts, and a few features of character, we select part of what the father and the uncle say of Mirabeau, whereby the describers as well as the described may be partly understood. Hear the marquis first.

"All is extraordinary to this man, and every thing must long remain in the regions of the imagination. What is not so is, that he appears to have always the same confidence and docility, and that he is never idle night or day, showing as much ardour for work, and activity in business, as obedience. On my part—as I know that this man, who is drawn to the right by his heart, and to the left by his head, which is always four yards from him, is made up of reflection like a looking-glass; as I know that his attraction, his situation, his talents, will lead him to cut a figure in an age when words have no sound, writings no fixed character, rights no reality, and duties no authority—when all is conducted as at Lilliput, that is to say so far as regards diminutiveness, but without foundation or principles;—I endeavour to pour into him my head, my soul, my heart, and all—the sound and available knowledge produced by a long course of study and meditation. I think he is beginning to conceive that at sixty-six a man has a longer nose than at thirty, and that good counsel may be drawn from an elderly gentleman who never was a dupe but for his own convenience, and on that great principle, derived from a constant and fruitful reading of history, namely, that the most skilful and bustling make a hundred-and-thirty sword thrusts in water, for each effective thrust, and that all the intrigues of the Palatine, Longueville, Châtillon, Chevreuse, and Montbazen, sleep in the same grave, and effected nothing but what would have happened without them. I think he is convinced, at present, that the true road to distinction is the most perfect honesty, and that this alone can lead to greatness. Not that, with the advances he has made, the age in which he lives, his disposition, a certain fund of lightheartedness, and that terrible 'gift of familiarity,' as Gregory the Great terms it—a gift which makes him turn about great men as he would faggots of sticks—I ever dreamt of making him (*magnum opus*!) a man with the delicacy of his grandfather, his uncle, or even

his father; but he is well persuaded that I must have him an honest man or nothing."—vol. iii, pp. 137—139.

Now for the bailli's portraiture, in which there is far more wisdom.

"Give no credence to the reports which people are pleased to spread against him; believe nothing but what I tell you, for I know that ill-natured things have already been said. There are individuals interested in destroying him, and they would fain make the wolf so monstrous, that his ears are camels' tails. But I will let you know every thing: this is doing justice, and it is also my duty. Though he so greatly resembles his mother, he has not her tormenting spirit, nor her domestic violence and turbulence; though an immoderate talker, he detests scandal; neither has he a vulgar appearance, nor is he given to intemperance; he has no taste for play, which he abhors, as he also does idleness, being fond of work and books. As a set-off against these good qualities, he is always out at the elbows, and there is innate want of order in him; he is credulous as a nurse, indiscreet, a liar by exaggeration, affirmation, and impudence, without necessity, for the mere sake of story-telling; and he has a confidence in himself which on every subject throws dust into the eyes of others, setting it off, as he does, with infinite talent and powers of mind. However, vice in him has taken much less root than virtue. He is all facility, fire, incapacity, weakness (not laziness,) uncertainty of disposition, a mind cogitating in the indefinite, and building with soap bubbles. Now, brother of mine, we have him as he is. I pass over myself, for if I had you not, I should be but a poor, prostrate old man. Whilst we yet last, we must assist him, if he shows constant good-will, rather than suffer him to dangle from some tree that may find him heavy.

"I have yet no reason to draw back. Honoré appears wholly occupied in playing the tame duck, and saving me trouble. It is very strange! Disposed as he is to decide dogmatically upon all matters, and to stun every one with his knowledge, he confesses that he is nothing compared to his father. The truth is, that it is difficult to have greater talent than he has for acceleration and deduction.

"So, thanks to your posteromania, you are now engaged in playing the pedagogue over a chicken of thirty-two years old! Are you silly enough to believe that you will make him other than he is? You have undertaken a puzzling task, in endeavouring to round off a disposition which is like a hedge-hog, all in points, with very little body. Take heed, moreover, that the very way to succeed in nothing is to attempt to think for others, and lead them according to your taste, and not theirs. If, when your son is thirty-three years old, you cannot let him take his own range, after the punishments he has undergone, you are attempting to dry up the river after the fashion of the Danaïdes."—vol. iii, pp. 157—160.

There is much piquancy and not a little originality in these and many other letters by the same parties; but when we come to Mirabeau's own private writings, much more his public oratory, what fire, what compass of imagination, what readiness of illustration, and what cogency of reasoning! At present, we seek not for

any particular examples ; but as evidence of his destitute condition after he had recovered his freedom, and of the cruel obstinacy of his father, parts of two of his letters to a sister may be quoted.

“ You will see my dear sister, by my letter to my father, that I am far, very far, from being able to assent to the favourable prognostics which your kind heart sends me. Mine is lacerated and its wound will never close. My father’s hatred and contempt are at length evident : he shows them in their nakedness. His contempt is perhaps forced, but in that case his hatred is only the more violent. He wants to make those who will not betray my cause, ashamed of loving me. He has decided that no one can be my friend without roguery or folly. He confesses that he expects and wishes I shall entirely lose my uncle’s regard, that I may the sooner be crushed. He announces my proscription for at least seven years, protests that he will never raise the interdict against me, and declares that he will make his will in consequence. At the present time, to hasten my ruin and prevent my obtaining success and acquiring reputation, he does all in his power to make me quit this place as a bankrupt, and refuses me even the smallest pecuniary assistance. I have neither income, nor appointment, nor charge, nor resources, and I have already disbursed 4,800 francs upon the future and uncertain price of my labours in prison. What can and ought I to do, except to forestall his decree and his prophesy by banishing myself for ever from my family and my country ? Such resolutions are not made and executed without the heart breaking. I cannot escape my destiny. Fear nothing however for my first feelings. I have consulted my uncle ; this was my duty, and I greatly required it, for, I confess, I am unable at this moment to reflect or even to think.

“ Here I am free ! . . . But what can I do with my freedom ? Rejected by my father—forgotten, perhaps hated by my mother, because I attempted to serve her—dreaded by my uncle—waited for by my creditors, not one of whom has been paid, although I was deprived of all I had in the world, under pretence of satisfying them—threatened by my wife, or by those who direct her—destitute of everything—having neither income nor profession, nor credit. Ah ! God grant that my enemies may not be so cowardly as they are perverse—that they will realise my hopes—that they will come upon the green sward where I am prepared to meet them ! . . . But, dear sister, they will not come. If I went to fetch them, I should be called a bully—perhaps, a murderer ! And yet I am sadly in want of being run through the body.”—vol. iii, pp. 260, 261, 263, 264.

But we come to an important episode in the present work—a romance replaced by history, as the author calls it—and which is regarded by us, not merely as one of the most tragic lessons ever recorded, but as giving a picture of manners and feelings which have been, and still are prevalent in France—we mean the termination of the loves of Mirabeau and Sophie. And in this narrative the author declares that he has presented as much as possible, without any concession to the whims of that mischievous curiosity which many writers have flattered, and at the same time as much

as will place in their true light the facts as well as the persons connected therewith. . A fair abridgment and limited extracts, without almost any commentary of ours, is all that need be given for the moral or critical ends we have in view.

"After the two first years of Madame de Monnier's residence at the convent of the Saintes-Clares, at Gien, whither she was conducted June 18th, 1777, some relaxation took place of the rigour of her confinement. Several of the most respectable inhabitants of the town were at times allowed to visit her in her cell; and it appears by the letters from the donjon of Vincennes, that one of these individuals aroused that extreme jealousy peculiar to Mirabeau's character. This is attested by numerous witnesses, and more especially by Mirabeau himself, in a great number of letters, some of them published.

"Notwithstanding his imperative remonstrances, and his very explicit prohibitions, Sophie continued to receive M. de Rancourt's visits, and some others, of which she said nothing in her letters. These had certainly become cold and constrained. This silence concerning her visitors was made known, and perhaps exaggerated to Mirabeau by the persons through whose hands the secret correspondence between the lovers was conveyed backwards and forwards, between Gien and Vincennes.

"Father Claude Maillet, a Franciscan priest, a sort of spiritual director (Mirabeau says, 'a sultan-monk') attached to the convent of Saintes-Clares, and residing in the establishment, paid great attention to Madame de Monnier, and inspired her with friendship; and in the hope of being employed at court as a preacher, through the supposed interest of Mirabeau, Father Maillet obtained from Sophie a strong recommendation to her lover, which was received the more angrily by the latter, from being the more pressing. Some time after this, Father de Tellier, a Minim, a priest remarkable by his youth, the beauty of his person, and his eloquence in the pulpit, began to frequent the convent, and being well received by Madame de Monnier, the Franciscan conceived the greatest jealousy of him, and denounced him to the abbess, who, on account of the Minim's order, and also on account of his extreme modesty and reserve, did not think proper to notice an accusation, which being dictated by interested motives, was on that very account to be looked at with suspicion. This rivalry between the two priests made a noise within the convent and without, and again officious reports were forwarded to Mirabeau. The correspondence so long full of passion, but which for several months had been languishing on both sides, now assumed quite a new character. Mirabeau wrote violent letters, the replies were bitter, and Sophie deeply offended, fancying that under an assumed fit of jealousy, Mirabeau sought a rupture, was giving away to despair, when a mutual friend offered to bring about a verbal explanation, far preferable to letters, in which anger on both sides had succeeded to pettishness, and direct accusation to timid insinuations and mild reproaches." vol. iii, pp. 269—271.

The mutual friend was a Dr. Ysabeau, the convent physician, whose attentions to the frail Sophie are described as constant and tender. He wrote to Mirabeau, then at Bignon, who immediately and secretly set out for Gien, where, assuming the dress of a ped-

lar, he was introduced into the convent by the doctor, in whose presence a long and angry conference took place between the lovers. The vehemence on both sides exceeded all reasonable bounds, and they separated under feelings of great irritation, henceforward all intercourse between them being broken off. It is proper to mention, that though Mirabeau's wife was alive, he and she were separated, and that Sophie's husband was now dead. In 1783, she obtained an almost entire freedom, but still resided at Gien, where she soon formed an intimacy with the best society of the place, often visiting and residing with the principal families in the town and chateaux in the neighbourhood. Several of these families are specified by the author; but the laxity of morals, and the indulgence extended to a loose woman, are much more strongly evidenced by statements that follow.

"Having got rid of the Franciscan and the Minim, whose rejected pretensions and imaginary rivalry had, in some degree committed her, she became an object of assiduous attention to an officer of the Maréchaussée, named Lecuyer, not at all deficient in intellect or valour, and enjoying a certain degree of esteem, but a man of violent temper which, though long restrained by a wish to please, burst forth in all its violence, the moment he had won Madame de Monnier's confidence and affection. This intimacy, which did not last long, was checkered with uneasiness, anxiety, and quarrels; and Sophie was far from finding in it, that happiness of which she seemed always in search, but could never attain.

"After a time, however, she thought she had reached it. In her intercourse with society, she became acquainted with a retired captain of cavalry, a widower of thirty-five, whose late wife was of the Rancourt family, a member of which had formerly awakened Mirabeau's jealousy. M. Edme Benoit de Poterat often met Madame de Monnier in the best society at Gien, and in the neighbouring chateaux. A conformity of opinions and tastes, a mutual habit of melancholy, the communication to each other of their respective misfortunes, and even their mutual anxieties for each other's health, which in each had been affected by mental and bodily suffering:—all these things tended to unite them by a bond of tender sympathy, which soon ripened into a warmer feeling. Sophie, enlightened by experience, endeavoured, but ineffectually, to resist this *penchant*."—vol. iii, pp. 275, 276.

The lovers were mutually captivated, and both being free, they determined to marry. His increasing ill health forced him to quit the country, when he fixed his residence at Gien, close to hers. Here he received from her the most anxious and tender attentions; but his consumption was making rapid strides to a fatal termination.

"From this period her resolution was evidently taken. She had always kept up a close intimacy with the excellent Dr. Yeabeau and his kind wife, who was the sincerest and most useful of Madame de Monnier's friends. She replied to their kind soothing, with a well calculated mixture of grief and apparent resignation. She told him that being too much accus-

tomed to suffer, and having succeeded in surmounting afflictions such as can be felt only once in the course of a life, she should not allow herself to be overcome by the less affliction, painful as it was, with which she was threatened. She spoke calmly of distant projects, and then turned the conversation upon a recent occurrence much talked of in the town, and connected with a young sempstress, whose imprudence had endangered her life. Madame Monnier inquired without affectation about the effects of suffocation from charred wood. She asked whether death necessarily ensued. The doctor replied that when the suffocation was gradual and incomplete, instances had been known of persons saved by the instinctive effect of introducing air into the room by opening a window, or even by breaking a pane of glass. She well noted this information, spoke very freely on other topics, and then took her leave.

"Meanwhile, M. de Poterrat's complaint was fast approaching its term, and no hope remaining, Madame de Monnier's grief, and the situation in which she would be left by his death, awakened the sympathy of every one, and brought her numerous visitors."—vol. iii, pp. 277, 278.

This situation, which is said to have been officiously and in a torturing manner represented to Sophie, impressed her so deeply with the disgrace which would ensue, that she resolved on committing suicide. Soon after, her lover died in her arms, and on her return home, she informed her servants that she was going on the morrow to visit a friend, with whom she would spend the day.

"After the departure of Dr. Ysabeau and his wife, she called sister Louise, and her servant boy, and informed them that she was going on the morrow to visit a friend, with whom she should spend the day. She then dismissed them after giving her orders for the morning. Being now alone, she collected her papers, tied them in bundles, sealed them, wrote a letter containing her last instructions, and then entered a small closet, the smallness and closeness of which she considered suited to the design she had long since resolved to carry into execution. She then closed and carefully caulked the door and the window. Two chaffing-dishes full of charcoal which she had just lighted were then placed by her, one on each side of the arm-chair upon which she seated herself. In order to prevent her purpose from being counteracted by any instinctive effort of nature, she bound her two legs first under, then above her clothes. She then tied one of her arms to the arm-chair; and afterwards fixed the other arm with a ligature prepared beforehand, and then fastened with her teeth. In this position she calmly awaited death."—vol. iii, pp. 279, 280.

Next morning she was found, apparently dead, and in the position described. Before Dr. Ysabeau was apprized of the catastrophe, a rash and unskilful surgeon had not thought of trying the most simple means of resuscitation. Full of the idea, though the author says, without any apparent reason, of the possibility of a pregnancy, he opened the body, and an hour after, when Dr. Ysabeau arrived, there was left nothing of the human form of the once lovely Sophie, which caused the more intense grief, as that physician learned, some remains of coloration and heat had been observed prior to the atrocious operation. So much for the woful

episode itself; now for the author's reflections, which give us the picture of the past and the present in France, in reference to the estimate of Mirabeau and Sophie's conduct.

"From Sophie's very infancy, her character presented the rare combination of extraordinary energy, with the most exquisite gentleness. The latter quality, being the most apparent, concealed the former. Nor did the family perceive the indications of excessive sensibility, which bore the germ of the most uncontrollable of passions. A skilful direction would have kept this tendency in check; and a well assorted marriage would have converted the girl of strong passions into a chaste wife and an accomplished mother. Her parents, virtuous though they were, but blinded by sordid calculations, laid the foundation of her ruin, from misunderstanding her character. She was scarcely a woman ere she was united to a man seventy years of age. The most submissive and most affectionate daughter was thus made to suffer the penalty inflicted by the ancients upon parricides—that of being chained to a corpse. No other woman, even of a vulgar mind, or of a more advanced age, or with passions and feelings extinct or lukewarm, could have found happiness in such a union; for the infirm husband was harsh, jealous, miserly, a bigot, and especially vindictive. His very marriage was the strongest evidence of the latter defect. Tied to such a companion, Sophie's burning passion, being without any specific object, remained smouldering in her bosom, ready to burst forth into a flame on the slightest excitement. On a sudden, in the midst of the *ennui* and solitude of a small provincial town, a man appeared, the first of an age corresponding with her own, whom Sophie had yet known. 'All the stays of virtue were wanting to her;' and she was always surrounded by old men and priests. This man was young; he was persecuted and unhappy. Armed with the powers of seduction, belonging to the most fascinating mind that ever existed, he was a most dangerous acquaintance for a young wife so situated. Seeing Sophie daily, he drank in large draughts of a passion always and every where persuasive, but which, being elevated to a unison with his prodigious faculties of intellect, derived from it supernatural eloquence. No woman could have withstood it; and in such a perilous situation, what ægis could have preserved the ardent and inexperienced Sophie?"—vol. iii, pp. 282—284.

We stop in the midst of the paragraph (which we could wish to insert entire), that we may avoid one short sentence that suits not our pages. The general train of reasoning and defence, however, is by no means weakened by the avoidance, and we resume its current.

"The excitement of exuberant youth, the hitherto unknown delight of loving and being beloved, repeated ill-usage, a rash elopement, an unexpected arrest, the torture of separation, the ephemeral happiness of maternity, though she felt nothing but its sufferings, a long and rigorous imprisonment, the loss of a beloved child, whom she had been allowed to see only once, a daily correspondence—and such a correspondence!—all tended during the space of seven years, to feed this passion, which seemed to increase with the sufferings it cost her. But a period at length arrived, when the burning letters of this correspondence became languid and rare on both sides; and shortly afterwards, mutual suspicion, if not mutual infidelity, suddenly severed two lovers who, before, seemed to have exchanged their

lives with each other. Great as was the passion that had filled Sophie's heart, that heart was not yet exhausted. After a time she made a second choice; but fate reserved for her the only misfortune in love which she had not yet felt—the death of her lover Saturated, as she was with grief, and, from her very youth, caring but little for life, which she would not accept but on condition of loving, she resolved not to survive an event to which she had already looked forward before it took place. On the very day her lover died, she inflicted death upon herself.”—vol. iii, pp. 283—285.

Little more need be said of the narrative now given, and the apologetic argument of the author, than that they are French all over. It cannot be supposed that he has been speaking in a style different from what he deems becoming and satisfactory, in reference either to his own sentiments or the feelings and views of the people of France at the present day. Would it be desirable to have the same sort of polite charity extended to our own country? Without wasting words on an answer to such a question, we proceed to observe, that we have not discovered in the pages that follow the sad termination of a wicked life, as now described, any notice taken, or any documents published, from which Mirabeau's reflections or anxieties can be learned, in consequence of such an awful appeal to his feelings and conscience. We do not say that he felt callous or unconcerned when the appalling tidings of the suicide reached him, but is it not matter of wonder, amid such a superabundance of documents here published, and anecdotes connected with that extraordinary man, that the poor infatuated Sophie should not at her death have obtained some written or verbal notice in these pages, as having come from her seducer? To be sure the matter is not entirely passed over by the author. He says, “it was, no doubt, Mirabeau who first brought Sophie into the dangerous course which ended in self-destruction. But, let us not fear to add, that the fate of this victim of love and fatality was fixed beforehand by her natural, physical, and mental constitution, and the irreparable fault committed by her family in forcing her to marry the Marquis of Monnier. Had Mirabeau never gone to Pontalier, and Sophie had to defend her heart and senses against an ordinary man, her destiny would have been the same, and her career closed by the same catastrophe.” We were going to say, all this is very fine; but it is rather very gross, and may be very untrue; but without question it is very French.

On entering upon the second, namely, the public part of Mirabeau's life, we cite a general summing up by the author, of his moral character.

“That Mirabeau, in the second part of his private life, was precisely what we described him in the first: obliging and affable, confiding and generous; as kind and easy tempered, as he was violent and impetuous;

as ready to do good, as he was slow to believe and quick in forgetting evil; as warm in friendship, as he was incapable of hatred and revenge; as passionately fond of virtue, as he was the slave of his own passions.

"We will further add, that Mirabeau, whom some writers have represented as a furious gamester, a low debauchee, and a voracious glutton, could not keep himself awake when engaged in play, hated all kinds of debauchery, breakfasted upon tea, and dined in ten minutes at the most sumptuous tables, where, it is true, he fascinated the guests for hours together, by an eloquence, which, his friends say, was even more brilliant in private conversation than in the tribune.

"We must now look at the other side of the picture.

"A great stigma, which is but too well founded, remains attached to Mirabeau's memory, on account of the looseness of his morals, and the disordered state of his private affairs.

"1st. On account of the looseness of his morals.

"His passion for women, amounting to a species of frenzy, led him to form connections without number. This was a deplorable propensity, no doubt, but more to be lamented than imputed to dishonourable feelings; for it was in a great measure involuntary, or, to speak more correctly, entirely physical."—vol. iii, pp. 407, 408.

The disordered state of his private affairs* is charged to his "being *incapable* of being provident, or imposing privation upon himself; being always excited by various wants, loving to excess the splendour of affluence, and trusting always to the future, whilst he was careless of the present, he borrowed and spent much money, and scarcely ever paid his debts." Passing over his incapability (which can only mean, in the case of a moral agent, unwillingness) of being provident, as an apology, ought any one to allow such sophistry, and doctrines fraught with such disastrous consequences, as our author often and strongly repeats, about vices being involuntary and constitutional? The truth is, there does not appear from the beginning to the end of Mirabeau's life, as given in our author's volumes, one fact or statement to prove that he ever endeavoured to curb his vices; nay, we are constantly hearing of his vehemence, of his unbridled impetuosity; and ought not every one to denounce both the hero and his author, whenever such dire opinions, as these and similar apologies convey, are obtruded upon the public, in a work of such pretensions as the one now on our table?

But, to leave off the evidences of Mirabeau's looseness of principles and morals in private life, abundance of which appear, not touched upon in our extracts—such as in the case of another young lady, who, the author says, was "subdued by the pity with which his misfortunes inspired her, and seduced by the magic of his language," and, who "strongly fixed him by her beauty, her good sense, and the power of a virtue the more touching, because a single fault rendered her as modest as she was gentle and shrinking,"—a single extract, in which the labours of Mirabeau, while for

many months a prisoner, will impress the reader with a lofty sense of his gigantic powers and prodigious application.

"The publication of the letters from the Donjon of Vincennes, has made known the immensity of Mirabeau's studies and labours during his captivity of forty-two months. Many have been lost, others remained unfinished. Among the lost or incomplete, we may mention a translation of Horace, one of Ovid, one of Catullus and Propertius, one of Tasso's *Aminta*, a treatise on Mythology, a general grammar, an essay on literature, a drama, a tragedy, a collection of prose elegies, dissertations on the use of regular troops, on the obedience due to governments, and on religious houses. We have nothing to state concerning these productions, not a fragment of which has reached us.

"The other works written wholly or in part by Mirabeau during his captivity, and which have since been published at different periods, are—translations of Tibullus, Boccaccio, and Johannes Secundus, a collection of Tales, the '*Lettres de Cachet and State Prisons*,' the '*Espion Dévalisé*,' the '*Errotica Biblion*,' and the '*Conversion*.'

"We shall not allude to the two last, except to deplore the cause which produced them, and which we must look for in the deep pecuniary distress to which Mirabeau was reduced in the Donjon of Vincennes with a pension of only 600 francs a year, in want of actual necessities, as was likewise Sophie at her convent. We shall only add, that these disgraceful productions did not leave Mirabeau's hand in the state in which they now appear to the very small number of persons who read them. They have been falsified by covetous publishers, who have made the most disgusting additions, as is proved by many fragments which we possess of the latter work, and by the entire autograph manuscript of the former; and that by the supposition of the '*Good Angel*' having taken charge of these manuscripts, a most unjust imputation has been cast upon the prudent and virtuous Boucher. The proof of this has already been published. It is well known, besides, that neither of these works was published till long after Boucher's death; and it is not difficult to believe, that publishers induced, by a hope of gain, to disgrace themselves by so base a speculation, would have lost no time in publishing."—vol. iv, pp. 44—47.

What is stated in this last paragraph, like many other portions of these volumes, goes to disprove numerous serious charges that have been heaped upon the head of Mirabeau. Throughout, the author adduces documents, very many of them never before published, that tend to set the hero of his work in a much more favourable light than he has generally (by writers) been made to appear; but as the public career of Mirabeau has not been, on this occasion, so much an object of inquiry, as certain individual and national traits of character, we do not go into the contents of the fourth volume. It may be proper to state, however, that it brings down his political career to the year 1788, and that, taken altogether, the author, who has certainly found a translator whom English readers should be grateful to, for laying such a work before them, has shown a desire, while he has proven his capacity, for writing a book that will form an authority for the chastened page of future history.

ART. II.—*The Angler's Souvenir*. By P. FISHER, Esq. London : Tilt. 1836.

NEVER but with a pulsation of pleasant recollections and of refreshment, do we read the word Angler, or any other term that leads us forcibly back, in imagination, to the days when we followed, yea, and had a name, in the gentle art. We are not given to stare and linger at any show shop in the vast metropolis of England, not even at Mr. Tilt's, No. 86, Fleet Street, or any other eminent print-seller's exhibitions, although henceforward we shall take a glance, all round the corner, at the above-named gentleman's pictorial displays, in the hope, since he has published this exquisite little volume on our favourite pastime, that he continues to patronize such congenial gems, or even to recall to our recollection so much of this Souvenir, as is to be seen in any one of its tastefully and appropriately adorned pages. The truth is, that the only magazines of beauty and art that have ever gained our countenance, since having wandered from the green *braes*, wimpling burns, or classic streams of *bonny auld* Scotland, are those where the implements of art for the angler's silent trade are paraded. Nay; not unfrequently do we halt, where three golden balls indicate a vile yet rich assemblage of most incongruous things, to scan the proportions of some score of limber wands that dangle in bundles, or still more temptingly yield to the breeze, even in the crowded and smoky streets of Cockney-land. It is the power of associated ideas and fond remembrance, rather than any positive satisfaction, that thus rivets our eyes upon these various repositories ; for with few exceptions, there are not in London any truly workmanlike instruments of art to be seen by him who has been bred in the same school with ourselves. There is much for the eye of the novice, but little for the cultivated taste. There is much of glitter and variety ; but imposing display and glitter constitute not simplicity, and simplicity is, if not the soul, a chief attribute of every art that can be called fine or sentimental. In short, it is as impossible for an angling-tackle-maker, who has never been more than fifty miles from London, to understand his business, as it would be for a lake-boat man to double Cape Horn, or, to come nearer the matter in hand, for a bottom-fisher, who has dabbled in docks or canals only, to write the volume now before us.

From this testimony it follows, that we think well of the Angler's Souvenir. There is every where, in its pages, proofs of practical knowledge and study ; nor do we think the less of it, for being chiefly a compilation from former books on the same subject. On a theme which has been so assiduously and lengthenedly treated of, it would be preposterous to expect much novelty of matter, the chief thing to be looked for in any new publication of the kind, being a just appreciation of the merits, of the spirit, and of the sentiments belonging to the art. If an author can increase or extend

the fresh, the healthful, the exquisitely pure and beautiful taste that must pervade the bosom of every one who deserves the name of angler, he does better than the discovery or announcement of any new piscatory facts can now amount to. We will not have it, that he who even dexterously wields limber rod, and drops gossamer line softly as thistle down—each fly alighting within an inch of the intended spot of water—and that fills his pannier in a marvellously short space of time, is any thing more than a clever fisherman; certainly he comes not nearer our notions of an angler, than a mere rhymester does a poet. If he would be a brother in the art, he must love it chiefly as the handle and opportunity for far more excursive and refined processes; if the elegant manipulations and the necessary converse with perfect and untarnished nature, which the pastime involves, be not accompanied with deep but exhilarating moral sentiments, each day's sport being nothing less than a new and refreshing lesson to the heart, we say, the piscator is no angler, no artist, in the full and liberal meaning of the terms.

We have known many a village and rustic angler, and have found our opinion, as now given, fully established by such examples; for we never were acquainted with one of these, who loved the sport more for its associations of a sentimental kind, than for its destructive and profitable results, but was an amiable and good man. Sometimes the social habits and feelings have belonged to them in an eminent degree; for how can brother anglers, for example, be unhappy when together? Meet but two such on a coach, that till then have been strangers, and if there be a circumstance to indicate the angling habits of the one, believe us no more, if these men be not chums for the rest of the journey, whether on the road or at the inn. We shall only farther add, before returning to the volume before us, that with all these amiable or social propensities, we have been familiar with some most estimable anglers, who were bachelors all their life-times, as if wedded to their piscatory habits, and afraid to be disturbed by any other alliance.

The question now comes, Has our author in his *Souvenir* proved himself not only a man of the line and rod, but an angler in the liberal sense of the term?—Has he shown that he entertains a just conception of the scope and genius of the delicate art of which he treats?—that art which, like the dainty occupations of the fair, engages the hands enough and no more than to keep the time, as it flies, from being or seeming idly spent, yet allows excursive thought and meditation, an unchecked wing;—nay, more than in the case of delicate web or thrifty distaff, leads to the richest and most genial fields of cheerful reflection, and stimulates the finest imaginings? Our answer here is also favourable. As to the spirit of his writing, our chief objection is, that something like forced pretension and affected exaggeration here and there appears; and as to its literature, that the dialogue is not always easy, natural, nor calcu-

lated to strengthen his descriptions or lessons equally with its length. At the same time, as "a disposer of other men's stuff," he is generally clear and entertaining; instructive also, in as far as book-learning is of use, while the work is got up in the most expensive and tasteful style, not to be imagined by those who have not turned over its leaves. Every page is adorned and illustrated by appropriate devices on every margin—sides, top, and bottom. The vignettes, which are numerous introduced, are still more exquisitely designed and executed. We know not that ever we have beheld more beautiful and happy representations than these little bits of rural scenery, anglers' tackle, anglers' attitudes, and anglers' spoil. The illustrations are by Beckwith and Topham, and there can be no more doubt, that he who designed them is a proficient in our favourite pastime, than that the writer of the book belongs to the same fraternity. In short, taken altogether, the Angler's Souvenir should grace every drawing-room table, though none but dowagers or nabobs frequented them, so long as it is to be presumed that a taste for the fine arts exists amongst them. That every follower of the "silent trade," who can spare his guinea, will hasten to feast his eyes with its beauties, is not for a moment to be questioned. We proceed to extract a few specimens of that department of the work which alone can find a way into our pages. First, as well suits a beginner, let us hear our author's description of "youthful anglers," and of those who, we would say, are in the very incipency of their apprenticeship:—

"Few persons who have been educated in the country, except the peevish or sickly, and such as have had a brute for a master, can look back upon their boyish days without bringing to mind many recollections of real, heartfelt, unalloyed pleasure; amongst which that of angling, with an episode of bathing or bird-nesting, is not the least delightful. On a fine summers afternoon—when the new-mown hay smells sweet, when the trees are in full leaf, and wild-flowers in full bloom, the corn in the ear, and the bean in blossom: when there are trout in every burn, and nests in every hedge and thicket—happy are the school-boys who obtain a half-holiday; and few of the pleasures of life, either for present enjoyment or after-thought exceed those of such an occasion. The kind master—masters who occasionally give such an indulgence are always kind good men—with a suppressed smile of satisfaction announces the glad tidings, and immediately retires, that he may not witness the somewhat indecorous haste with which books and slates are laid aside, and hats and caps scrambled for. Like a swarm of bees casting, they rush out of school with a joyful hum, and then, spreading themselves in groups upon the green, hold council how they shall best dispose of the portion of golden time which has been accorded to them *per gratiam domini*—through the kindness of the master. One party is off to the meadow, to plague the farmer by tumbling among the hay, when they pretend to assist him in tedding it; another is gone to the wood and the coppice, to cut sticks, gather flowers, and seek bird-nests, and a third has determined to try the fishing, after taking a bathe in the

Friar's Pool, as they go up the burn. Those of the latter party who have rods now produce them, and a survey and fitting of tackle take place; while such as are not so well provided set out in search of brandling worms and cad-bait; their reward for such service being a cast now and then, with the honour of carrying the fish home.

"To attend our fishing-party: they have now had their bathe in the Friar's Pool; the swimmers boldly plunging in from the ledge of rocks at the head, and the sinkers prudently confining themselves to dabbling about in the shallows at the foot. Two young ones, who would not go over-head voluntarily, were, to prevent them taking cold, thrice ducked, nolens volens; and another, who would not bathe, was gently bumped against a sod dyke. They now proceed to the serious business of the afternoon—fishing. The strongest, as a matter of right, selecting such parts of the water as appear to them best; the weaker fishing where they can; and those who have neither rod nor line, waiting on such as have, or trying to catch minnows and loaches with their hands, or to spear eels with the prongs of an old fork stuck in a broom-stick.

"The boy who has thus auspiciously entered on his noviciate proceeds gradually until he takes a master's degree, an honour to which no one is admitted before he has performed the qualifying act of hooking and landing, without assistance, a salmon not less than fourteen pounds weight; after which he ought, on producing his testimonium, to have the entrée of every angling club throughout Great Britain and Ireland."—pp. 2—5.

Compare such rustic little fellows with mere bottom-fish-killers, whose practice has never extended beyond the Docks at Black-wall, the Surrey and Regent's Canals, or a mile from Islington, on the New River.

"Their hands are dabbled in blood—from the butcher's tub—and fouled with the garbage with which they bait their ground; and there is the fragrance of no flowers to conceal the loathsome smell. They hear not the murmur of the stream, nor the song of birds; they see not the forest in the fulness of summer leaf, nor the meadow pranked with summer flowers. Confined, in pairs, in a punt or boat, or singly to a strip of ground some thirty feet long, the extent of their rod and line, they sit or stand for hours, the picture of despondency—their eyes never raised from their float, unless when roused by the coarse salute of a sailor or bargeman, or by the sarcastic query of 'what success?' from the passer-by. Such persons, if married men, are generally those who seek relief from domestic annoyances; and who, in the words of one of their poets,

..... 'bend their way
To streams, where far from care and strife,
From smoky house and scolding wife,
They snare the finny race.'

"Elderly anglers, who feel weak in the legs after a mile or two's walk, and who seat themselves on the bare ground when fishing, ought to be made acquainted with the danger which they incur in thus incautiously resting themselves; for 'however dry it may seem,' says an experienced bottom-fisher, 'many from so doing, have experienced violent cholics, inflammation in the bowels, &c.' To guard against such disorders, it ap-

pears, from the authority above quoted, 'that careful anglers provide themselves with a piece of cork or board, (which some cover with a piece of carpet). . . . The cork or board provided for a seat, is usually about eighteen inches long and twelve broad, which may be kept and carried in a basket, with other articles used by anglers.' This contrivance, which was good enough in its day—about ten years since—has, in consequence of the late rapid strides of science, as applied to the useful arts, been almost wholly superseded by Macintosh's patent Caoutchouc Air-cushions, which, when not inflated, may be conveniently stowed in the hat-crown, and when wanted, can in two minutes be blown out to the size of a goodly pillow. But, as it is desirable that the angler should carry with him as few things as possible, beyond his necessary tackle, a further simplification of this 'life preserver' for the sedentary angler, is here suggested; being also water-proof, it has all the general advantages of the cushion, with, it is presumed, some little comforts in addition:—to be warm as well as dry, in the part most exposed to cold and damp, is a great desideratum with the angler who wishes to enjoy

..... 'pleasure and ease

Together mixed—sweet recreation.'

"The proposed improvement has also the advantage over the cushion in these points—it is always ready for use, and is much less liable to be lost. It is rather surprising that an invention at once so simple and obvious should have occurred to no bottom-fisher before. It consists merely in seating the inexpressibles of the sedentary angler with caoutchouc, and lining them, according to size, with two, three, or four bosom friends—prepared rabbit-skins, so called—which can be obtained at any glover or hosier's shop."—pp. 6—9.

"Our author chooses to be sarcastic at the expense of all such stagnant and muddy water labourers. To us the sight or remembrance of them brings loathing and contempt, if by such pastimes any thing more than a butcher's propensity, or the gross cravings of the stomach, be laid claim to. As the author quotes—

'For what avails to brooke or lake to goe,
With handsome rods and hookes of every sort,
Well-twisted lines, and many trinkets moe,
To find the fish within their wat'ry fort,
If that the minde be not contented so,
But wants those gifts that should the rest support.'"

We find two opinions in these pages, and among the many just and descriptive passages contained in the first chapter of the volume, with which every true angler must coincide. The one is, that even Sir Humphrey Davy, though he chose to despise "Cockney fishermen, who fish for roach and dace in the Thames," was by education and taste little better, after all that he has said in his *Salmonia*. We remember, that Christopher North denied that any invalid could either feel or write suitably on fly-fishing of trout and salmon; yet, while suffering under bad health and depressed spirits, the great philosophic chemist acquired and compiled much

of his experience on the subject. We equally agree with the present authority, that no man who drives out to Denham, "in a light carriage and pair of horses," to enjoy trout-fishing in a preserved stream, or who is carried into a boat on a Highlandman's back, to fish for salmon on Loch Maree, need aspire to such a distinction. Such a professor has neither the habits, the physical vigour, nor the exuberant spirits of the true angler. The other opinion is thus stated; part of the illustration we must also quote:—

"Delicate, nervous people—such fragile beings as, in country phrase, are said to be 'all egg-shells'—who conceive, and very truly, from some delightful papers in Blackwood by the 'old man eloquent,' that fly-fishing must be a most fascinating amusement, and who think that straightway they can enjoy it in all its charms, are for the most part wofully disappointed when they come to make the trial. Fly-fishing is indeed delightful, but not to them. A poor whimsical thing—poor in Heaven's best gift, *mens sana in corpore sano*—who

'Is everything by fits and nothing long,'

has persuaded himself that he would enjoy fly-fishing, and is determined to try the Wharfe, which he is informed affords good trout-fishing, the next time he visits Harrogate. Previous to leaving London, he provides himself with an excellent rod, and such lines, of hair and silk, as would make the mouth of an old angler water, who spins his own from no better material than the hairs of a cow's tail. His flies, though showy and well enough made, are not the kind for a trout, although laid within an inch of his nose by ever so fine a hand. He supplied himself at a tackle-makers, who knowing little of fly-fishing except for chub, provided his customer with a choice and extensive assortment of moths, cockchafers, and bees, with various kinds of large flies, dressed on hooks large enough to hold any salmon in Tweed.

"Having thus supplied himself with the means, and qualified himself in the art of killing, by a diligent study of Walton, Venables, Barker, Bowker, Williamson, Mackintosh, Bainbridge, Carrol, and others, who have treated of fly-fishing, he arrives at Harrogate about the middle of August, and in the course of a day or two proceeds to the Wharfe in the neighbourhood of Harewood, to make his first essay. Not wishing to appear as a novice, and thinking that his knowledge of the science may fairly place him on a par with any mere practical country fly-fisher, who has never read a book on the subject in his life, he asks no one's advice, but in the fulness of his own wisdom, sets about putting his theory into practice—sometimes a rather difficult affair as well in fly-fishing as in ploughing by steam. Having reached the water, which happens to be small and fine, about ten in the morning, the sun shining bright and the sky clear, he very properly begins by adjusting his tackle. He puts his rod together, screws on his wheel, on which he winds the line in a very artist-like manner, leading the end of it through the rings on the rod. He now draws forth his book of flies, and after selecting a foot-length to which three likely flies are attached—to wit, for the stretchier a good, heavy, red-ended bee, to make the line carry well out; for the lower dropper a cockchafer, and for the upper, a very fine grey moth—he loops it

to his line. Being resolved not to attempt throwing far at first, he only lets about nine yards of line off, and, waving his rod with a graceful turn of the arm, he meditates a throw; and now, away the line goes!—No, not exactly yet; for the bee has been so well counterfeited that it appears to have been attracted by the flower of the thistle to whose stalk it is sticking so fast. The bee is now disengaged from the thistle, but the moth shows a partiality for broad-cloth, and adheres most pertinaciously to the collar of the gentleman's coat, which he is obliged to put off before he can free himself from the annoying insect. But he has profited already from experience, and discovered that the surest mode of throwing out the line straight before you, is first to lay it on the ground straight behind, and then, taking your rod in both hands, and holding it directly over your right shoulder, deliver the flies right in front, by a sort of over-head stroke. After this fashion does he make his first cast, and swash go the flies into the water, as if a trio of wild ducks had stooped there in full flight; and had there been a trout near, he most surely would have been killed—with fright. For an hour he continues his unsuccessful practice; but consoles himself with the thought that he will have the more to take next day. Next day comes, another after that, but still he has caught no trout, though he has lost many flies. On the fourth day it rains, and in the forlorn hope of filling his basket while the water is rising, he ventures, without umbrella, to brave a shower—but still without success; he catches nothing but a cold. The same night he has his feet put in warm water, and takes a basin of gruel when he goes to bed. How unlike the angler proper, who has the same day been fishing in the Tweed, between Yairbridge and Melrose. He has caught four grilises, and as many dozen of trouts, from three in the afternoon till seven; and about eight o'clock, to save time and trouble, takes both dinner and supper at once; and afterwards enjoys, with Captain Clutterbuck, a bottle of wine, drinks three tumblers of toddy, smokes two cigars, and retires to bed about eleven, to rise, like a giant refreshed, at six the next morning.”—pp. 14—17.

The second chapter of the *Souvenir* contains descriptive notices of the Thames, and its tributary streams. In honour of the “North Countree,” we here first extract certain introductory remarks, which are all the better for the high authorities therein named.

“The author of ‘*Salmonia*,’ some six or seven years ago, declared that the glory of fly-fishing had departed from many of the streams of Scotland; but Christopher North, a much higher authority, writing within this present year, gives to all anglers a comfortable assurance that, though there is what he, ‘Christopher, and a Scotchman,’ calls first-rate angling, ‘in few, if any, of the dear English lakes;’ and though, with your own tackle, you may angle in Crummock water, ‘with amorous ditties all a summer’s day,’ and never get a rise; ‘tis never so in the lochs of Scotland. ‘But all living creatures,’ he thus continues, ‘are in a constant state of hunger in this favoured country; so bait your hook with any thing edible—it matters not what—snail, spider, fly—and angle for what you may, you are sure to catch it—almost as certainly as the accent or the itch.’ In ad-

dition to this express testimony of one so well qualified to give an opinion on this subject, we shall just quote an account of the Ettrick Shepherd's success, in little more than a mere en-passant whup at a couple of streams, the Meggat and the Fruid, when journeying, on a pleasant April day, from his own home on Yarrow to visit a few friends who pitched their tent, on a gipsying excursion, in the Fairy's Cleugh, on the south-eastern borders of Lanarkshire. We shall not attempt to injure, by translating, the Shepherd's delightful Doric, but quote his own words. 'I could na ken how ye micht be fennin' in the Tent for fish, so I thoct I might as weel tak a whup at the Meggat. How they lap ! I filled my creel afore the dew melt ; and as its out o' the poor o' ony man wi' a heart to gie owre fishin' in the Meggat durin' a tak, I kent by the sun it was nine-hours ; and by that time I had filled a' ma pouches, the braid o' the tail o' some o' them wrappin' again ma elbows.' The poet having over-ridden his horse, to make up for lost time, is obliged to wait till he gets second wind, and not to be idle, in the mean time, he tries another stream. 'I just thoct I wad try the Fruid wi' the flee, and put on a professor. The Fruid's fu' o' sma' troots, and I sune had a string. I could na hae had about me, at this time, ae way and ither, in ma several repositories, string and a', less than thretty dizzen o' troots.' Now this is angling indeed, and enough to tempt an elderly Benedict, who manages to kill two brace and a half in a week's constant angling in the Colne, to desert house and home for a month's angling in the Meggat and the Fruid.

"The effect produced on the mind of the angling public by such papers, in Blackwood, as Christopher at the Lakes, Christopher in his Sporting Jacket, Loch Awe, and many others, imbued with a similar spirit, and bearing the impress of the same master hand, is extremely questionable, so far as the general interests of society are regarded. They have unsettled the minds of many. By a kind of fascination, they have allured the elderly gentleman whose annual summer trip never extended beyond Margate, to venture on a long journey to attend the Windermere Regatta, trace the course of the Duddon, or ascend Skiddaw ; instead of viewing Dogget's coat and badge, rowed for on the Thames, wandering by the Regent's Canal, or climbing Primrose-hill, to see Mr. Sadler's balloon go up ; and even lawyers may now be seen, during the long vacation, angling for trout on Loch Awe, who formerly confined themselves to trolling for pike—fresh water attorneys—in the river Lea."—pp. 20—22.

There is a great deal of truth in the criticism, jocularly severe, about the "old man eloquent," and his papers in Blackwood, for having tempted sober people, who have walked in cork soles by the shady side of the Strand or Fleet Street, for the better part of their lives, to set out on a wild-goose chase to the hills and dales, in search of the picturesque, or to wile the finny tribes from their watery homes.

But to come nearer Cockney-land, than the "North Countree," hear our author about the Lea and the Rye-house :—

"The extent of the water at the Rye-house is about a mile and a half, from the Black Pool to the Tumbling Bay, and is free to gentlemen frequenting the inn. The subscription to others is two guineas a year, or

half a crown for a day's fishing. It contains most of the fish commonly taken in the Lea, such as bleak, gudgeons, roach, dace, chub, perch, and pike, and two or three trout are sometimes caught in a season. In one of the rooms of the inn are two drawings of trout taken in this water. One, which is tolerably well coloured, bears the artist's name, W. Kilburn, 1779, but no particulars as to weight; the other, as we learn from an inscription at the bottom, was 'taken by W. Leverton, in Shepherd's Water, the Rye, 4th June, 1803. Length 22 inches, weight 5 lbs.' The lucky angler, we believe, belonged to one of the London regiments of volunteers, and came down to the Rye-house to enjoy himself with a day's fishing, instead of marching with his regiment to Wormwood Scrubs, to fire a *feu-de-joie* in honour of George the Third's birth-day. The parlours of two or three other 'Anglers' inns,' lower down the river, are also graced with drawings of large trout, weighing from five to eight pounds, which have been taken in the water belonging to the house which they ornament. None of them, however, appear to have been captured within the last or the present reign, but have been taken

..... 'when George the Third was king.'

"Though at every 'Anglers' inn' apocryphal accounts are current of large trout—of five to eight pounds weight—being caught each season in the adjoining water, yet the fortunate angler who has performed the feat is never to be met with. A trout weighing seven pounds, was killed—by a blow from a mill-wheel—in the Lea, in the spring of 1834; and every innkeeper, from Hertford to Blackwall, is ready to swear that it was caught with a fly in his water. Old Tim Bates, of Waltham, who certainly has the eyes of a lynx for seeing through water, declares that he frequently sees trout as long as your arm, and weighing at least a dozen pounds, playing about; but on such occasions he is, as he says, so unlucky as to be always alone. In plain truth, the Lea is good for nothing as a trout-stream; and though, during the season, in a course of twenty miles, three or four dozen may be taken, by the same number of anglers, who always try for a trout whenever they are informed where one lies; yet he who goes out to the Lea expressly for the sake of angling for trout, will be very likely to return disappointed, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The next time any gentleman succeeds in taking two 'brace' of trouts in one day, no matter how small they may be, the proprietor of the water where they are caught ought to publish the fact in the Gazette.

"In most of the subscription waters above mentioned, the subscriber is not allowed to fish in what manner he pleases, but is restricted in his use of line and spinning baits to particular months. Trout, as has been observed, are seldom caught in the Lea, and barbel are not often taken above Brixhourn. The Lea, during the season, affords tolerably good trolling for jack; and is well supplied with bleak, gudgeons, roach, dace, perch, and chub; and he who is fond of angling for such fish—inest sua gratia parvis—will scarcely find a better river. Indeed there is no river of its extent in the kingdom which contains a greater variety of the fish which are sought after by the angler. The salmon sometimes enters the Lea, and there are taken in it trout, pike, perch, barbel, carp, tench, roach, dace, chub, bream, bleak, minnows, loach, gudgeons, flounders, and eels.

Though the fish mostly caught are not of the first quality—of such, gudgeons being the best—yet the quantity is considerable. Seeing how assiduously this river is fished, without intermission all the year through, it is a matter of surprise that the fish should continue so numerous. It is, however, likely that a great number of them are not bred in the Lea, but enter it from the Thames.

“To the indefatigable gudgeon and roach fishers of the Lea, we beg to commend the following stanza of an old ballad:—

‘You that fish for dace and roaches,
Carps or tenches, bonus notches,
Thou wast borne betweene two dishes,
When the Friday sign was Fishes,
Anglers’ yeares are made and spent
All in Ember weekes and Lent.

Break thy rod about thy noddle,
Throw thy wormes and flies by the pottle,
Keepe thy corke to stop thy bottle;
Make straight thy hooke, and be not afear’d
To shave his beard;

That, in case of started stitches,

Hooke and line may mend thy breeches.”*—pp. 49—54.

We find a great deal of good judgment as well as sound information in relation to localities for angling, writers on the art, and directions for the student, in so far as these can be understood from the pages of a book. “An evening at the Rye-house,” which, in form of dialogue, occupies the third chapter, in discussing a number of general matters as well as individual scenes, familiar enough in the gentle art, is, we think, the duller and worst managed portion of the volume. There is a knack, not generally possessed, necessary for descriptions and discussions so modelled, without which they seem heavy and tame. We must however admit, that not a few lessons and statements are here laid down, although a much shorter and a much more effective shape might have embraced them. We like particularly the following account, which bears indubitable marks of sage experience.

“I have known some gentlemen who were seldom successful in taking many trout, though their assortment of flies was most extensive. They have wanted perseverance, and have wasted their time and lost their patience in fiddle-faddling and changing their flies, when they should have kept fishing on. I seldom change my flies after beginning to fish, in a stream which I am well acquainted with, though I may sometimes keep walking and throwing for two or three hours, and scarcely catching so many fish. I have, notwithstanding, continued using the same flies—because I was satisfied I could put on none more likely—till I found the fish in a humour to feed; and have filled my creel, when others less persevering, but who had perhaps tried a dozen different flies, walked home with their creels toom. I do not think it a good plan for an angler always

* Llewellyn's Men Miracles, 1656.

to be adding flies to a stock which he is not likely to use up for years. In looking over a large book of flies, belonging to a gentleman who prided himself on their number and variety, I have found many moth-eaten and not fit for use. An excellent fly-fisher of my acquaintance generally carries his whole stock in the two pockets of an old Scots' Almanack, with two or three links of salmon flies between the leaves. There is one of his salmon flies which he shows as a trophy. It is rather a plain looking one, with a yellowish-brown coloured body, brown wings of a bittern's feather, with a blood-red hackle for legs, and the link of a pepper and salt mixture, formed of five black and five white horse-hairs. With this fly he killed, in one day, five salmon, the last of which weighed twenty-five pounds, the largest that he had ever taken with the fly. He landed this last salmon after a severe contest of upwards of an hour, during the whole of which the fish never skulked, but kept continually dashing about the pool where he was hooked, which was not more than eighty yards long, and was too shallow at its head to allow of his pushing up the stream; and the angler managed to keep his station towards the foot, to prevent his escape downwards. There is nothing like keeping a fish in constant exercise for speedily killing him. I have seen many a good fish lost by being trifled with—holding him lightly or allowing him more line than you can manage—when he contrives either to break the link or entangle the line, and escape. I never allow a salmon a slack line, and thus give him the benefit of a run, when he is almost certain to carry all away. Every good salmon-fisher has a tolerably correct notion what strain his tackle will bear, and holds his fish with a firm, though, when required, not unyielding hand, and keeps him constantly moving. The combined effect of fear and violent exertion produces, I am inclined to think, a sort of apoplexy, or fit of stupor, in the fish; and whenever he is suspected to be in such a state he ought to be landed as soon as possible, before he recovers. I have seen a large trout quite stupid and exhausted when brought towards the shore, but, in consequence of not being quickly landed, recover his strength, and break away. The moment that an angler brings his fish towards the shore, he ought to be prepared to land him."—pp. 93—95.

To the foregoing, we add from the fourth chapter, which treats of "rods, hooks, and tackle," something about artificial flies for fishing.

"Wherever fly-fishing is practised—in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, and America—it has been ascertained from experience that the best flies are those which are not dressed professedly in imitation of any particular living insect. Red, black, and brown hackles; and flies with wings of the bittern's, mallard's, partridge's, woodcock's, grouse's, bald-coat's, martin's, or blue-hen's feathers, with dubbing of brown, yellow, or orange, occasionally blended, and hackles, red, brown, or black, under the wings, are the most useful flies that an angler can use, in day-light, on any stream, all the year through. For night-fishing, in lakes or in 'weils,' as long still pools are called in the North, no fly is better than a white hackle. The directions given in books to beat the bushes by the side of the stream, to see what fly is on the water, and to open a fish's stomach, to see what kind of a fly the fish has been feeding on, that the angler may put on a similar one, or dress an imitation at the water side, are not deserving of the least attention. The angler, when he

goes out a fly-fishing, must be guided in his selection of flies by the state of the water—whether clear or dull, smooth or ruffled by a breeze; and also by the state of the weather, as it may be cloudy or bright. When the water is clear, and the day rather bright, small flies and hackles of a dark shade are most likely to prove successful, if used with a fine line and thrown by a delicate hand; but when both water and weather are in such a state, it is only by fishing in the morning and evening that the angler can expect the fish to rise. His best time is then before eight in the morning and after six in the evening, from June to August. When the water, in such weather, is ruffled by a fresh breeze, larger hackle and flies, of the same colour, may be used. When the water is clearing, after rain, a red hackle, and a fly with the body of orange-coloured mohair, dappled wings of a mallard or pea-fowl's feather, with a reddish-brown hackle under them, are likely to tempt trout, at any time of the day, from March to October. The old doctrine of a different assortment of flies for each month in the year is now deservedly exploded; for it is well known to practical anglers, who have never read a book upon the subject, and whose judgment is not biassed by groundless theories, that the flies with which they catch most fish in April will generally do them good service during the whole season. The names which are given to artificial flies are for the most part arbitrary, and afford no guide, with two or three exceptions, for distinguishing the fly meant. Where the materials for dressing a dozen flies are so very much alike that when they are finished there is so little difference in appearance, that one angler will give them one name, and another a different one, it is absurd to pretend to affix to each an individual appellation. The best mode of arranging the artificial flies used in angling is by considering them under two distinct classes:—1st, hackles proper, or palmers as they are sometimes called, without wings; and, 2d, flies with wings. The varieties of the first may be more particularly described from the materials forming the body and the colour of the hackle; and the latter, also, from the materials forming the body, and from the colour of the wings. For simply indicating the kind of fly used, it is best to express it by the characteristic of colour. The old confused method of referring artificial flies to natural ones, to which they bear not the slightest resemblance, is scarcely attended to by practical anglers. Many an angler who can more justly pride himself upon the variety of his flies than upon the number of trout which he has taken, only knows them as they are labelled for him by the fly-maker; and seldom two anglers agree in the specific name of their flies—except two or three of the most common—unless they both happen to deal at the same shop.”—pp. 110—112.

We look upon the above account as excellent and complete evidence of the deep experience of the author. Seldom, in works on angling, does the reader find such practical truths—fanciful theories appearing far more wise and profound. It has ever been our own opinion that more depends upon the management of the fly than its colour or shape; and we have known a rustic cobbler, through all the kindly months, angle successfully, with only three sorts. To be sure, he chose the water and the hours that were most propitious to his sport.

We have not found in the *Angler's Souvenir*, any particular

directions respecting minnows as a dead bait ; and yet, if well managed, they are a most destructive lure to trout, and even to salmon. Many stick them on so many hooks, as totally to disfigure the little fish, which makes them appear as nothing better than a bristled porcupine, to every land or water inhabitant. And then the cast-line is loaded with the unnecessary machinery of a somewhat complicated swivel—rank folly all. With one hook, clad with a tapering piece of lead, that grows thickest towards the curve of the hook, drawn with the appended gut into the belly of the minnow, from mouth to tail—the gut being then affixed to the line, this kind of bait may be most effectively employed, wherever water has any considerable depth, though stagnant and muddy, or maintains a ripple.

The fifth and last chapter contains “practical directions,” in reference to a list of fish, chiefly caught in the lakes and streams of Britain. With what is said of the eel, we conclude our citations.

“Eels are not often angled for, though they are frequently caught when bottom-fishing with worms for trout, to the great annoyance of the angler, who generally makes short work of them by setting his foot on their tails, and directly cutting off their heads, to prevent them entangling his line. Fine fresh-water eels, stewed or potted, form a very savoury dish ; and the best way to catch them is by laying night lines. There is no great art required to make or lay a night-line. The line may be any kind of cord or twine which may be judged strong enough, and from twelve to forty yards along, according to the breadth of the water in which you intend to lay it. Each hook may be whipped to half a yard of Dutch twine, and fastened to the line by a draw knot about three feet apart. Bait the hooks with what you please—minnows, dace, gudgeons, frogs, snails, or pieces of lamprey, though nothing is better than common lob-worms—and to one end of the line fasten a brick. Either from a boat, or by wading or throwing, lay the brick as far into the river as the line will reach, and extend your line across the stream in a slanting direction. If you are apprehensive of having your lines stolen, fasten a brick or a stone to the other end of the line, and throw it into the water near the bank, so that the line may be kept extended. Next morning your line is to be reached by means of drag-hooks, and though large eels will sometimes drag it a short distance, yet, if not stolen, you will always find it near to where you laid it the night before. When the eels have gorged the hooks, or are entangled in the line, cut their heads off, and clear your line when you have leisure.

“The generation of eels has long been a subject of speculation with physiologists and naturalists, and, notwithstanding all the observations and enquiries which have been made upon the subject, the question is still involved in obscurity. Good old father Walton was inclined to think that they might be bred ‘either of dew, or out of the corruption of the earth,’ and this opinion he thinks more probable, seeing that goslings were produced from the rotten planks of a ship or hatched from the leaves of trees.

This opinion of the generation of eels and Barnacle geese has, however, been long abandoned. Sir Everard Home, after many dissections, believed eels to be hermaphrodite; and Mr. Jesse, in the first series of his 'Gleanings,' after citing several authorities to prove that eels are viviparous, thus concludes:—"It is, I think, now sufficiently evident that eels are viviparous, though in what way they are generated we are still ignorant." In the second series, however, he declares that he has had reason to alter this opinion, and that he now believes eels to be oviparous. Though we are inclined to concur in this belief, we by no means consider the testimony of the gardener, who is ready to make oath that he caught an eel full of roe, nor the observations of Mr. Yarrell, published in the second series of the 'Gleanings,' as decisive of the fact. The young fry of eels commonly make their appearance at Kingston, in their progress up the Thames, about the 1st of May, though they are sometimes seen about Twickenham, a fortnight earlier. The sum of Mr. Yarrell's observations is, that from November to the middle of March he observed no increase in what he decides to be the ovaria of eels; and that after the 15th of April he found the roes shed; but this certainly can never be admitted as conclusive evidence that eels are oviparous, more especially if we attend to the fact of young eels appearing in considerable numbers at the very time that he concludes the old ones have spawned. In our apprehension, Mr. Yarrell has just left the question respecting eels being oviparous or viviparous, as he found it; and, even granting that they are oviparous, his observations suggest another question which is no less deserving the attention of the naturalist, but which both he and Mr. Jesse seem most strangely to have overlooked. It is this:—if eels, according to Mr. Yarrell's observations, spawn about the middle of April, and since it is a fact that the young fry of eels appear about that time, do the ova become quickened immediately on exclusion, or do they not produce young eels till the expiration of a year? A person apt to draw hasty conclusions would be very likely to infer that the young eels are produced alive, from the fact of their appearing at the very time that the old ones are supposed to have spawned, without any intervening time being allowed for the quickening of the ova after exclusion. Mr. Yarrell's observations on the presumed 'spawning' of eels, without his saying a word about the time required to quicken the ova, rather tend to support than to weaken such an inference. It may be said—nothing is more easy than to say—that the young eels which appear in the spring may burst from the ova in January, or perhaps may have been quickened towards the conclusion of the preceding year. They may, or they may not; and we therefore consider that Mr. Yarrell's observations have left the question concerning the generation of eels just where he found it, even if he has been able to distinguish milts from roes;—in ascertaining which, judging from his observations, he seems to have found no difficulty, although so eminent a comparative anatomist as Sir Everard Home, appears to have been unable to perceive such decisive sexual distinctions, since, after frequent examination, he was of opinion that eels were hermaphrodite. The 'eel's nest' is still to be found, and we hope that the next enquirer will prove more successful in his investigations."—pp. 185—189.

In a review of one of the series of Mr. Jesse's charming work,

we took occasion to state some striking facts connected with the habits of the eel. But not to repeat these, nor at present concern ourselves with the natural history of this peculiar inhabitant of the waters, we object to the author's directions as to the best manner of catching this fish, that is, as he says, by laying night lines: Oh! this is a cruel and tasteless practice. Think of the creature all night writhing through excruciating pain, whilst the line-layer is softly asleep! But as to the fact—by far the deadliest and speediest method of catching eels, with which we are acquainted, is by what in Scotland is called the *Sap*, which however can only succeed after a "spate" or heavy fall of rain, sufficient to render the streams "gumley;" yet as the poor worms, employed in the operation, come in for the protracted martyrdom, we would confine any general system of eel-fishing to the caterers for Billingsgate market; nor will we enter upon a description of the deadly *Sap*.

We now take leave of the "Angler's Souvenir," acknowledging the high delight which it has communicated to us, and the many warm remembrances which it has called up, especially of auld Caledonia; nor can we do less than again repeat, that the author's pen, Mr. Topham's pencil, and Mr. Beckwith's burine, have combined to render it a valuable and an exquisitely beautiful volume.

ART. III.—*A Statistical View of the Commerce of the United States of America: including also an Account of Banks, Manufactures, and Internal Trade and Improvements: together with that of the Revenues and Expenditures of the general Government: accompanied with numerous Tables.* By TIMOTHY PITKIN. New Haven: Durrie and Peck. 1835.

THIS elaborate work forms a valuable contribution to commercial literature; and to every mercantile nation in the world, offers important views and facts, whether as regards their domestic policy, or their intercourse with other states, especially those of America. The volume is called a new edition of a publication that has gone through several impressions before; but when it is mentioned that the last appeared in 1817, just after Europe had emerged from a long and unexampled war—a war in which the United States latterly became involved—it is quite clear that there must be grounds and matter sufficiently abundant since that period, for the enlargement and correction of the work on a very extensive scale—so extensive, indeed, as to confer upon it the character and the value of an entirely new performance. For, besides the prodigious vigour and enterprize of an enlightened, young, and healthy nation, whose resources both moral and physical are immense, America, since the

period named, has been salutarily impelled to look more to her own internal means and strength, on account of the European states having returned to their old commercial and colonial systems. During the wars that continued in Europe from 1793, with little interruption, down to 1815, a great portion of the trade of the world was thrown into the hands of the Americans. The vast superiority of the naval force of England rendered the intercourse of the European nations with their colonies extremely difficult. The rich productions of the French, Spanish, and Dutch colonies, could only find their way to Europe under a neutral flag, and the local situation of the United States, naturally threw the carrying trade much into their power. But when general peace returned, this round-about order of things was done away with, and the more permanent resources belonging to internal and domestic strength have had scope and encouragement. In the meantime the population of the United States has nearly doubled, since the close of the great European war—resources, wealth, and population advancing at an equal rate. But the general peace among the great nations of the world, that has now for many years existed, has afforded to American enterprise and maritime skill, power, and habits, a field of commerce hardly to be excelled or equalled in the history of nations. It therefore becomes not only a vast subject of inquiry, but one of paramount interest, when an author undertakes to give such an extensive and minute “view” as is announced and promised in the title-page of the present work. Without, however, having the means of trying particularly the accuracy of Mr. Pitkin, there can be no question that his work bears the most manifest proofs of great research, care, and fidelity, all which are happily and the more deeply impressed upon the reader, by the plain and modest manner of every statement or conjecture.

Of a work extending to six hundred pages, strictly of a statistical and commercial character, and abounding with very numerous tables of figures, it will not be expected that we should attempt any particular analysis. Not but that a popular view might be taken of its contents, which would be as attractive as any index or history, whereby the advancement of our race in civilization and happiness might be shown. But a much easier, and, (for the purpose of impressing sufficiently upon the minds of our readers, the value and the interest belonging to such works as the present), satisfactory office shall be ours, when we merely select one or two departments of the subject of Mr. Pitkin's book, as specimens of its importance and information.

The United States, which, since the acquisition of Louisiana and the Floridas, embrace a territory nearly as large as all Europe, have most extensive and exhaustless sources of inde-

rendence, derived from agriculture and manufactures, the forest, and the sea. We shall first extract some particulars as to the products of the sea, confining ourselves entirely to the whale fishery.

This fishery first attracted the attention of the Americans in 1690, and commenced at the island of Nantucket, in boats from the shore. For many years, the adventures of these islanders were confined to the American coast; but as the whales grew scarce there, they extended their enterprize to the western islands, to the Brazils, and at length to the northern and southern seas. The spermaceti whale fishery increased at a wonderful rate. The peculiar mode of paying seamen, viz. by giving each a share in the profits of the enterprize, which is now the system also in England, and making the gain or loss of each man depend on his activity, led to a spirit of enterprize and habits of hardihood never surpassed by seamen of any other nation. During the war of the revolution, the whale fishery was destroyed; it afterwards recovered by degrees, and it is believed, amounts now to more than that carried on by all other nations. The author states, that from the best accounts obtained, the whole vessels engaged in the American whale fisheries in the winter of 1834, amounted to four hundred and thirty-four; of which, about three hundred and eighty-four were ships, and fifty barks and brigs.

"About one half of the common whale oil, finds a market in Europe, one quarter in the West Indies and South America, and the other quarter in the United States.

"Nearly the whole of the spermaceti oil, is consumed in this country; from one quarter to one third being used in the cotton and woollen manufactories; and in this indirect way, one branch of domestic industry is materially benefitted by another.

"And we cannot but observe in this place, that the temperance now practised, on board most of these whale ships, contributes, in no small degree, to the success of these long and hazardous voyages. We are happy to be able to state, that, in April, 1834, no less than one hundred and sixty-eight of the whale ships of New Bedford, were, what are called temperance ships, furnishing no spirituous liquors, except for the medicine chest.

"Great Britain formerly gave a high bounty on vessels, employed in the whale fishery; but this bounty ceased in 1824. A duty, however, on foreign oil, is still continued, amounting, in the case of spermaceti oil, to a prohibition.

"The South Sea fishery was not prosecuted by the British, until about the commencement of the American Revolutionary war. Since 1814, this fishery has declined, in that country—the greatest number of ships engaged in it, in any one year, from 1814 to 1824, when the bounty ceased, was sixty-eight, tonnage, nineteen thousand seven hundred and fifty-five, and employing one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven men; and in 1830, only thirty-one ships, with a tonnage of ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven, and nine

hundred and thirty-seven men; and these ships were from the port of London.

"The principal whale fishery, from Great Britain, is to Davis' Straits. In 1829, the number of ships in the northern fishery was eighty nine, with twenty eight thousand eight hundred and twelve tons. In 1830, ninety one were fitted out for this fishery, forty-one from England, and fifty from Scotland—of the former, thirty three were from Hull; and of the latter, nine were from Dundee, five from Kirkcaldy, seven from Leith, and thirteen from Peterhead. This was an unfortunate year for the British whale fishery—of the eighty-seven ships which went to Davis' Straits, from 18 to 22 per cent. were totally lost, twenty-four returned *clean*, as Mr. McCulloch affirms, or without a single fish, and the others, without a full cargo.

"It will be noticed, that the whole number of British vessels employed in the whale fishery, in 1830, was only one hundred and twenty one, being sixty less than was employed from New Bedford alone, on the 1st of January, 1834."—pp. 45, 46.

In the chapter which treats of the produce of agriculture, which has been the principal employment of the inhabitants of North America—because nothing promises to the first emigrants, or those who continue to flock thither, such immediate and permanent advantages as the cultivation of the new lands which are there to be found in such immense tracts—we learn that the surplus produce came to be great, and now constitutes much the largest portion of the domestic exports of the country. Need we specify more than tobacco and cotton? But in illustration of wonderful produce, and still farther of the national, intellectual, and moral character, the following statement is astonishing.

"The distillation of grain, until lately, has increased in the United States. In 1801, the quantity of spirits distilled from grain and fruit, was estimated, at ten millions of gallons. By the returns of the marshalls, containing an account of the manufactures of the United States in 1810, it appears, that the quantity distilled from grain and fruit, during that year, exceeded twenty millions of gallons. Much the greatest part of this, probably about three quarters, was from grain. It is calculated, that a bushel of rye or corn, will produce from two and a half to three gallons of spirits. In 1810, therefore, between five and six millions of bushels of rye and corn must have been made into spirits. In Pennsylvania alone, in that year, there were three thousand three hundred and thirty-four distilleries, producing no less than six millions five hundred and fifty-two thousand two hundred and eighty-four gallons of spirits, principally from grain.

"The whole, or nearly the whole of this, was consumed in the United States. When we add to this, the quantity then distilled in this country from molasses, and that which was imported and consumed here, we find, that the annual consumption of spirits in the United States, at that time, was no less than about thirty-one millions seven hundred and twenty-five thousand four hundred and seventeen gallons."—p. 103.

The author states that he has no means of ascertaining, with

any degree of accuracy, the quantity of spirits distilled in the United States, either from foreign or domestic materials, since 1810, but that there can be no doubt of a great decrease in the consumption of them. The evils of intemperance

"Had become so great, not merely to individuals, but to society in general, as to suggest entire abstinence, as the only certain means of ultimately preventing them.

"Influential individuals, in different parts of the United States, therefore, have set the example, and numerous associations have been formed, composed of hundreds of thousands of persons, upon the plan of abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, except as a medicine.

"The appalling facts, brought to light by enquiries, made, in consequence of these associations, have given a decided tone to public opinion, in favour of the principles adopted by them. These enquiries have demonstrated, that the evils of intemperance had affected, not merely the lives, and happiness of individuals, but the morals, interests, and happiness of the community at large, to a greater extent, than any one ever had, or could before, have imagined—that not only thousands, but tens of thousands in the United States, had, every year, become the victims of intemperance; but that about three quarters of all the crimes, and all the pauperism of the country, had been occasioned by it. The success, which has attended these humane and patriotic exertions, has been unparalleled; and permits us to hope, that the time is not far distant, when this slow, but sure poison will, like other poisons, be no longer used in the United States, but in consequence of the prescription of physicians."—p. 104.

The last subject to be attended to by us, falls within the chapter which treats of canals and rail-roads. No human efforts and works furnish better indications of the internal prosperity of a great territory, than the number and condition of the means of communication, whereby its commerce and social intercourse can be most easily upheld and promoted.

Prior to the separation of the United States from the parent country, they had little inducement to undertake such great internal improvements; during the revolutionary war they had not the means; and owing to their peculiar situation and employment during the long succeeding wars in Europe, such improvements were less necessary than since general peace has been restored, according to the view already taken in our preliminary remarks. But the experience of the war of independence, and the vast expansion of American population, have suggested the importance and necessity of internal means of intercourse, and since the close of the European war, the Americans have surpassed any other nation, during the same or an equal space of time, in works of the kind now referred to. It is also worthy of remark, that most of the canals on the continent of Europe, have been constructed at the expense of government, and in England, chiefly at the expense of individuals;

while in the United States they are said to have been made by states and individuals, aided occasionally by the general government.

The author informs us, that the principal objects—and they are great ones—in locating canals in his country, have been, first, to make a safe water inland communication along the Atlantic border, in case of a war with any nation whose maritime force might exceed that of the United States; secondly, to connect the waters of the west with those of the east, and thereby facilitate the intercourse between these two distant sections of the country. But before speaking of these great undertakings, let us for a moment contemplate the extent and magnitude of their navigable waters, which have existed long before human arts could render them subservient to man's use. We mention merely the valley of the Mississippi, which is watered by rivers, some of which, only of the third rate, extend a thousand miles, and is also indented by lakes, whose magnitude entitles them to the appellation of inland seas.

The number of steam-boats on the western rivers, January 1st, 1834, were, as stated by the author, about two hundred and thirty, measuring thirty-nine thousand tons. The number of flat-bottom and keel boats has been calculated at four thousand, with a tonnage amounting to one hundred and sixty thousand—making the whole tonnage on the western waters, about two hundred thousand. It is added, that in autumn, 1834, the number of American steam-boats on Lake Erie was thirty-one, averaging a tonnage of three hundred and forty-three each, and the number of schooners two hundred and thirty-four, averaging eighty-five tons, and three brigs, with an average tonnage of two hundred and fifteen—making the whole tonnage of the west, exclusive of that of canal-boats, about two hundred and thirty thousand.

“The benefits of steam navigation on the western rivers, can only be duly appreciated by considering, that on the Mississippi, and twenty-two of its tributary streams, more than eight thousand miles are traversed by boats propelled by steam.

“If any thing could strike the traveller with greater surprise, or could more interest the political economist, than to witness these self moving machines, traversing in every direction the numerous rivers which extend their winding courses through this immense country, it would be the number and size of the villages, towns, and cities, which, as if by magic, have at once sprung up along their banks, and upon the shores of the lakes, with which the country for so many hundreds of miles is indented. Of these Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Cincinnati, and Louisville on the Ohio, and St. Louis on the Mississippi, as well as some others situated on the canals, and along the lake shores, should receive at least a passing notice.

“The city of Pittsburg, situated at the head waters of the Ohio, is well known to be the manufacturing emporium of the west. Its popu-

lation in 1820, was seven thousand two hundred and forty-eight, in 1830, twelve thousand five hundred and sixty eight, and in 1834, with its suburbs, Alleghany town, Birmingham, &c. was supposed to be thirty thousand. In December, 1834, while we are writing, the *Pittsburgh Gazette* informs us, that there were in that city, sixteen 'founderies and engine factories' of the largest denomination, besides numerous others of less magnitude—nine 'rolling mills,' cutting two tons of nails, and rolling eight tons of iron per day—six 'cotton factories,' having twenty thousand spindles and one hundred and sixteen power looms—six extensive 'white lead factories'—six 'steam saw mills'—four 'steam grist mills'—five extensive 'breweries'—ten extensive 'glass works,' and upwards of 'one hundred steam engines in full operation,' besides 'innumerable establishments for ploughs, timber, wheels, screws of all kinds, butts, brass work of every description, locks,' &c. &c.

"The city of Detroit is situated on the strait, as the name imports, between lakes Erie and Huron, and was settled by the French soon after they traversed these inland waters of North America. It fell within the limits of the United States, as settled by the peace of 1783. Its population in 1830, was two thousand two hundred and twenty-two, and has doubtless greatly increased since that period; and its location is favourable to its being a large inland commercial place. In 1834, it owned thirteen steam boats, one brig, thirty-three schooners and thirty-five sloops, with an aggregate tonnage of four thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

"Chicago, in Illinois, situated nearly at the head of lake Michigan, is destined, no doubt, to be an important commercial port, on that lake. From the opening of the navigation, in the spring of 1834, to September 30th of the same year, no less than one hundred and eighty vessels, with cargoes, entered this port; and some of them were from the south shore of lake Ontario—one commercial house, at Oswego, had, in the summer and fall of that year, five vessels, employed in the trade between that port and Chicago, a distance of about twelve hundred miles, carrying salt, iron, and other articles, wanted along the Illinois, and the upper valley of the Mississippi. These vessels passed from lake Ontario to Erie, through the Welland canal.

"This interior trade will increase with the population, and will, ere long, require a ship canal round the falls of Niagara on the American side; and probably, from Utica to Oswego."—pp. 537—541.

To secure the advantages of this great and growing trade of the west, was one of the principal objects of some of the canals, already completed or in progress. But there are other works of the kind in the United States. In 1825, the State of New York had completed her grand canal, connecting the waters of the Hudson with the Lake Erie.

"It has been a question, who was the first projector of this splendid work—for splendid, indeed, it may be justly called, when it is considered, that it is the longest canal in the world, and for one of its length, constructed in the shortest period. No canal in the empire of China, unconnected with rivers, it is believed, is of equal length. That of Languedoc, in France, is only one hundred and forty-eight

miles long, and was fourteen years in building, although done in the reign of the celebrated Louis XIV.; while the Erie canal is, in length, three hundred and sixty-three miles, and was constructed in about eight years.

"Indeed, the whole length of all the principal canals, in France, the Briane, Languedoc, Orleans, Centre and Saint Quintin, is only three hundred and thirty miles and a half."—p. 542.

In 1810, commissioners were appointed to prosecute a plan of this great canal, according to certain surveys. The commissioners applied to Congress for aid, but they were met with sneers and ridicule from some, and incredulity from others. They then recommended the prosecution of the work at the instance of New York alone, and after estimating the probable expense, they ventured to predict the amount of tolls, which the state might soon realize, which prediction did not fail of being verified in the short period of eight years. In 1817, a canal connecting the waters of Lake Champlain with the Erie canal, nine miles from Albany, a distance of sixty-three miles, was commenced and finished in 1823. It is declared by the author, that the value of the whole domestic exports of the United States in 1833, was only about five and a half times greater than the value of articles brought down these canals, and that if the value of cotton is deducted, it would not equal three times this amount. It is also worthy of remark—

"That the quantity of boards and scantling which came down, was more than one hundred millions of feet; exceeding by twenty-four millions the whole quantity of the same articles exported from the United States for the same period—and that the number of barrels of flour which came down, was nine hundred and twenty-three thousand two hundred and sixty-one—the bushels of wheat nine hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred and seven, which would make one hundred and eighty-four thousand five hundred and six barrels of flour; and that the quantity of flour by these canals, therefore, exceeded the whole quantity exported the same year, about one hundred and forty-six barrels. The tons of merchandise, &c. which went up the canals in 1833, was about one hundred and seven thousand.

"If the reader should not be surprised at the extent and value of the internal commerce, which these facts disclose, we think he cannot fail to be so, when he is informed, that the actual number of boats on these canals, is two thousand three hundred and twenty-eight, giving employment to about eleven thousand men and boys; being but little less than one sixth of the whole number employed in the foreign and coasting trade of the United States, in 1830; and is but seventeen hundred short of the number engaged in the navigation of the State of New York.

"It is well known, that the greatest part of the money employed in the construction of these canals, was procured on loan by the State, on a long credit. The amount thus obtained, was not far from eight millions, at five and six per cent. about half of which was not redeemable until 1837, and the other half not until 1845."—pp. 545, 546.

Without enumerating the many other canals belonging to the State of New York, it may be sufficient for our purpose to cite, that they, in 1833, extended in length to five hundred and thirty-five miles, and that others are in a forward condition. What then must be the benefits of communication in the United States, obtained by water artificially commanded? The following accounts will enlarge our ideas on the subject:—

“In South Carolina, the Santee and Cooper rivers have been united by a canal of twenty-two miles in length, at an expense of 650,667 dollars, and which has added to the commerce of Charleston. In Georgia, the Savannah, Ogeechee, and Altamaha canal, has been completed, being in length sixty-six miles. We have not learnt the expense of its construction, or the business done upon it. From its length, and presuming it to be built of the usual size, it must have cost a million of dollars.

“The spirit for canal and rail road improvements has crossed the Alleghany; and the canals of the State of Ohio may well claim the attention of the economist, as well as the traveller. Nearly four hundred miles of artificial inland navigation have been completed through a country, a little more than forty years ago a perfect wilderness.

“The Ohio canal unites Lake Erie with the Ohio river, extending from Cleveland to Portsmouth, and (including its feeder) is three hundred and twenty-four miles in length. It runs nearly through the centre of the state; was commenced in July, 1825, and finished in October, 1832. The Miami canal, situate in the west part of the state, extends from the town of Dayton to the city of Cincinnati, a distance of about sixty-five miles; and has lately been connected with the river Ohio, by a lockage of about one hundred and ten feet.

“To aid in the construction of these canals, Congress made liberal grants of land. Most of the necessary funds, however, were procured on the credit of the state, payable at distant periods.

“Among the canals at the west, that round the falls of the Ohio, called ‘Louisville and Portland canal,’ though only about two miles in length, ought not to pass unnoticed. It is calculated to admit the passage of the largest steam boats on the western waters. Its top water line is two hundred feet, its bottom fifty feet, and its depth varies from four to forty-two feet—its sides are sloping and paved with stone, and it has over it a beautiful stone bridge, between Louisville and Portland. Its locks consist of a guard lock and three lift locks; the former is one hundred and ninety feet long in the clear, forty-two feet high, and fifty feet wide; the latter each one hundred and eighty-five feet long in the clear, fifty in width, and twenty high, all based on solid rock—and the stone masonry in these locks is supposed to equal that of thirty common locks on the Erie canal. These locks, and especially the guard lock, are larger than any in the United States, and we believe in Europe, with the exception of those on the canal lately constructed from Amsterdam to the Helder, which admits the largest East Indiamen to the former place.

“From the best estimate we have been able to make, the number of miles of canal, in the United States, completed on the first of January,

1835, and which would not long after be completed, is about two thousand eight hundred and sixty seven, and their cost about 64,573,099 dollars. It will be observed, that, in this estimate we include the Chenango canal, in the State of New York, the Wabash and Erie canal, and the Sandy and Beaver; these having been previously commenced under circumstances which seem to ensure their completion in a reasonable time, and at an expense of about 5,700,000 dollars."—pp. 561, 562, 564.

Rail-roads, as elsewhere, for general trade, have lately become fashionable in the United States, and now compete with canals; such, indeed, has been the rage for this kind of improvement, that between one and two hundred private companies have been incorporated for this object, in that country. These means of conveyance, which were on the first of January, 1835, or soon after would be completed, are in length, estimated altogether, about sixteen hundred miles; so that when taking into account the canals and rail-roads of the United States, not only have we a magnificent view of that mighty country, in respect of the enterprize and rapid advancement of the people, but the two principal objects contemplated originally in making these improvements, have in a great measure been accomplished. From the work before us it appears, that a safe internal water communication, along or near the Atlantic sea-board, has been completed, and the eastern and western waters have been connected from the Hudson to Lake Erie, and from the Delaware to the Ohio, besides very many other inter-sections and branches; and during the progress of these vast works, a national debt of 120,000,000 dollars has been paid off. But, that our readers may have some conception of rail-road making in America, we conclude with quoting—

"In crossing the Alleghany, the Pennsylvanians had to encounter difficulties, apparently insurmountable, as the New Yorkers had, in passing the rocky ridge at Lockport. The portage rail way across the Alleghany mountains, is certainly one of the boldest works of the kind undertaken and completed, in this or any other country. It is thirty-six miles in length; and in this distance, overcomes a rise and fall of two thousand five hundred and seventy feet; and in one part of it has a tunnel of nine hundred feet cut through a solid rock; it has ten stationary steam engines and ten inclined planes, five on each side of the mountain; and the ropes alone, necessary on these inclined planes, would reach more than eleven miles, and their expense has been more than twenty thousand dollars—and what is still more singular, a rigger's loft has been erected for these ropes, on the summit of the mountain, where riggers are employed, at an annual expense of more than sixteen hundred dollars. The whole expense of this stupendous work, will be about 1,750,000 dollars.

"The enterprising citizens of Baltimore, in 1826, perceiving that, in consequence of steam navigation on the western waters, and the exertions of other states, they were losing the trade of the west, began seriously to consider of some mode of recovering it. A communication with the Ohio, by a canal, was first contemplated. But the report of the

engineers sent out by the government of the United States, by which the cost of such a canal was estimated at more than twenty two millions of dollars, induced them to substitute a rail road; and for this purpose, in February, 1827, they obtained acts of incorporation from Maryland and Virginia. The company was authorized to strike the Ohio river, at any place, between Pittsburgh and the mouth of the Little Kanaway. The distance to Pittsburgh was about three hundred and thirty miles.

"This was the most extensive, and we may add, the boldest project of the kind ever undertaken, by any government or by individuals. The road contemplated, was about four times the length of any similar one in Europe, and over ground much higher, and more difficult, than any other before occupied for such a road. But neither the boldness of the plan, nor the difficulties attending its execution, prevented an immediate subscription to the amount of 4,000,000 dollars, towards carrying it into effect—the state of Maryland and the city of Baltimore, each furnishing 500,000 dollars of this sum, and individuals the remainder.

"On the first of December, 1834, the road was finished to Harper's ferry, so as to admit the passage of cars to that place, a distance of about eighty two miles, and at an expense of towards three millions of dollars. At Harper's ferry, this road meets with another rail road from that place to Winchester, in Virginia, which is now in progress—from Winchester, it is calculated that a road will be continued to the Ohio, either at Parkensburgh, by crossing the mountains from Winchester, or by ascending the valley of the Shenandoah, to Staunton, and then to Jennings gap, and the white sulphur springs, to Guyandotte."—pp. 568—570.

ART. IV.

1. *The Parricide*. By the Author of "*Miserrimus*." 3 vols. Hookman.
2. *Patricians and Plebeians*. By the Author of "*Old Maids*." 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.
3. *Gilbert Gurney*. By the Author of "*Sayings and Doings*." 3 vols. Whittaker.
4. *Japhet in Search of a Father*. By the Author of "*Jacob Faithful*." 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.
5. *Agnes de Mansfeldt*. By T. C. GRATTAN. Author of "*Highways and Byways*," &c. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.
6. *Rienzi; the Last of the Tribunes*. By the Author of "*Eugene Aram*." Saunders and Otley.

LIKE most of our brother-reviewers we must mark the present winter as one distinguished by its harvest of novels. Not only are the candidates in the fields of fiction uncommonly numerous, but several individuals among them are prodigiously prolific. The consequences are as might be expected; there is a remarkable mediocrity to be observed about the greatest number of them, and an extreme dilution of a few good elements in others; some again are

excellent, but others, in the effort to render them amazingly powerful and original, are merely extravagantly unnatural. In the goodly list named above, we have found specimens of this mediocrity, of this extravagance, and of this excellence.

It seems to us, however, according to the rate at which novels have lately been published, that unless some great reformer or originalist shall establish a new school, or unless some new principle of concoction be employed, by which the appetite for fresh stimulants may be satisfied, novel readers must soon become insensible to the charms of fiction, by being literally sickened by the same sort of crude and also no unfrequently over-exquisite distillation, that has lately inundated the nation. There is, without doubt, a great and laudable anxiety evinced by several of the candidates in this walk of literature, to strike out new lights, if not to found new schools, by which mankind and the world of life may be more effectively shown in motion and action, than they have ever before been. And to compass this purpose, it has not generally been so much attempted to describe man or the world, as different from what they have before been drawn, as to select such new situations and circumstances as may give the greatest and most arresting effect to nature. Accordingly we have, besides tales of a domestic order, and others purely of the old-fashioned romance-school, those that are called fashionable novels, and others again, that are honoured with the dignified title of *historical*. But not unfrequently, as in the case of "The Parricide," there is an effort to astonish by a profound insight into human motives, or by embodying in a tale, psychological phenomena; whereas all the while, the originality lies in the violation of nature and truth; and amounts only to extravagance and the exaggerations of folly.

We look upon "The Parricide" in this light; and while we feel that the author possesses more than average powers of mind and of language, his novel cannot be otherwise designated than unnatural and horrible—horrible without being awful, for it is revolting when it should affect the reader with solemn and elevated sentiments, in admiration of virtue, and detestation of crime. Accordingly, by such a distinction it appears to us this tale is to be tried, when compared with the masters of romance who have written domestic tragedies. The author of "The Parricide," however, proceeds upon the literal translation of "*Homo lupus homini*"—man to man is a wolf—without a due regard to probability, or leading to any sound moral lesson. His hero, for example, is described as having such a murderous thirst for blood, and to entertain such monstrous hatred, as, above all others, to seek for his father's life, to fight a duel with him, and at last to murder him while asleep, as a cannibal might be supposed to butcher an enemy. We have no purpose to sicken our readers with such disgusting

details, which neither instruct nor arrest the attention, excepting to make one shudder. The only specimens we select regard the heroine; and as nothing pleases us better than a fine description of a fine and beautiful woman, we generally turn over the pages of a novel, for such a subject of trial of the taste and skill of an author. A similar course shall now be followed.

"There was something ethereal about her; she seemed spiritualised by the nature and extent of her grief. Her loveliness was of a character far less earthly than aerial; and not her form alone created, but her habits and manners united to strengthen this impression. Her voice, that most powerful, but little considered, and oftentimes undiscovered agent in influencing our estimation of female *pretensions* to attraction, was so exquisitely soft, possessed a tone so sweetly peculiar, was so clear, so deliberate, so thrillingly musical, that it seemed as though it emanated from no human organ, but was some woodland melody of Nature's own creation. Her actions, too, were so gentle, so buoyant, and so utterly noiseless, and her figure and features so delicate, so apparently immaterial, so totally devoid of all that is characteristic of mere *plebeian mortality*, that often, during the twilight of the summer's evening, I have regarded her until my eyes, dazzled and confused by the very steadfastness and permanence of my gaze, I have seriously deluded myself into the belief that she was pervious to the passage of light, and that I beheld the rays of the moon permeating her arms, her neck, and her face."

Is she loveable, we ask? But let us see how the parriocide—sensitive man!—feels, when he kisses the hand of this moonshine young lady.

"‘*Cenone*,’ I cried—but not another syllable could I articulate; and I stood speechlessly before her, panting with agitation. At this moment my eye was attracted by the radiant whiteness of her hand, as it rested, illuminated by the full rays of her lamp, in strong and beautiful contrast, on the dark oak of the balusters. Instantly I caught it in my grasp, that soft, fair, dear hand, and fervently impressed upon it, as though my whole soul had been contained in it, a passionate and thrilling kiss. The moment wherein my cold and moistureless lips came into contact with her warm and glowing flesh, a revolution was operated in my entire being, which it is impossible to describe with adequate force. It was more than electrical, more than magical; my whole nature seemed to be converted into flame; and I felt a burning heat encircling my heart, and urging my brain into the exaltation of insanity. The disordered blood leaped, fierce and searching as molten lead, through my glowing veins; the element of fire environed me; it was within me, and without, and seemed to eat into the very marrow of my bones. I panted for air, and, staggering beneath the sensation of incipient suffocation, cast from me roughly the fair hand I had hitherto retained, as though it had been a serpent of worse than African venom! then sprang from the presence of the enchantress who had maddened me, with somewhat of the impetus, and not a little of the velocity, of an arrow from a bow, a bolt from an arbalist. An open door was before me; I darted into the room; and upon a couch that stood in the centre of it, I flung myself in a delirium of rapture. Then, for a

moment, I abandoned myself to the full power of my painful extasy ; I tossed my arms into the air—I turned—I raved—I shouted !”

One of the most unnatural occurrences ever heard of, is that of a monster, such as the parricide in this tale, employing himself in an elaborate delineation of himself, the portrait being filled up with abundant dashes of sentiment and philosophic reflection—that philosophy consisting often in a minute dissection of his own principles, and a proper estimate of his own actions. It is to be hoped, however, that the author, who has a mind and culture capable of good and excellent efforts, will in future eschew the unnatural conceptions upon which he has here put forth his strength.

The author of “*Old Maids*” is improving. His “*Patricians and Plebeians*” is the best of his works that we have yet seen, and proves that he is an able hand with such scenes as in reality must have met his eyes and knowledge. In selecting a farmer’s family, who, first is in the enjoyment of all the comforts which the most independent of that enviable class command, who next is reduced to very narrow circumstances, but that latterly comes to be in possession of vast opulence, the various gradations of life naturally offer subjects for description and reflection, which a close observer with a clever pen cannot fail in turning to some good account. We do not find, however, that there is occasion for us expressing more in reference to these volumes by way of praise, than has already been intimated ; for, while it is pleasant to have it to say that an author is gaining upon our favour, we must add that there is no small room for still farther advances. We especially would caution the author of “*Patricians and Plebeians*” to guard against a tameness, a sort of enfeebling generality in delineation, which seems to beset him.

Chapters of “*Gilbert Gurney*” appeared at various times in the “*New Monthly*,” and were well thought of by the patrons of that journal. He is a lively, shrewd, and pleasant fellow enough, and quite competent to throw off sketches that will sparkle in any magazine. There is a more difficult task proposed by him, however, who attempts to increase and all along sustain a reader’s deep interest, and to entertain him with fresh amusement from the beginning to the ending of three volumes ; and in this view we do not consider Gilbert, or rather the author of “*Sayings and Doings*,” as remarkably happy. At the same time he will always repay those who listen to him, especially if taken by snatches. Hook’s wit is inexhaustible.

“*Japhet in Search of a Father*,” although it proves Captain Marryat to be a man of remarkable variety of talent, and, when taken in conjunction with the other works he has lately written, which have literally trod upon each other, that he possesses a most prolific fancy, is not the happiest of his productions. It is a land story, and we like the Captain best when at sea. Japhet, in his

eager and extravagant anxiety about the discovery of his father, is led into all manner of scenes and company, and affords the author scope for one of his characteristic powers, viz. that of creating incidents innumerable, and peopling his scenes with an endless variety of actors. All this the author, in "Japhet," accomplishes with the most fearless dexterity, and very frequently with an air of reality that astonishes us, when the agents by whom the effect is produced are calmly regarded. His sly and racy humour is also everywhere finding an opportunity in this tale. Many of these chapters have previously appeared in the "Metropolitan Magazine;" and although from the multitude of the Captain's tales, and the rapidity with which they appear, it cannot be expected that any one of them will greatly enhance his fame, yet, we think, "Japhet" will not detract from it.

"Agnes de Mansfeldt" is a historical novel, and will not diminish Mr. Grattan's fame. One satisfactory evidence of its merits will be found in the circumstance, that it impresses strongly upon the mind a number of historical facts; it is also stored with good writing and sound thinking. As a story, the interest is sustained throughout, and we must also say that the incidents and scenes are so well connected, and so dependent on one another, that the power of the whole increases and becomes absorbing as the narrative proceeds. The celebrated Chebhard de Truchses, who is sovereign of Cologne and an archbishop, is the hero. The period belongs to the early motions of the Reformation; and the superstitions, the manners and the crimes of the period are vividly pictured. The archbishop is unstable in the Catholic faith—at length he becomes enamoured of Agnes de Mansfeldt—is driven from his power, and is a destitute wanderer on the face of the earth, along with his beloved wife. Many are the vicissitudes they encounter; at length they find an asylum in the court of the Prince of Orange. But we do not proceed in the thriftless task of unravelling tales and works of fiction. It may be sufficient to remark, that the hero, from his impetuosity, his talents, and his destiny—the heroine, from her sweetly and brightly-coloured character—and a certain unmitigated villain, of the name of Scotus, are the great, or at least by far the most interesting actors in the tale. Now for an extract—and we take the hero in love, this being the shortest method of trying the author's power, and of comparing him with the competitors in whose society he stands. Besides giving this extract, however, we wish it to be understood, that had there been but few other novels published of late, but "Gilbert Gurney," "Japhet in Search of a Father," and "Agnes de Mansfeldt," these would have stood prominently forward, as excellent, while in the multitude of good, but not first-rate productions, they will speedily be forgotten.

"As if to give tone and harmony to all, a nightingale, untired by hours of moonlight practice—perhaps rocked to sleep on its branch, and

dreaming of its own melody—poured forth a thrilling strain which vibrated in Agnes's heart. Never was woman more fitly formed or placed to receive love's first confession. Nor must it be thought that all this combination was mere chance. Ghebbard Truchses was not so young a lover as not to have calculated time, place, and circumstances for the direct avowal of his affection. He remembered well that in his boyish days, when passion ran riot in his heart, its fervid outbreak on untoward occasions had more than once perilled the success, which was after all, perhaps, mainly owing to the fiery ardour of youth. He knew himself now double the age of her who had raised this new emotion in him. He loved her more intensely than he had ever before loved. But from thirty downwards (would it might be reckoned the other way!) men calculate in proportion to the force of their attachment. They imagine probabilities of failure which never rise on a young man's brain. He proceeds as it were by instinct, and every step he takes is rather the effect of accident than design. But they deliberate on each detail. They weigh their words. They watch for opportunities. And it is thus that so many young women, especially of my heroine's stamp, are attracted and caught, they know not why or how, and to the great wonderment of shallow observers, by suitors discrepant in various ways besides the mere disparity of years. And to the lover who thus enters into the daring adventure, with all the odds against him, what are the chances, what the compensation? The impetuous burst of boyish fancy is incomparably less interesting than the delicate, yet manly, march of matured passion. Whoever has felt the first may be allowed to imagine the latter; to picture to himself the full-grown mind, with reason, taste, and sentiment united, choosing its object, and firmly careering on its way; each day growing bolder and tenderer, but not less wise: bringing out the development of the heart it would make its own; fostering its timid virtues, yielding to its young caprices, training its tendril fancies, losing gradually all separate identity in their clustering foliage; till at length the patron stem and the encircling parasite become as one, nourished by the same sap, and mutually supporting and embellishing each other in undivided sympathy. Such is the progress of a successful passion between beings of unequal ages, but of similar natures, undefaced by violent disputes, and those odious reconciliations, every one of which steal something from love's original stock. And if failure meets the man of mature age who ventures on the conquest of young beauty, it comes without disgrace, for he rarely hazards by a too rapid advance the chance of too violent a check. He looks out for symptoms, and is not so blinded but that he can perceive the breakers which warn him of the rocks. Hence, when he fails, his rising regard is not turned to lasting hatred. No ruffian jealousy tramples out the memory of hope; nor is wounded pride left festering into fierce revenge. He can make allowance for her who was worthy of his affection; and he can admire and esteem even when he may not dare to love her."

We have heard it charged against Mr. Bulwer's new romance, "*Rienzi*," that the author has infused into the hero and the story, his own extreme political opinions, and unfairly dealt with history and truth. This looks like an objection coming from one who

speaks at random, and who possesses a very inadequate idea of the period and transactions introduced into the story. At any rate, we have no reluctance to an author's throwing forcibly his honest opinions and feelings into a story, when distance of time has only left that undefined sort of light by which every person may take his own path, without manifest transgression. But it is not whether Mr. Bulwer be a Conservative or a Radical, or what may be his views of good government, in any given circumstances, that we are concerned about, when criticising "*Rienzi*," which we consider to be one of his most successful romances.

It is not easy—therefore the attempt is not safe—to give a comprehensive, discriminating, short, and intelligible description of the peculiar character and workings of a mind that is decidedly original and highly cultivated—or, in the words of an accomplished genius, such as is unquestionably possessed by the author of "*Eugene Aram*."

We consider it not less difficult, when having any great work of such an artist before us, to say, where that genius has found the finest scope, or been most illustriously exhibited. It is probable that among good judges, the present romance may find admirers and advocates who shall fix on very distinct portions of it, as the ground of their chief approval. But we run no risk in asserting that as a whole, it displays the author's ripened powers most happily, whether plot, characters, incidents, classic taste, exquisite writing, or philosophic dignity of sentiment and language be considered. We have before remarked, in reference to another work by the same writer, that he possesses a wonderful aptitude in diversifying his characters, and in making each conduct himself in his own peculiar and becoming manner. In the exemplification before us, the natural, the picturesque, the gorgeous, and magnificent are richly and cunningly blended together, to the beauteous harmony of the whole. But vague and pompous expressions of praise can convey nothing like adequate notions of the power and refinement of "*Rienzi*;" nor shall we, in the few extracts that follow, mangle the tale by any attempt to outline the plot, or enumerate the principal actors in it. Those who have read Miss Mitford's dramatic piece on the same theme, or who may make themselves acquainted with a volume announced a few days ago, giving the life of *Rienzi*—no doubt suggested by the popularity of Mr. Bulwer's romance—will be put in possession of enough to interest them in the fortunes of his hero, before following the novelist; yet we should presume, that any one of these other works will only stimulate the public to inquire how such a master in the knowledge of human nature, and of the highest literary acquirements, has acquitted himself on such a theme. We now proceed to select some passages from this splendid historical, or, if you will, political romance, which in our estimation has had no rival, and no second in the

whole course of the last year ; neither is it likely to be matched in its own race for a long time to come. It is not easy even to imitate Mr. Bulwer.

We first take a description of sudden and passionate love, which the reader may compare with that given by the author of the *Paricide*, towards the commencement of our paper. The lover is Adrian de Castello, a noble, and Irene, Rienzi's sister, is the object of his passion.

" That which is ripened in fancy, comes at once to passion—yet is embalmed through all time by sentiment. And this must be my and their excuse—if the love of Adrian seem too prematurely formed, and that of Irene too romantically conceived ;—it is the excuse which they take from the air and sun—from the customs of their ancestors—from the soft contagion of example. But, while they yielded to the dictates of their hearts, it was with a certain, though secret sadness—a presentiment that had, perhaps, its charm, though it was of cross and evil. Born of so proud a race, Adrian could scarcely dream of marriage with the sister of a plebeian ; and Irene, unconscious of the future glory of her brother, could hardly have cherished any hope, save that of being loved. Yet these adverse circumstances, which, in the harder, the more prudent, the more self-denying, perhaps the more virtuous, minds, that are formed beneath the Northern skies, would have been an inducement to wrestle against love so placed—only contributed to feed and to strengthen theirs by an opposition which has ever its attraction for romance. They found frequent, though short, opportunities of meeting—not quite alone, but only in the conniving presence of Benedetta—sometimes in the public gardens—sometimes amidst the vast and deserted ruins by which the house of Rienzi was surrounded. They surrendered themselves, without much question of the future, to the excitement—the elysium—of the hour : they lived but from day to day ; *their* future was the next time they should meet—beyond that epoch, the very mists of their youthful love closed in obscurity and shadow which they sought not to penetrate : and as yet they had not arrived at that period of affection when there was an immediate danger of their fall—their love had not passed the golden portal where Heaven ceases and Earth begins. Everything for them was the poetry, the vagueness, the refinement—not the power, the concentration, the mortality—of desire !—the look—the whisper—the brief pressure of the hand—at most the first kisses of love, rare and few—these marked the human limits of that sentiment which filled them with a new life—which elevated them as with a new soul."

But let us have a glance at the " Last of the Tribunes" himself, when in the zenith of his greatness.

" It was later that day than usual, when Rienzi returned from his Tribunal to the apartments of the palace. As he traversed the reception-hall, his countenance was much flushed ; his teeth were set firmly, like a man who has taken a strong resolution from which he will not be moved ; and his brow was dark with that settled and fearful frown which the describers of his personal appearance have not failed to notice as the

characteristic of an anger the more deadly because invariably just. Close at his heels followed the bishop of Orvietto, and the aged Stephen Colonna. 'I tell you, my lords,' said Rienzi, 'that ye plead in vain. Rome knows no distinction between ranks. The law is blind to the agent—lynx-eyed to the deed.'

" 'Yet,' said Raimond, hesitatingly, 'bethink thee, Tribune; the nephew of two cardinals, and himself once a senator.'

" Rienzi halted abruptly, and faced his companions. 'My lord bishop,' said he, 'does not this make the crime more inexcusable. Look you, thus it reads:—A vessel from Avignon to Naples, charged with the revenues of Provence to Queen Jane, on whose cause, mark you, we now hold solemn council, is wrecked at the mouth of the Tiber; with that, Martino di Porto—a noble, as you say—the holder of that fortress whence he derives his title, doubly bound by gentle blood and by immediate neighbourhood, to succour the oppressed—falls upon the vessel with his troops (what hath the rebel with armed troops?)—and pillages the vessel like a common robber. He is apprehended—brought to my tribunal—receives fair trial—is condemned to die. Such is the law;—what more would you have?'

" 'Mercy,' said the Colonna.

" Rienzi folded his arms, and laughed disdainfully. 'I never heard my Lord Colonna plead for mercy when a peasant had stolen the bread that was to feed his famishing children.'

" 'Between a peasant and a prince, Tribune, I, for one, recognise a distinction;—the bright blood of an Orsini is not to be shed like that of a base plebeian.'

" 'Which I remember me,' said Rienzi, in a low voice, 'you deemed small matter enough, when my boy-brother fell beneath the wanton spear of your proud son. Wake not that memory. I warn you, let it sleep! For shame, old Colonna—for shame; so near the grave, where the worm levels all flesh, and preaching with those grey hairs, the uncharitable distinction between man and man. Is there not distinction enough at the best? Does not one wear purple, and the other rags? Hath not one ease, and the other toil? Doth not the one banquet while the other starves? Do I nourish any mad scheme to level the ranks which society renders an evil necessary? No. I war no more with Dives than with Lazarus. But before Man's judgment-seat, as before God's, Lazarus and Dives are made equal. No more.'

" Colonna drew his robe round him with great haughtiness, and bit his lip in silence; Raimond interposed.

" 'All this is true, Tribune. But,' and he drew Rienzi aside, you 'know we must be politic as well as just. Nephew to two cardinals, what enmity will not this provoke at Avignon?'

" 'Vex not yourself, holy Raimond, I will answer it to the Pontiff.' While they spoke, the bell tolled heavily and loudly.

" Colonna started.

" 'Great Tribune,' said he, with a slight sneer, 'deign to pause ere it be too late. I know not that I ever before bent to you a suppliant; and I ask you now to spare mine own foe. Stephen Colonna prays Cola di Rienzi to spare the life of an Orsini.'

" 'I understand thy taunt, old lord,' said Rienzi calmly, 'but I resent it

not. You are foe to the Orsini, yet you plead for him—it sounds generous; but hark you—you are more a friend to your order than a foe to your rival. You cannot hear that one great enough to have contended with you, should perish like a thief. I give full praise to such noble forgiveness; but I am no noble, and I do not sympathize with it. One word more:—if this were the sole act of fraud and violence that this bandit baron had committed, your prayers should plead for him; but is not his life notorious? Has he not been from boyhood the terror and disgrace of Rome? How many matrons violated, merchants pillaged, robbers stilletoeed in the daylight, rise in dark witness against the prisoner? And for such a man, do I live to hear an aged prince and a pope's vicar plead for mercy?—fie, fie. But I will be even with ye. The next *poor* man whom the law sentences to death, for your sake will I pardon.'

"Raimond again drew aside the Tribune, while Colonna struggled to suppress his rage.

"My friend," said the bishop, "the nobles will feel this as an insult to their whole order! the very pleading of Orsini's worst foe must convince thee of this. Martino's blood will seal their reconciliation with each other, and they will be as one man against thee."

"Be it so: with God and the People with me, I will dare, though a Roman, to be just. The bell ceases—you are already too late." So saying, Rienzi threw open the casement; and by the Staircase of the Lion rose a gibbet from which swung with a creaking sound, arrayed in his patrician robes, the yet palpitating corpse of Martino di Porto.

"Behold!" said the Tribune sternly, "thus die all robbers. For traitors the same law has the axe and the scaffold!"

One extract more: it is near the termination of the story, when Rienzi is betrayed and left with his wife alone. His only hope is, that his address may curb and melt the infuriated mob.

"The balcony on which Rienzi had alighted was that from which he had been accustomed to address the people—it communicated with a vast hall used on solemn occasions for State festivals—and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated casements looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armoury, the other confined to the prison of Brettone, the brother of Montreal. Beyond the latter tower was the general prison of the Capitol. For then the prison and the palace were in awful neighbourhood.

"The windows of the hall were yet open—and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony—the witness of the day's banquet was still there—the wine yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armoury, and selected from the various suits, that which he himself had worn when nearly eight years ago he had chased the Barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered; and then taking, in his right hand, from the wall, the great Gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him. In that vast building, save the prisoners, and one faithful heart whose presence he knew not of, the Senator was alone.

"On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream—

from lane, from alley, from palace and from hovel, the raging sea received new additions. On they came, their passions excited by their numbers—women and men, children and malignant age—in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath: ‘Death to the traitor—death to the tyrant—death to him who has taxed the people!’ ‘Mora l’traditore che ha fatta la gabella! Mora!’ Such was the cry of the people—such the crime of the Senator! They broke over the low palisades of the Capitol—they filled with one sudden rush the vast space; a moment before so desolate, now swarming with human beings athirst for blood!

“Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi, his face was bared, and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair grown grey before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood—neither fear, nor anger, nor menace—but deep grief and high resolve upon his features! A momentary shame, a momentary awe seized the crowd.

“He pointed to the Gonfalon, wrought with the Republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began:—

“‘I too am a Roman and a citizen; hear me!’

“‘Hear him not; hear him not! his false tongue can charm away our senses!’ cried a voice louder than his own; and Rienzi recognised Cecco del Vecchio.

“‘Hear him not; down with the tyrant!’ cried a more shrill and youthful tone; and by the side of the artizan stood Angelo Villani.

“‘Hear him not; death to the death giver!’ cried a voice close at hand, and from the grating of the neighbouring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

“Then from earth to Heaven rose the roar—‘Down with the tyrant; down with him who taxed the people!’

“A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator, still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope. He stood collected in his own indignant, but determined thoughts; but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he *should* be heard; ‘and, doubtless,’ says the contemporaneous biographer, ‘*had he but spoken he would have changed them all, and the work been marred.*’

“The soldiers of the Barons had already mixed themselves with the throng—more deadly weapons than stones, aided the wrath of the multitude—darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking—‘Way for the torches!’ Red in the sunlight they tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter were piled hastily round the great doors of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

“Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his band, the right hand that supported the flag of Rome, the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall. He sat down; and tears, springing from no weak and woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion, tears that befit a

warrior when his own troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love—tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes and relieved, *they changed*, his heart.

“ ‘Enough, enough,’ he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; ‘I have risked, dared, toiled enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice—I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish! I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country!—she deserves not so high a sacrifice!’ ”

ART. V.—*The Chronicles of Rabbi Joseph Ben Joshua Ben Meir, the Sphardi. Translated from the Hebrew.* By C. H. F. BIALLOBLOTZKY. London: Bentley. 1835.

THE Oriental Translation Committee, by this production, have offered a due homage to the ancient classic language of the Jews, and presented a most interesting and valuable addition to modern historical literature, regarding some of the most important events and periods in the annals of the world. The author was born in Avignon, in the year 1406 of our era, and afterwards settled near Genoa. He was accordingly a contemporary of Henry VIII., Charles V., Andrew Doria, Leo X., and Luther; he was also an eye-witness of the rebellion of Fiesco. The volume before us contains those chronicles which form the compilation of events that occurred previous to his time, and its particular value belongs to the crusading periods, which not only excited such a novel and mighty convulsion throughout all Christendom against the followers of the prophet, but let loose the most atrocious bigotry against the unbelieving Israelites. Rabbi Joseph is generally a faithful and correct historian, although, of course, he views every thing through a Jewish medium. Wilkin, in his “History of the Crusades,” makes frequent use of a manuscript German version of not quite the former half of the work, and has inserted a portion of it in the appendix to the first division of the third part of that history; and this extract has been lately re-translated into English, and published by Keightley, in his “History of the Crusades.” The second volume of these Chronicles, which we have not yet seen, will be the most worthy of attention, inasmuch as it will contain the events that were contemporary with the author, concerning some of which he had immediate knowledge. Altogether, the work is a rare and rich curiosity in literature. The original is written in the phraseology and manner of the sacred Scriptures of the Old Testament, which the translator has exerted himself to preserve; the style of sentiment and thought throughout being remarkably simple, not unfrequently powerful and pathetic, in a striking degree. But the great value of the work consists in this,

that it is built upon peculiar materials gathered from the Jewish records, to which few can have access, and that it is, especially as regards religious wars, such as those of the Crusaders, by a neutral historian, neither Christian, nor Mussulman. And yet it is a melancholy history; for in the past periods of Christianity, when were God's ancient people allowed to be neutral spectators of the political convulsions of nations? During the Crusades, we can conceive with what wonder they must have regarded the (misnamed) Holy Wars, when Palestine, their own inheritance, as they believed it, was claimed by those professing a creed which they despised. But they were not left to be silent contemplators, for in the phrenzy of the times, they became the victims of the most unmitigated portion of that phrenzy.

Many portions of these Chronicles, therefore, form a melancholy record, where the author details horrors and sufferings with great effect, and pours out the full tide of a broken heart. There is, along with his unmeasured laments, however, not only a religious resignation, but an exulting hope, that every cruelty and persecution which his despised race has been enduring or is to endure, are appointed but to prepare his nation for future exaltation.

It is likewise, when considering the interest and value attaching to these Chronicles, to be remembered, as the translator has observed, that an extensive mercantile correspondence, and frequent wanderings and pilgrimages, afforded to the Jews many opportunities of acquiring information, during centuries in which the greater part of the nations professing Christianity, remained in comparative ignorance. They were, during the middle ages, admitted into the secrets of European and Asiatic cabinets, and consulted on questions of political importance. The interests of their nation were then, much more than at the present, interwoven with those of almost every people, both barbarous and civilized. Their great wealth, their self-interest—quickened by the usage they might, on any political convulsion, be subjected to—and the persecutions they frequently encountered, were circumstances which kept them not merely as a distinct people, but must have led them to form, if not just, at least peculiar opinions of passing events, compared with the historians belonging to the hostile parties around them. The passages about to be extracted, will prove, that whether their literary or intrinsic merits be considered, these Chronicles are a precious curiosity. We first cite part of the Rabbi's preface, to show its strain, and to afford his own explanation of the design of the work.

“Knowing that within the whole gate of my people there hath not arisen another historian like unto Josephon, the priest, who wrote the wars of the land of Jehudah and Jerusalem. They ceased, the writers of memoirs, they ceased; in Israel they ceased, until I arose, even I, Joseph; I who arose to be a writer of memorials in Israel, and until I took it into

my heart to write in a book, a memorial of the multitude of afflictions which we have experienced in the countries of the Gentiles, from the day that Jehudah was led captive from his country until this day; and of the wars of the kings of the Gentiles which they have warred in the land of Jehudah and Jerusalem, and the exiles from Tzarpfath and Sphard, that the sons of Israel may know it. And I have gathered in Israel after the reapers, as my hand hath found it, here a little and there a little. Therefore I also shook my lap to write a book of the Chronicles of the kings of Tzarpfath and of Sphard, and of the kings of the house of Othman; and to put their times in a book, *and to write how these Egyptians have wronged us, as well as our fathers, that the remembrance thereof may not pass away from among the Jews; and the memory of our wrongs shall not come to an end, nor depart from their seed until the lame man shall leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing. Sing praises unto the Lord, for he hath done glorious things! This is known in every land.*"—pp. xix, xx.

Tzarpfath, signifies France; Ashkenaz, Germany; and Sphard, Spain. Of these countries and of Italy, the Rabbi possessed much more extensive and accurate knowledge than of England and other northern countries. Let us see how he introduces the subject of the Crusaders, and mark the feeling with which he every whose links the general history of the period with his own people, where persecutors "he hateth with a perfect hatred."

"And Peter the hermit, the priest, went to Jerusalem in the year four thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, this is the year one thousand and ninety-six, and there he beheld the burdens of the uncircumcised and the hard work which was laid upon them; and he was zealous for his brethren. And he returned to Rome, and told in the ears of Pope Urban, all that his eyes had seen, and the burdens of the uncircumcised which were at Jerusalem in those days.

"And they called a council at Clermont: and the pope said unto the princes, 'Come ye; let us go up unto the mountain of the Lord, and we will take it out of the hands of the Ishmaelites; for it is a shame for us to leave the holy land in the hands of those dogs.' And many hearkened unto his voice; and their hearts were willing to go, and they made the cross for a sign on their garments in that day. Moreover, Peter spake in the ears of the nations and the princes; and many hearkened unto his voice, and gave their hearts to go to war in the land of Judah and in the holy city at that time. And they gathered themselves together from all lands; from Ashkenaz, and from Tzarpfath, and from Sphard, and from England, and Scotland, and Italy, much people, which for multitude could not be numbered, men and women, all whose spirit was willing to go, kings and counsellors of the earth, great and small, rich and poor, strong and weak, priests and bishops together; and of them it was said, 'The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands.'

"That year was a year of sorrow for Jacob; and they were given over to plunder in the countries of the uncircumcised, and in all the places where they were scattered. And upon them fell many sorrows and devastations, which are written in the law of Moses, and which cannot be told in a book; for the abominable German and French rose

up against them—people of a fierce countenance, that have no respect to the persons of the old, neither have they mercy upon the young. And they said, ‘ Let us be revenged for our Messiah, upon the Jews which are among us; and let us destroy them from being a nation, that the name of Israel may be had no more in remembrance: so shall they change their glory and they will be like unto us:—then we will go to the East.’ And when the congregations which were in Ashkenaz heard these fearful tidings, their hearts melted within them, and became like water; and trembling took hold upon them, as pain upon a woman in her travail. And they bare their lives upon their hands*, and proclaimed a fast, and put ashes upon their heads, and girded themselves with sackcloth, and cried unto the Lord in their distress: but He covered himself with a cloud, that the prayer should not pass through.”—pp. 29—31.

It is necessary to bear in mind, the translator informs us, that Rabbi Joseph records the details of events relative to Jewish history, in conformity with the Jewish era, and that according to the computation of Scaliger, three thousand seven hundred and sixty-one years must be subtracted from any Jewish date, subsequent to the birth of Christ, in order to find the corresponding year of the Christian era, and as many are to be added to the number of years of our era, if we intend to express the same date, according to the Jewish chronology. For example, our year 1834, is, in the Jewish calendar, the year 5595. But the year commenced only on the 11th of October, consequently, the greater part of our year 1834, has coincided with the Jewish year 5594.

In continuation of the passage we have last quoted from these Chronicles, the Rabbi goes on to describe many particular instances of cruelty practised “against the holy congregation of Spires,” commencing with ten men, who were slain “with the edge of the sword,” because they would not be defiled by the “proud water,” (of baptism, is meant). “And there was a pious woman, and she chose death rather than life; and she took a knife, and slew herself, because she would not be defiled at that time. And she was the first of them that slew themselves.” Very many are the harrowing details in these pages, which go to prove that persecution defeats its own purpose, and strengthens the prejudices or previous opinions of its victims; and not less abundant are the details of desperate courage to which the misused Jews were driven.

“And on the twenty-third day of the same month, there arose oppressors upon the holy community which is in Worms; and many fled into the house of the bishop, for they were afraid lest some evil should overtake them. And they entered into the houses, and slew there them which were found with the edge of the sword, they had no compassion upon man nor woman. And they pulled down houses, and cast down th

* “Hebraism—for ‘they exposed their lives to imminent danger by boldly proclaiming a fast.’”

strong places, and they put forth their hand to the spoil; and there was none to deliver out of their hand in the day of the Lord's vengeance. And the Books of the Law they cast to the ground, and trod them under their feet; and they uttered their voice in the house of the Lord as in a day of solemn feast. And they said, 'Aha! this is the day for which we have longed:' and they devoured Israel in every corner. O Lord, behold, and see! They left none alive, save the children and sucklings, which were defiled with the proud water by force. But it came to pass afterwards, that they esteemed their fear as vanity, and their persons as the mire of the streets; and they said, 'Let us return to the Lord our God,' because fury was over them, and the slain did sanctify the Holy One of Israel in the eyes of the sun; and they chose death rather than life, for they refused to be defiled. Many did slay themselves, every one his brother and his neighbour, his sons and his daughters, the bridegroom and the bride, and the wife of his bosom. And from compassion, the women slew their children with all their heart and with all their soul; and they said, 'Hear, O Israel!*' when their souls were poured out into their mother's bosoms."—pp. 32, 33.

He speaks in other places of bishops, whose "eyes had compassion" upon the Jews at various times, and who delivered them out of the hand of the enemy. The *defiling* in the last extract, still refers to baptism, and surely nothing but religious phrenzy could ever persuade men to look upon a forced submission as of any value, or as a symptom of conversion. But in no case have mankind ever found religious intolerance and persecution more rational in spirit, whatever these may have been in degree. Innumerable and particular accounts are given by the Rabbi of insatiate persecuting cruelty against the helpless Hebrews, which in the biblico-oriental simplicity of the style, is far more affecting than the most laboured descriptions of epic poetry. Take as examples a few unconnected passages.

"And when the holy assembly of Mayence heard these evil tidings, their hearts were poured out and became like water; and they all fled into the house of the bishop, which they accounted a city of refuge, to deliver their lives from destruction; and the enemies rose upon them on the third day of the month Sivan, and slew them with the edge of the sword; and they regarded not the countenance of the aged on that fearful day: and it came to pass, when the enemies fell upon them, that they cried with a loud voice, 'Hear, O Israel!' And they put forth their hands to the pleasant things in their sight, and slew their wives and their children. The women also filled their hands with instruments of destruction on that bitter day.

* "The commencement of the Jews' confession:—'Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might,' &c. Deut. vi. 4, 5. These words are written upon the phylacteries of the Jews, and often repeated under trials of faith, and they are usually recited beside the death-bed of a Jew.'"

"And sixty souls were hid in the treasure-house; and the bishop sent them into the villages which are called Rinconah, to save them from their hands. And the enemies pursued after them and killed them; and in all places whithersoever they fled, the stones in the wall uttered a cry against them, to confound and to destroy them; for there was given permission to the destroyer to consume in those evil days. And two were saved who were defiled by force; the name of the one was Uri, and the name of the other was Isaac, the son of David, the manager, and his two daughters with him; and they returned unto the Lord. And Isaac slew his daughters on the evening of the Feast of Weeks, and kindled a fire in his house and brought a burnt offering unto the Lord. And he went with Uri into the synagogue, before the ark; and they died there before the Lord, when the flame went up. My heart, my heart is with their ~~slain~~, and with them which are burned in the fire; my soul refuses to be comforted. Plead, O Lord, the cause of their souls! judge righteous judgment, and avenge thou the blood of thy servants which was spilled, as it is written, 'I will cleanse their blood that I have not cleansed; for the Lord dwelleth in Zion.'

"And these dreadful tidings came unto the holy congregation of Cologne, on the fifth day of the month Sivan, and the Jews ran hither and thither, and hid themselves in the houses of their acquaintance; and it came to pass in the morning, and behold there were voices and trembling, and fear as of a woman in her travail. And the enemies arose, and broke down the houses, and plundered and took much spoil; and there was none to deliver out of their hands. And the people rushed into the prayer-houses, and took out the Books of the Law, and made sport of them, and gave them to be trodden upon in the streets, on the feast day of the Lord, on that day in the which the Law was proclaimed when the earth trembled, and the pillars thereof did shake; but now was it torn in pieces and trampled upon: the proud did burn it, evil-doers defiled it. Shall not the Lord of Hosts, the righteous Judge, visit for these things?

"And they took Master Isaac, who would not flee, and they led him into the house of their absurdity*. And he spat upon their image; and scorned and blasphemed them: and they killed him; and a woman also they killed at the same time. And it came to pass, on the tenth day of the month, when the fury was passed over, that the bishop sent them which were hid in the houses of their acquaintance into the villages. And he distributed them among seven places to save them, and they remained there until the fourth month. And they fasted in those days daily, and they made vows and prayed unto God."—pp. 35—38.

The Jews have ever shown themselves a strong-hearted people, and of desperate resolution. The very firmness and constancy with which they have withstood the evidences of Christianity, have often been quoted in evidence that they are a peculiar people. But whether right or wrong, there is something magnanimous as well as horrible in such sacrifices as the following.

"And there was among them that went up thither an old man stricken

* "Church."

in years; Rabbi Samuel, son of Rabbi Jechiel, was his name; and this man was perfect and upright, fearing God and eschewing evil; and he had an only son, choice as the cedars, and he fled away with his father from the midst of the water; and the youth stretched out his neck, and the old man took the knife and pronounced a blessing on the sacrifice; and he slew him, the youth answering, 'Amen!' And all the by-standers answered and said, 'Hear, O Israel!' Behold and see, all ye that pass by the way, if there be any sorrow like unto their sorrow, and their strength, and the power which filled their heart to do it. Or was there ever such a thing heard from the day that the Lord created man upon the earth? Wo unto the eyes which beheld it!

"And there was there a young man who feared God, the beadle of the synagogue; his name was Menahem. And the old man said unto him, 'Take my sword, and slay me upon my son;' and the young man strengthened himself, and slew him, and he died also there."—p. 40.

Rabbi Joseph's plaintive and vivid descriptions of the sufferings of the persecuted Jews in Christendom, previous to his time, need not farther be quoted. We shall therefore glean a few passages more generally historical; and although it does not seem that he throws much new light on any events embraced by this first volume of his *Chronicles*, the impression communicated to the reader is, that he follows an independent course, keeping by documents and evidence, as he himself must have collected them from the archives and traditions of his own race. He opens his account of the armaments and movements of the first Crusade, thus:—

"And at the head of the dreadful nations which went willingly to Jerusalem were Godfrey duke of Lorraine, and Eustace and Baldwin, his brothers, and Hugh, the brother of Philip, king of Tzarphath, and many princes and honourable men; who went also willingly: moreover, the cursed Peter, the priest, went with them; and he was unto them instead of eyes. And their number was about six hundred thousand men; and they went seven ways, by sea and by land, for the countries could not bear them; and every one looked his own way. And there was scarcely a house in the west from which there did not go a man or a woman; and some of them led with them their children, and returned no more unto their homes."—pp. 51, 52.

There is a short but comprehensive manner of characterising and describing events—that must have caused great speculation at the time of their occurrence, some of which have cost late historians much labour—which the Rabbi excels at. Here is an example in reference to the successor of Lewis Le Gros:—"This is Lewis, the younger, who went with the Emperor Conrad, into the land of Judah, where they did not achieve any thing; and they returned back with shame." A few sentences, as we hastily turn over the pages, present to us in one place, perhaps, a still more happy combination of descriptive and rapidly expressed ideas. The extract might furnish texts for a variety of lectures.

"King Lewis commanded, and proclamation was made throughout

the whole kingdom, saying, 'Who is the man that is willing to go to war with me unto Jerusalem? He shall be free from all the debts which he oweth unto the Jews.' And Isrsel was brought very low.

"And in England the Lord delivered them by the hand of king Henry; for the heart of kings is in the hand of the Lord, and He put it in his heart to deliver them; and he took not from them, from a thread even to a shoe-latchet: may the name of the Lord be blessed for ever! Amen. Also to those who were forced to be baptized, who were defiled in that year, the Lord gave compassion in the sight of a priest, and he led them unto Tzarpthath, not for money nor for reward; and they dwelt there until the rage of the vagabonds* against them was appeased: and they returned unto the Lord. Remember it unto him for good, O Lord!"—pp. 128, 129.

We had purposed to avoid any farther particular description of the persecutions of the Jews, as detailed by the sympathising author, but an elegiac lament occurs, called forth by the fate of certain of his people, who were martyred at Orleans, that is inexpressibly affecting, and which we quote.

"O daughters of Israel, weep ye over these pure souls, who were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. Put not on silk garments, dress not in purple, 'for glory is departed from Israel,' and let your brethren, the whole house of Israel, bewail the burning. And they were then not given to be buried; and it came to pass, after some days, that the Jews came and buried their bones; and they wept very sore over them, for the sorrow was great. And all the Jews who were in Tzarpthath, and in the isles of the sea, received that bitter day as a day of mourning and humiliation. So it is, according to the saying of our exalted Rabbi Jacob, the son of Rabbi Meir, when he writes, 'This fast should be greater than the fast of Gedaliah; for this is a day of atonement.' And the Jews received that which they began to do."†—p. 169.

The massacre of the Jews in London and York, is not passed over; neither is the Rabbi unwilling to acknowledge the justice and compassion of those who favoured his people. He also honours duly the gallantry and heroism of the Christians, when these come to be mentioned.

Rabbi Joseph's narratives exhibit generally much picturesque beauty. The following specimen, along with a remarkable minuteness of detail, may be taken.

"In those days went also the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, with his horsemen and his host, unto Constantinople; for there was peace between Frederic and between the emperor of Constantinople at that time; and they made a covenant together. And he passed over the sea of the Hellespont, and they came unto the country of Asia. And the soul of

* "A contemptuous expression for the crusaders."

† "i. e. They commenced the practice, which they have since continued of celebrating this fast."

the people became weary in the road for want of every thing. And they came unto the kingdom of Iconium; and when the sultan saw this he was afraid and sore distressed. And he promised to give them plenty of food for money, but they found no truth in his mouth; and he violated his covenant, and went out against them in the road with a strong hand. And the wrath of Frederic was kindled, and he went out against him, and pursued after him unto Iconium, and plundered the open cities; his eye had no compassion upon them. And he removed thence, and went on his journey towards Cilicia: and it came to pass, when they passed through a strait place, that they found there Turks in multitudes, which sat in an ambush of the clefts of the rocks; for they thought, 'We shall fall upon them suddenly, and not one shall be left of them.' And this was told unto Frederic, and he went on his journey, and fell upon them like a bear bereaved of her whelps; and they fled before him. And they pursued after them unto the plain, and destroyed much people of them. And he went towards Cilicia; and Leo, the chief of the Armenians, received him with gladness. And he gave them sufficient provisions; and they dwelt there many days. And they rejoiced there together; and went out to hunt game day by day.

"And it came to pass, one day, that Frederic went unto the water of the river to bathe, as the day was warm; and there met him messengers of death, and he was drowned in the water of the river like a stone; and there was none to deliver him. And all the nobles that were with him wept over him.

"And Saladin was much afraid, and he was amazed before they came; for it was not known that Frederic had died; and he thought in his heart to leave all the country to return unto Egypt.

"And he commanded, and they cast down the walls of Laodicea, and the wall of the Gibiltorsi, and the wall of Byblos, and the walls of Beyrout and Sidon, lest the uncircumcised should enter them, to be as thorns in the sides of the circumcised, according as they did until that day."—pp. 202—204.

Scanderbeg, "which means Prince Alexander," from his very youth, and earliest heroism, obtains from the author an admiring sort of testimony, which leads one to feel that the Rabbi's heart sympathised strongly with gallant deeds. The simplicity and hearty fidelity of the description conveys a far happier and more complimentary praise, than any ornate or ingenious panegyric could do. His name was George, but when given by his father as a pledge to Amurath, the latter felt the highest partiality for him, and caused him to be called Scanderbeg; "and his countenance was like unto that of the king's sons." He became a captain in the host of Amurath, but his devotion was for the Christians, and when defeated by those of his father's creed, under Ladislaus, he rejoiced in his heart and said:—

"'This is the time to laugh.' And it came to pass, in the darkness of the night, that one of the scribes of the king came unto him, and said, 'Why art thou here, Scanderbeg; for we have never seen thee flee except to-day?' And he said unto him, 'This matter is by the decree of the

watchers; for the war belongeth to God, and who can withstand?' And Scanderbeg commanded; and they took the scribe of the king and bound him with chains. And the scribe said unto him, 'What sin, or what wickedness have I done, that thou doest unto me this thing?' And Scanderbeg answered, 'Thou hast not defrauded me, nor oppressed me; only, lest thou shouldst run away from me, I have done this thing. And now write a writing, written and sealed with the king's ring, unto the governor, who is in Croia, the city of my father's kingdom, that he should give me the city and its environs in the name of my master the king; for a writing, which is written in his name, cannot be recalled. And then shalt thou go with me, and I will exalt thy name, and thou shalt be my brother all thy days.' And the scribe said, 'How shall I do this wicked deed? I should forfeit my head unto the king.' And Scanderbeg drew his sword, and threatened him to kill him. And the scribe was afraid for his life, and did all that he said. And he said unto him, 'Come with us;' and the scribe would not: and he killed him, and no man knew any thing of it. And Scanderbeg hastened and went unto Albania; and the Turks who were there honoured him much; and they ate and became drunken with them. And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry with wine, that he said unto them, 'Do you know why I am come hither?' And they said, 'We know not the cause.' And he said, 'The king, our master, has sent me to dwell at Croia, instead of the governor who is there.' And they believed his words: for the king Amurath loved him like unto the love of women. And one of them said that he would go with him; and Scanderbeg was very glad, and they went into the city of Croia. And he gave the writing unto the governor, and he delivered the city into his hand; and Scanderbeg came into the city. And about three hundred Albanians were with him. And the Turks went their way. And it came to pass, when he came, that he took away the banner of Amurath, and set up his own banner, upon which was the black eagle with two heads. And they said, 'Long live Scanderbeg!' when he at the same time was revolting against his master. And he killed the Turks who were left there, and took all the cities of his father as a man would take the tip of his ear. And also the rest of the cities which belonged unto Amurath, in Albania, he took, and became their king; and the Albanians rejoiced much, for their souls were weary of the Turks; and they said, 'Let our master, Scanderbeg, live for ever!'

"And when Amurath heard what was done, it grieved him much in his heart, and he fought against Scanderbeg all his days, but could not do any thing. And Scanderbeg became very great, and his fame went throughout all the earth."—pp. 269, 270.

Our readers will now have a pretty fair idea of the style in which this Jewish writer treats of historical subjects. That the entire burden of his thoughts have been ever directed to the condition and the prospects of his oppressed race, to the securing of our deep sympathy, is manifest; and were it for nothing else than this tender lesson and impression, the Oriental Translation Committee have conferred upon English readers an important benefit. In spite of his fancy for the employment of biblical phraseology, only because found in classical Hebrew to a tiresome degree, the

general style of his narrative is forcible and interesting, independent of the impressive facts which he has to communicate; and certainly we shall look for the publication of the second volume, which is nearly ready, with no ordinary degree of curiosity, which is to describe the events that occurred during the thirty-three years from 1520, the date to which the portion before us brings the Chronicles down, and which must therefore be the more valuable, and since the Rabbi took part in some of the scenes thus embraced, and was contemporary with them all.

ART. V.—*Address to the People of Great Britain, explanatory of our Commercial Relations with the Empire of China, and of the course of Policy by which it may be rendered an almost unbounded Field for British Commerce.* By a Visitor to China. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1836.

THE extinction of the East India Company's monopoly, and the increasing insolence and oppressive measures of the Chinese towards British subjects, have of late excited an unusual degree of anxiety in many minds, as to what should be the future policy of our government in these circumstances, for the protection and extension of British interests. We have perused several pamphlets, and the observations found in several more voluminous productions on the subject, within these twelve months, and, without almost an exception, they inculcate upon England the duty of assuming a decided attitude, and an uncompromising dignity in dealing with the authorities of the celestial empire, such as becomes the station of our country in the scale of nations. All seem to be decidedly of opinion that every attempt at conciliation is vain, so long as the Chinese are not disabused of the idea that all nations foreign to them are barbarians, ignorant, and impotent. The author of the pamphlet before us takes a similar view of the bearings of the subject, and indeed with more than ordinary zeal and ability urges upon the British people and government the necessity of immediate and firm measures, if a commercial intercourse is desired to be in future carried on with China, consistent with honour and advantage, national and individual. At the same time, he informs his readers that this attempt to throw light on points that have been much misunderstood and often misrepresented, is from the pen of a gentleman who visited China for purposes entirely unconnected with commerce, and who therefore, when his personal observation is considered, may reasonably be supposed to have formed a dispassionate judgment, which persons suffering under the smart of the injuries which he portrays, could not be expected to have arrived at. With much pleasure we therefore proceed to present some of the leading views which the author enforces, that we may,

in as far as our influence extends, awaken and keep alive public anxiety and knowledge on the subject, persuaded along with him, that our rulers can only be roused to a full sense of its importance, and enabled to carry into effect the most salutary measures, when urged and supported by the people.

Our visiter to China begins with a statement of the vastness of the celestial empire, whether taken geographically, numerically in respect of the inhabitants, or commercially. According to some reports, its population amounts to nearly one third of all the human race supposed to exist on the face of the earth ; at any rate, there never was heard of such a densely populated country subject to one government, using one language, and observing one code of laws and form of institutions. But what, in a mercantile point of view, is of as much importance as any of these considerations, is to be discovered in the fact, that the population consists not merely of a wealthy aristocracy, and boors or wretched slaves, but of all the intermediate ranks to be found in the most civilized and flourishing countries ; so that there are private gentry, a numerous mercantile community, and manufacturers as well as artisans without number. Our author takes notice of another circumstance which must have an extensive bearing ; he says, that, notwithstanding this flourishing state of things, money is not often hoarded by the Chinese, or withdrawn from circulation. Though the most active and industrious of human beings, they are not parsimonious. Official rapacity renders the accumulation of wealth a dangerous experiment in that country ; besides, the Chinese are a luxurious, a sensual, and a gambling people ; nor has superstition ever exacted many taxes from them to the gods—in this respect offering a striking contrast to the priest-ridden Hindoo. When all these, and other circumstances of a like tendency which might be mentioned, are taken into account, we may well believe that there is no want of commercial activity in bringing from abroad such objects of luxury as their own country cannot supply, and of the most busy interchange of commodities among themselves.

The author quotes a statement made by the factors of the East India Company to their employers in the year 1622, which is found to hold perfectly true at the present time ; it runs thus :—“ Concerning the trade with China, three things are especially made known unto the world. The one is the abundance of trade it affordeth. The second is, that they admit no strangers into their country. The third is, that trade is as life unto the vulgar, which, in remote parts, they will seek and accommodate with hazard and all they have.” The variety of climate in China, and the style of the people’s clothing—the range and features of the sea-coast, and the political situation of the empire, inasmuch as it is self-governed, are all considered by the author to be more advantageous in a commercial point of view than the parallel characteristics of Hin-

dostan ; so that he expresses deep regret and great astonishment, that the apathy or indecision of our statesmen should have so long left our commercial relations with the former nation in that state which has led to their present deplorable condition. But the author insists that the case is not even now desperate—that the present moment affords our government a glorious opportunity for rectifying past mismanagement and neglect—and he proceeds ably and shortly to show the advantages and scope presented to British wisdom and enterprise in this field, as also to point out the manner in which the most brilliant prospects may be realised. We must here cite some paragraphs descriptive of these prospects :—

“ The British cotton manufacturer cannot forget that even the once far-famed fabrics of Bengal have given place to his superior skill, not only in the general market of the world, but in the very field of its production. Already have the nankins of China itself almost ceased to be numbered amongst its staple exports, unable to compete with the nankins of England. It seems, indeed, impossible that, drawing a part of his raw material from India at a very enhanced price, while the cost of his labour is more than double that of the Hindoo weavers, the Chinese could, any more than his Indian neighbours, clothe himself so cheaply or so well, in articles of his own manufacture as in those from the British loom, were the latter fairly placed within his reach. A population far exceeding that of all Europe is ready and able to purchase the productions of the British weavers. ONE MAN* has been induced to say they shall not, and England has kissed the dust from his feet and acquiesced in humble silence.

“ Should a brighter day arrive, and the ports of China be freely opened to our woollens, it must be the fault of our manufacturers if they do not obtain possession of the most extensive market that has been ever presented to them; for China possesses neither the materials nor the skill that would enable it to compete with us. Unless, however, great exertions are made, continental Europe, by supplying our many fabrics at a lower price, is not unlikely to occupy the better part of this vast field. Of glass ware in any shape there is no manufactory in China that deserves the name, so that in this branch also an almost boundless field is unoccupied. It is to be hoped that when the paralysing touch of the excise is withdrawn from our glass-works, we shall cease to be, as hitherto, unsold by competitors of other countries far less skilful than our own manufacturers.

“ The Chinese employed in our Indian foundries and dockyards have proved to be excellent workmen ; but mere manual labour cannot compete with the powers of the steam-engine. The hardware of Sheffield and Birmingham must therefore one day supersede the native tools and cutlery of China. Surpassing, in short, the Chinese in every branch of art and science, as well as in capital and machinery, there is scarcely an article, food excepted, that can administer to the wants or tastes of man, that the manufacturers of England may not supply to them of a quality and at a price that will ensure an almost unlimited demand. It does not,

* “ The Emperor of China.”

indeed, seem too much to expect that even the porcelain of Keang Se may, at last, in China as in Europe, give place to the stone-ware of Worcestershire or Staffordshire; or that English silk stuffs may, at no distant period, be bartered for the raw silk of Kyang Nan.

“Against the reality of such brilliant prospects, it may perhaps be urged, that experience shows them to be illusory. The East India Company say they made the most patriotic efforts to introduce British goods into China, but were unable, even at the willing sacrifice of large sums in the experiment, to force any considerable quantity on that market. Nor is it a sufficient answer to this fact, to allege, in explanation, the want of skill and economy that pervaded every part of the trading system pursued by those merchant-sovereigns. The enterprising traders of the United States have also failed in this object, though neither prudence nor judgment was wanting in the attempt.

“To this argument, there is an obvious and conclusive reply. Neither the East India Company, nor any other merchants, have as yet been permitted, correctly speaking, to trade with China. Their dealings have been conducted with about a dozen individuals, whose residence, indeed, is in that country, but who ought to be considered rather in the light of slaves to the officers of the local government, than as merchants. The experiment cannot be regarded as fairly made, till the free-trader can legitimately pursue the natural liberty of trafficking where, with whom, and in what objects of commerce may best suit his interest; secure from all molestation so long as he offends against no rational law of the country, and sure of redress should wrong be offered to him.

“How different from such conditions are those under which commerce with China has hitherto been conducted! Obligated to limit their resort to a single port, lying at a distance of fifteen hundred miles from the capital, foreigners are even there prohibited from dealing with any native who is not of the privileged number of hong merchants, half of whom are believed to be in insolvent circumstances.”—pp. 5—7.

The experiment recommended requires that our traders be free, and that they may be allowed to pursue their own interests where, with whom, and in what objects of commerce they please, so long as they offend against no rational law of the country, and be sure of redress should wrong be offered to them. But these requisites, it will be said, involve all the difficulties that have hitherto been encountered on the subject, and having been, may be presumed to continue insurmountable. Our author is, however, of a very different opinion, and shows, we think most satisfactorily, by an induction of facts, and candid reasoning on broad principles, that the experiment recommended has not only never been fairly tried, but that it is of a simple, straightforward, and sure character, only embarrassed or complicated by the feebleness, the apathy, and subserviency of our own efforts in times past. Before glancing at the author's criticisms of the past, and recommendations for the future, in reference to British policy concerning our trade with China, we must transfer to our pages his picture of its condition hitherto, which, though powerful, is by no means overcharged.

"But to see more clearly the position of the Chinese, with respect to the foreign trade at Canton, the British merchant has only to figure to himself the consequences that would ensue to him, were the Grand Seigneur to become emperor of all Europe, and to rigorously enjoin that its trade with the rest of the world should be conducted at the Porte, and no where else; that all transport of British goods by sea should be prohibited, lest foreigners might by that means receive their supplies without going to Constantinople, and that to carry on direct correspondence with an American or East Indian merchant should be deemed treasonable. Let him then imagine that, even after he has carried his goods up the Rhine, and down the Danube, and along the shores of the Euxine, till he has landed them at Constantinople, he is allowed to select, from among only a dozen privileged merchants, the one through whom he may choose to deal, and that he is entirely at the mercy of this man, both for the price which he may obtain for his goods, and the rate at which he must pay for his returns. This is precisely the position of the country merchant at Canton.

"To the situation of the foreign merchant there, a parallel may be drawn, by supposing the American, in the preceding case, to be an object systematically held up to popular scorn, in public proclamations issued by the effendi; to be described in these as addicted to every vice, and to be of a class of beings with whom it is pollution to hold social intercourse; to be forbidden even to assume the appearance of fixing his residence in Turkey, by bringing to it his wife and family; to be debarred quitting, for air or exercise, the barrack allotted to himself and his fellow-merchants, except at long intervals, and under the charge of a special guide, made responsible for his conduct; to be denied the privilege of using a conveyance in case of illness; to be precluded from hiring warehouses for his goods, and from treating with any unprivileged merchant for their sale; and yet to have no legitimate access to redress, should the person to whom they have been entrusted abscond without accounting for their value. Suffering under these indignities and restraints, our American merchant may derive what consolation he can, from knowing that the situation of those with whom he deals, is in some respects, more abject than his own; that they are never for an instant safe in their persons or property; that the only security they have against arbitrary banishment and confiscation is the caution of their rulers, not to cut off the source of their own habitual plunder; and that they have not the power of withdrawing themselves from their wretched position by renouncing trade."—pp. 9—11.

Hitherto the British have resorted to bribery, for the purpose of placing our commerce with China on a better footing, which can only have served to increase the rapacity and insolence of the Chinese—or they have employed ambassadors who, from ignorance of the Chinese language, customs, and intrigues, have done more harm than good—or they have used threats which have seldom been put into execution in any formidable degree, thereby adding fuel to the boastful cowardice of a nation, that might be easily controlled and awed. Now, if the same means are only to be resorted to, after our sovereign himself has, in the person of his representative at

Canton, the late Lord Napier, been insulted by the Chinese authorities, it is but in perfect accordance with human nature, especially with that prejudiced, that venal, that mendacious people, that still greater indignities be offered to our nation in future. It is alleged as an argument in favour of our passive submission, that from time immemorial it has been a standing rule of their policy to interdict the resort of strangers to their ports, and that they have a right as a nation to do with their own as they please. But this is a narrow and faulty view of human rights; for we agree with our author when he declares that the doctrine

“Which would exclude the Chinese from the society of nations, would divest them of all claim to the protection of international law. Various distributed as are the gifts of nature over the several regions of the earth, it is only by the interchange of commodities that the inhabitants of each portion can severally have their due share of the bounty prepared for all who, by their industry, are entitled to participate in the common stock. If then there should be any government which should, as China has been supposed to do, capriciously set itself against the general good, in opposition to the desires of its own subjects as well as the demands of its neighbours, it can have but little claim to their consideration and forbearance. It must be regarded, *quoad hoc*, as the common wrong of mankind, and as such be compelled to abandon a position so hostile to the general interests of the human race.”—p. 16.

It is maintained and supported by quotations and facts in this pamphlet, that however true in theory the anti-social system, as regards other nations, so strong and universal in China, may be, it is not only at direct variance with the authorities on which their political creed is avowedly founded, but is practically at variance with the history of the British trade in particular with that country; and the greatest part of this publication is taken up with a sketch of this history, which to us is highly satisfactory. We cannot follow this sketch, but the author's statements and evidences amounts to this, that the Chinese have, in all ages, valued foreign trade, and that our own has been established upon conditions voluntarily entered into with the view of attracting it in the first instance, and not in the face of the repulsive obstacles that now obtain, till it has frequently become a question whether it would not be better to incur at once the immense sacrifice of abandoning that trade altogether, rather than conduct it under the unfair restrictions that have been imposed upon it. A few passages from this historical sketch will help to point out the growth of these impositions and restrictions.

A Chinese scholar, who writes in the Repository as one master of his subject, says, ‘There are some cases which occurred many years ago, quoted in the *Leu Lee*, whereon the emperor Keën Lung declared that, in order to intimidate foreigners, the local government of Canton should require *life for life*, without regard to the extenuating circumstances which the Chinese laws admitted when natives only were concerned.’ This pro-

vision, which may find its parallel perhaps in the slave-code of Jamaica, affords a fine illustration of what there may be in a name. Foreigners are *Man Ee*, that is, *fierce barbarians*. It is therefore necessary to bridle their ferocity by laws more sanguinary than are required for people within the pale of civilization. Criminal intention is held to be a necessary ingredient with other circumstances to constitute guilt in the case of a native; but that shall always be assumed in the case of a foreigner, whatever proof there may exist that the misfortune was purely accidental. Four instances of judicial murder under this law have proved it to be no dead letter; and among those the blood of two innocent Englishmen still cries out on their countrymen for their supine submission to an appellation, which has afforded pretext for the adoption of a spirit of legislation towards them that has led to such fatal results.

"It is said that the king of Siam, in his triennial embassy to Peking, styles himself in his letter, *brother* to the emperor. His ambassador is a Siamese, but under the direction of the Chinese, who make a new letter for him, wherein the king is called *tributary* to the emperor. It is remarkable that the same style from the prince regent, afterwards George the Fourth, was objected to in Lord Amherst's embassy, and an alteration acceded to: one of the many acts of vacillation which contributed to the failure of the embassy."—pp. 35, 36, 55.

The value of a person well versed in the Chinese language in every embassy to that country, is farther made clear by the following striking observations and facts.

"It was most lamentable that, on this first occasion of intercourse between the monarchs of Great Britain and China, the embassy was unprovided with an English secretary, well skilled in the Chinese language. Had this been done, Lord Macartney would never have been betrayed, as he was, into any form of language implying that his country was tributary to the Celestial empire. Or, had the designation of tribute-bearer been submitted to as a mere matter of usage, he would have taken care to have had a formal document to that effect placed in his hands. It is now alleged that, in one of his addresses to the emperor, his interpreter headed the paper as the petition of the 'Red-bristled Barbarian Tribute-bearer.' In China, as has been most justly remarked, words and ceremonies are things. They are classed amongst the essentials fully as much as they have ever been in Europe. 'The Barbarians,' says a Chinese author of repute, 'cannot be governed in the same way as the middle kingdom (China) is ruled. They are like brutes, and therefore to them the great principles of government must be productive of much anarchy. The former kings knew this, and therefore they ruled over them by misrule. To govern them by misrule is the way to rule them completely.' According to the late Dr. Morrison, the spirit of the 225th section of the *Leu Lee*, or Penal Laws of China, is that all barbarians are enemies to China—that she allows no free nor friendly intercourse with other countries—that she wishes to keep her affairs secret from foreigners—that all, except such as are licensed by government, who trade with foreigners are traitors. If any are at all suspected of giving information, legal advice, or similar aid, to a foreigner, the local government immediately raises the cry of traitor. Those natives who teach the language to foreigners, or write a petition

for them, or show a foreigner the way to the city gate of Canton, that he may there present a petition, are designated and punishable as such. The punishment is, in some cases, as in that of Mr. Flint's translator, death by decapitation. The word *Man* conveys, in common speech, the sense of rude, cruel, savage, and is commonly joined to the word *He*, signifying savage barbarians, which is often heard applied to European gentlemen. Were this a question of mere philology, it would not be incurious; but the ideas cherished and perpetuated by such language are pernicious to the welfare of mankind, because they generate in weak and ignorant minds reciprocal animosity. The Greeks and Romans not only gave the degrading appellation of Barbarians to every other people, but, in consequence, asserted a right of denomination over them, as the soul has over the body, and men have over irrational animals. Aristotle advised Alexander to treat the Greeks as subjects, and the barbarians as slaves; to rule them by misrule. And, in more modern times, we know how the Christians of Europe have treated the people they deemed barbarians and savages. Etymology fixes not the meaning of any word. Use is the law of signification; and *Man ee*, in the Chinese sense, means a man uncivilised or untaught, perhaps one cruel and savage. Such was the opinion of one of the first Chinese scholars of our times, and it is therefore certainly not to be lightly treated or disregarded. Before the rise of the present dynasty, the Tartars were classed under one denomination of barbarians, as *Teih*, or *Fiery Dogs*. What Chinese dares now apply to them that designation?—pp. 77—79.

A great number of instances of Chinese deceit and cowardice;—of British indecision, ignorance, and pusillanimity, are adduced by our author. In the milk-and-water summary of the objects proposed in Lord Amherst's embassy, our author says, that the only spark of fire which glimmers amid the mass of dead ashes and rubbish, of which the rest of the document consists, was found in these words—"If the Chinese government were, in an unfriendly, inhospitable spirit, by inequitable conduct, to force to a close a pacific intercourse which has subsisted so long, and in which this country has embarked so great a capital, it could hardly fail to resent such a harsh and injurious proceeding." The conduct of our rulers seems all along to proceed on the fear that, if they ceased to cringe, our commerce with that country would be lost, and that the consequences would be disastrous to our revenue. But, not to dwell on the circumstance that an interruption to such a trade would be felt as much in China as in Britain, or that other nations would have imported tea on terms equally advantageous to this country as those obtained from the East India Company, every fact that can be gathered of Chinese history shows them to be much more easily and promptly managed by resolution on our part, than by cringing. Every portion of our author's historical sketch supports this view of the case. We take another example.

"It would be useless for our present purpose to add to the abundant
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evidence already afforded, of the insolence and mendacity that form such prominent features of the Chinese public character, by citing further instances from the histories of Lord Amherst's unhappy embassy. Any one who can patiently read what is there narrated may find examples, taken from the emperor downwards, sufficient to satiate him, *usque ad nauseam*. It is difficult to conceive how an administration that, with all its faults and weaknesses, had so recently given peace to Europe, could have digested the treatment of its ambassador by a nation whose imbecility can only be equalled by the offensiveness of its lofty pretensions. They acted, however, as if they were quite conscious of the favour that had been shown to their minister, when, to use the imperial words, his majesty 'sent down his pleasure to expel these ambassadors, and send them back to their own country, without punishing the high crime they had committed.'

"The Canton government, taking its cue from Peking, violated its engagements of 1814, refusing to receive addresses from the supercargoes, and imprisoning and maltreating their servants as traitorously attached to the English. Luckily they went a step further, where they could not so easily move with impunity. They fired on his Majesty's ship *Alceste*, at one of the recognised anchorages for ships of war. The insult was returned; the fort silenced; Captain Maxwell proceeded to Canton, demanded an explanation, got a satisfactory reply, and no opposition was made when his Majesty's ship *Lyra* passed the forts, and proceeded to Whampoa.

"How was the report of these events received at home? Did the Ministry and the Court of Directors see that a barbarous nation must be coerced, if she will not spontaneously comport herself with the good faith and decencies that are necessary in all international dealings? It was enjoined on the supercargoes, 'to observe the utmost moderation and temper in all discussions with authorities so constituted as those of China'—'however evident it might appear that the authorities at Canton considered themselves at liberty to exercise a conduct so directly contrary to the agreement concluded between the select committee and the viceroy and hopo of Canton, in the year 1814'—and 'that the duty of the select committee called for the adoption of moderation and forbearance in all their intercourse with the Chinese.' 'Allowances should be at all times made for the known habits of the Chinese in their official correspondence.'"—pp. 103, 104.

As to Chinese bravery—

"The appearances of Chinese valour, described by Lindsay and Gutzlaff, are in the highest degree ludicrous. Landing at Chapo, Mr. Gutzlaff and two or three other Europeans found an armed force drawn up along the shore. The soldiers had matchlocks and burning matches ready for a volley. A Tartar general had placed himself in a temple to superintend the operations. Being accustomed to the sight of Chinese batteries, which seldom do hurt, and knowing that their matchlocks are not made to hit, they passed the formidable line in peace. The soldiers retreated, and the crowd of people in the rear being very dense, a great part of the camp was overrun, so that the tents fell to the ground.

"A Chinese admiral having run foul of the ship *Amherst*, and then

In spite of all remonstrance, let go his anchor so close astern, that the same accident was sure to recur on the change of the tide, Mr. Lindsay sent his launch, with ten men and two officers, to cut the junk's cable. There were no arms whatever in the boat except two short axes. The launch arrived alongside at the moment the junk let go her second anchor; and Mr. Simpson, the second mate, and the gunner, jumped on board with axes in their hands, followed by Mr. Jauncey and another man, totally unarmed. On seeing them come on deck, the Chinese crew, in number forty or fifty, were seized with such a panic, that one simultaneous rush was made forward. Some ran below, some over the bows, several leaped head-foremost into the water, and the party of four were left in possession of the deck. The only persons to be seen on deck were the admiral and his personal servant, both of whom seemed in the greatest state of alarm. 'This trifling fracas was unattended with any unpleasant circumstances, nor did it in the least interrupt the friendly intercourse with the mandarins. On the contrary, it appeared to increase the estimation in which the foreigners were held; and one very satisfactory result was, that from that day, no war junks were anchored within half a mile of the 'Amherst,' excepting when they came to trade.'—pp. 105, 106.

The author does not bring forward these and many other instances of Chinese pusillanimity with the view of exciting to an attempt to offer unjust aggression, but to show how little room there is to apprehend, that, in the performance of the duty imposed on our country, of vindicating her insulted dignity, resort to actual hostilities will now be necessary, even after such useless truckling, so long exercised.

"There is not, in the history of the last two hundred years, a single instance in which European troops have been attacked by Chinese, however great the disparity of numbers.

"This difficulty removed, the next is that of overcoming the aversion of the emperor to compromise his 'respect,' by yielding to the dictation of foreigners. We might, perhaps, safely leave it to Chinese ingenuity to discover a loop-hole by which that knot may be disentangled; but it is well to leave a bridge for the escape of a timid enemy. There can be no doubt that Governor Loo has, in fact, grossly misrepresented all that occurred between himself and the late Lord Napier; and we have a right to take it for granted that, had the state of circumstances been made known to the emperor, Loo would have been severely punished, and another person appointed in his room, with instructions to receive the king of England's commissioner with due respect. It must also be assumed, that his imperial majesty is unaware of the contemptuous manner in which his royal brother is commonly mentioned by his public officers; and equally so of the studied indignities heaped on his subjects. Common justice can be granted without any lowering of respect, even though the claim should be made by an envoy with an army and fleet as his escort; nor even though the imperial courtiers should screen the light of truth from his eyes till the arrival of the British envoy extraordinary with a few thousand followers at Peking, will it then be too late for him to perceive how grossly he has been deceived, and how worthy Englishmen are of being cherished even

as the people of China. It is possible, indeed, that until the interpreter of the British envoy shall be able to explain matters in person, they may not be fully developed to his majesty's sublime apprehension; but a single audience cannot fail to make all things clear as day. Of course, till they are so, and have been made equally manifest to the whole empire through approved edicts published in the *Pekin Gazette*, and the consequences deducible therefrom admitted under seal and signature, our envoy with his escort must be precluded from re-embarking."—pp. 107, 108.

The author adds a rough sketch of the admissions to be required, and which is generally in accordance with the strong and able petition lately presented to his Majesty by a number of his subjects at Canton. Whoever feels a deep interest in the prosperity of our commerce, will find ample grounds for reflection, and also great satisfaction, from the views presented by the visiter to China.

ART. VII.—*Narrative of a Voyage round the World; comprehending an Account of the Wreck of the Ship "Governor Ready," in Torres Straits; a Description of the British Settlements on the Coasts of New Holland, &c. &c.* By T. B. WILSON, M. D. Surgeon, R. N. Member of the Royal Geographical Society. London: Sherwood and Co.

ALTHOUGH this volume bears the title of being the "Narrative of a Voyage round the World," it contains little, if we except the Appendix, which does not belong exclusively to the coasts of New Holland and the adjacent islands. This field, however, is ample enough for any book, and the author has made it a highly interesting one. The wreck of the ship "Governor Ready," in which Dr. Wilson was one of the sufferers—the exertions, privations, and dangers endured by all hands on board, that afterwards were encountered and surmounted, although the sufferers had to weather upwards of 1,300 miles of a dangerous and occasionally very turbulent sea, in nothing better than the wrecked vessel's boats—and the accounts of the northern coast of New Holland, are by far the most novel and striking portions of the body of the work. The remarks on transportation—the treatment of convicts during the voyage, and the advice given to persons intending to emigrate to the Australian colonies, given in the Appendix, will, however, appear to many the most valuable sections of the volume, and to exhibit the author to the best advantage. We shall, therefore, not attempt to do more in reference to the Narrative, than introduce a few portions of it, where the Shipwreck, Melville Islands, and Raffles Bay are described—reserving most of our space to the Appendix.

Seldom have we read any account of a shipwreck in which the

character of British sailors—their alternate obedience and recklessness in desperate circumstances, and the necessity of calm deliberation joined to firmness on the part of the officers, are so forcibly portrayed. Neither is it often that we have had such an affecting account of the gleams of joy, intermingling with sights of imminent and appalling danger, or a tale in which the providence of God was so signally manifested, as our author here presents. The whole story is stirring and instructive to the last degree; and the ardent manner in which it is told, together with the elevating reflections which the author is evidently in the habit of entertaining, produces in the reader that which uniformly accompanies all well-told accounts of peril, and magnanimous efforts in midst of peril, viz. a romantic relish for the course of life in which similar catastrophes and vicissitudes would have to be encountered.

The wreck of the "Governor Ready," was of a nature that allowed all on board to betake themselves to the boats, viz. nineteen in the long-boat, twelve in the skiff, and eight in the jolly-boat, together with as much provision and necessary articles for defence and navigation, as these vessels could carry with safety. Let us now behold them, not long after the commencement of their voyage, in these small and frail vessels, upon an island, where it was necessary to refit, deliberate, and enjoy some comfort.

"We assembled at dinner, consisting of salt beef, fresh pork, and abundance of oysters; and it was deemed advisable, in consequence of most of us having been exposed to the rays of a powerful sun, to issue a double allowance of grog. The sailors, with characteristic levity, were in high glee, and quite delighted with their fare.

"Dinner being finished, and the sun's horizontal rays not being oppressive, Captain Young, his officers, and myself, climbed to the highest part of the island, and took a general view of those adjacent, and observed their relative bearings, by an azimuth compass. On returning, we were saluted with the glad tidings that the long-boat, now afloat, leaked very little.

"In the evening we re-assembled, when a short address was made to the sailors, explanatory of our projected future proceedings. The dangers that might reasonably be expected to befall us during the way were pointed out, and also the means of averting or combating them successfully; the sailors were complimented on their hitherto general good conduct, which it was hoped would continue to merit praise, as influencing materially the favourable issue of our enterprise.

"The scene was impressive and picturesque; the numerous blazing fires, which the sailors had for-pastime kindled along the shore, completely illumined the small bay in which the boats, all ready for departure, were now floating, and threw a lurid glare on the hardy, weather-worn countenances of the assembled group, who were ever and anon reminded of their unenviable situation, by a blast of the breeze, or a sullen threatening roar of the ruthless sea. Place, time, and circumstances, thus conspiring to excite and cherish gloomy ideas, those who looked beyond the present moment could not avoid being somewhat

depressed, in spite of every effort to be, as well as to appear, cheerful and unconcerned."

"The spot where the Captain and myself slept last night, had been, by the care of some of our comrades, converted into a very pretty bower, branches of trees being interwoven on the east and west sides of the rock, the ensign spread over the top, soft twigs strewed on the sand, and the whole ornamented with various flowers. We were pleased with this spontaneous attention, and slept soundly till about two o'clock in the morning, when we got up, for the purpose of making some observations, with a view to determine the longitude.

"As soon as daylight appeared, preparations were made for our departure; before embarking, I recommended, both by precept and example, a long swim, to exercise and fatigue the limbs, now about to be cramped and confined for some time. We also thought it not amiss to take a good breakfast, which the cooks, who had been early at work, had prepared for us."—pp. 30—33.

Having cleared the islands alluded to, there was little to enliven their lonely way for a long time. "Two boobies," says the author, lighted on the long-boat, in which it was his lot to be, and being caught, were soon snapped up without much cooking. There were also a great number of sea-snakes, whose movements during the night were exceedingly beautiful.

' Within the shadow of the boat,
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled, they swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.'

When the Sunday came:—

"In the forenoon, conformably to usual custom, we joined in the performance of Divine service; but in the present instance we did not adhere to the prescribed forms, having judged it preferable to select such Psalms, and other portions of Scripture, as were more immediately applicable to persons in our situation; and it may readily be believed that our devotion was fervent and sincere. Indeed, our lives depended on so frail a tenure, that there was no difficulty in abstracting our thoughts from all worldly affairs; and the contemplation of the sea and sky tended to inspire us with a faint conception of that Almighty Power by whose fiat they sprang into existence! It was by no means an uninteresting scene, to behold three small boats, in the wide ocean, crowded with human beings, apparently at the dubious mercy of the winds and waves, offering up their prayers and supplications to Him, 'who is the confidence of the ends of all the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.'"—pp. 36, 37.

The boats, keeping one another's company as well as they could, get among islands and rocks again, and are in the greatest danger. Those in the jolly-boat lose heart, and intreat most urgently to be taken into the long-boat; nay, they even "seemed to be dodging about us, in order to seize an opportunity of jumping on board,

regardless of consequences." The night drew on, and the weather grew more tempestuous.

"We now deliberated whether we ought or ought not, under existing circumstances, to take the jolly-boat's crew on board. She was a fine boat, and had behaved, and was behaving, remarkably well; while the long-boat was already too deeply laden, and required the constant labour of two hands to keep her free. However, we unanimously agreed, although with much increased hazard of our own lives, to admit them on board, as they had evidently yielded to despair, and consequently could not exert their energies in case of emergency.

"We made known to them our determination, but previously to receiving them, (trusting to the rain), we thought it prudent to pump off a cask of fresh water, which, with several other things, we threw overboard, to lighten the boat. They were then cautioned to come on board, carefully, one by one, in case of doing irreparable injury to our frail bulwark: this they agreed to do, but, unmindful of their promise, as soon as it was in their power, they all jumped in together. This imprudent action might have been attended with fatal consequences, if several of us, who had little dependence on their promises, had not taken the precaution to place ourselves on the larboard side, and thereby balanced the boat. Few were the greetings between us and the new-comers, who were placed in different parts of the boat to preserve her trim.

"The jolly-boat, thus abandoned, skimmed away, like a sea-fowl, over the waves; while the long-boat, overpressed by her additional burden, could scarcely swim. To add to our uneasiness, night was coming on, the wind increasing to a heavy gale, accompanied by a deluge of rain, and the sea ran mountains high.

"It now behoved us to be most attentive to the steerage; as the neglect of a moment might prove our ruin. We kept W. by S. for Melville Island, but our hopes of reaching it were very slender. By great vigilance, we managed to elude the encroachments of the waves, till about nine, P. M., when a heavy sea, whose death-denoting sound still lingers in my ears, rolled over the larboard quarter, and filled the boat! For a moment we were paralysed, believing that we were going down, without the most distant hope of any one of us being saved. Finding, however, that the boat still floated, we took heart, baled away, and threw every article of no essential importance overboard.

"The sea had upset the compass, extinguished the light, and rendered it impossible for us to obtain another; yet we managed, (although the task was difficult), to keep the boat right before the wind. Just as we had got her baled out, she was again filled by another wave. We now determined to hazard the dangerous experiment of taking in the main-sail; this being effected, and reefed-jib set, we could do no more than quietly submit to the will of Him, who 'rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.'"—pp. 41—43.

Here is contrast enough with the scene on the island, or that of the Sunday upon the mighty deep, when the weather was so propitious, that they could calmly join in worshipping the Almighty. All hands, however, at last reached a distant friendly port, in safety; but the narrative of their sufferings and exertions has been very

properly, as well as ably given, for it abounds with valuable suggestions and examples for the observance of all others in similar dangers.

"Throughout the passage, rigid discipline and strict impartiality being observed, no insubordination nor the slightest disturbance occurred among the crew; whose behaviour was highly creditable to themselves, and well worthy of imitation by others, who may hereafter be placed in the same trying situation. We lived very sparingly, from motives of prudential caution, yet we did not experience any very great privations. Besides having a little biscuit daily, we had either a bit of cheese, or a morsel of salt beef; and although we had to eat the latter raw, it did not prove unpalatable, when we reflected on the horrible means to which others, similarly circumstanced, had been compelled to resort—the dread of which being constantly in our minds, made us exceedingly frugal; so that, on our arrival, we had sufficient provisions to support life for nearly a month longer.

"We had, as before mentioned, a little brandy in the boat, which, being issued daily after dinner, in the proportion of one third of a wine-glassful to each individual, lasted till the day before we made the land, and, small as the quantity was, it added comfort to our scanty fare. From our having pumped off a cask of water to lighten the boat, before receiving the jolly-boat's crew on board, it behoved us to be, and we were, exceedingly cautious in the expenditure of this important article; but the rain generally affording a supply, we suffered little or no inconvenience from thirst."—p. 53, 54.

Our author's account of Melville Island and Raffles Bay, on the north coast of New Holland, are interesting and important. With the exception of an article in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, there has been no other account published of these places, on which a few years ago, settlements, by direction of our government, were formed, but which have since been abandoned, as Dr. Wilson argues, and shews, from very insufficient and mistaken causes. The principal object in forming a settlement on the coast in question, as the author states, was to establish a commercial intercourse with the natives of various islands in the Indian Archipelago, and which, it was imagined, might be brought about through the means of the Malays, who annually frequent these shores in considerable numbers, for the purpose of procuring trepang.

In the year 1824, a settlement was accordingly formed at Melville Island. It got on pretty well for some time, but at length hostilities commenced between the natives and Europeans, proceeding from bad to worse, until the hatred of both parties became thoroughly rooted. The author, as we have many opportunities of remarking in these pages, is a reflecting man, and his very extensive travels, and intercourse even with savages, leads him on all occasions to judge of mankind, in whatever condition they may be found, according to certain invariable principles of human nature. We shall see how well this is exemplified, when he comes to what he says of the convicts sent to Van Dieman's Land and New South

Wales. In the meanwhile, with reference to the disputes between the natives and the settlers at Melville Island, these observations occur—

“ From all the accounts I could collect, and I had them from various and authentic sources, I have no hesitation in stating, that the civilized party was far from being blameless.

“ It is well known to every person who has had the slightest intercourse with savages, that they are invariably addicted to thieving. It is, therefore, not to be denied, that the natives committed many petty thefts; but the policy of being unnecessarily annoyed thereat, and the humanity of putting them to death for such offences, may be safely called in question.

“ If I am rightly informed by those who were actors in the business, many of the natives were put to death in a very unwarrantable manner; and I think I may assert, that, had mild and conciliatory conduct been adopted, and uniformly continued towards these ignorant creatures, while their depredations were unattended with violence, several valuable lives might have been saved, and many inconveniences and privations prevented.”—pp. 124, 125.

On the side of the settlers, amongst others, the surgeon and the commissariat officer fell victims to the revenge of the irritated and undiscerning savages. Exaggerated accounts of these catastrophes, and of a disease, which shortly after the settlement was formed, broke out, were sent to Sydney. A young surgeon belonging to a trading vessel was appointed to succeed the one that had been massacred, and at a guinea per day, on account of the desperate nature of the service. The disease, however, was nothing more than scurvy, which might have been checked, if not prevented, by means within the reach of the sufferers. Unfavourable accounts, of an exaggerated nature, still poured in upon the distant authorities, several of which the author shews to have been false, such as those charging the climate with being unhealthy, and the soil unfertile. However, after about four years' occupation, the island was abandoned by order of the Home Government; but being unwilling to give up all connection with the north coast of New Holland, a trial was made at Raffles Bay.

The author enters very fully into the question of the policy of settling at this station, of its healthiness and prospects in a commercial point of view, and of the differences between the natives and the new comers. Concerning the natives:—

“ In personal appearance they bear some resemblance to the natives about Port Jackson. They are, however, better made, and possess more intelligent, and perhaps more savage countenances—they go entirely naked, and their shoulders, breasts, *nates*, and thighs, are ornamented with *cicatrices*, resembling the braiding of a hussar's jacket. Their hair is long, generally straight, and powdered with red earth.

“ Some of them wear a fillet of net work, about two or three inches wide, bound tightly round the waist, and a similar ornament round the

head and arms; and sometimes a necklace of net-work hanging a considerable length down the back.

"Many of them have the front tooth in the upper jaw knocked out in the same manner as the Port Jackson natives mentioned by Captain Collins. They paint their faces, and frequently their entire bodies, with red earth; those who are inclined to be *dandies*, draw one or two longitudinal lines of white across the forehead, and three similar on each cheek; and a few who appeared to be *esquises*, had another white line drawn from the forehead to the tip of the nose. The nasal cartilage is invariably perforated; but it is only on particular occasions that they introduce a bone or piece of wood, and sometimes a feather through it.

"In this part of the coast, the natives are divided into three distinct classes, who do not intermarry. The first and highest is named *Mandro-gillie*, the second, *Manbur-ge*, and the third, *Mandro-willie*.

"The first class assumes a superiority over the others, which is submitted to without reluctance; and those who believe in real difference of blood among civilized nations, might find here some apparent ground for such opinion, as the *Mandro-gillies* were observed to be more polite, and unaffectedly easy in their manners than the others, who, it was supposed, were neither so shrewd nor so refined: this, however, might be only imaginary.

"*Mariac* (or Wellington as he was named by Captain Stirling), the chief of the country round Raffles Bay and Port Essington, is apparently about thirty-three years of age, nearly five feet eight inches in height: he limps in his walk, but whether from a wound received in foreign or domestic war, I did not learn. His features are regular, and, while he is in a good humour, placid and benign; but, on the least displeasure, which arose frequently from slight causes, they gleamed with savage fury."—pp. 162, 163.

Wellington and other chiefs, by the judicious treatment extended to them by some of the British, at length became attached and friendly, and began to exhibit the ordinary characteristics of the human family. Like all uncivilized people they are very irascible, but easily pacified, requiring to be managed, says our author, just like children. But they were easily taught to distinguish conventional right from wrong, and he maintains that they are naturally a mild and merciful race. On another important matter of inquiry, the following judicious observations are made:—

"Whether they have any idea of a Superior Being, or of a future state of existence, it was impossible for us to ascertain. It was easy enough to reciprocate communication, as far as regarded objects evident to the external senses; but, as may be imagined by those conversant on the subject, any attempt to talk of abstract principles must have proved altogether fruitless.

"When it is called to mind that they were just beginning to lay aside suspicion, and to visit the settlement without fear, not long before it was abandoned, it will not seem strange that these particulars, relating to them, are so scanty and imperfect. A little longer intercourse would have enabled a person (inclined to observe their manners and learn their language) to ob-

tain more correct and extensive information respecting the various aboriginal tribes on this part of the coast, who, to say the least of it, were treated so cavalierly in the first instance, by the civilized intruders on their native land."—pp. 171, 172.

The author elsewhere says, that the greatest part of those traders who are employed, or who employ themselves along the coast of New Holland, in procuring seal-skins, are lawless vagabonds, whose treatment of the aborigines is unjust and cruel in the extreme, and which naturally leads these poor ignorant and passionate savages to retaliate on the first Europeans that fall within their power. He feelingly recommends it to every one, to behave with great caution and mildness in his intercourse with such natives, especially with those whose abode lies in the track of ships, the crews of which, by a common misfortune in the seas, may be entirely at the mercy of the not naturally evil-disposed, but irritated savages.

Raffles Bay was also at length abandoned by the British, the alleged causes being, 1st, the unhealthiness of the climate; 2ndly, the hostility of the natives; and 3rdly, the non-visitation of the Malays. Now the author shows that not one of these causes were correctly alleged; and that a settlement judiciously chosen, and properly conducted, on the north coast of New Holland, would soon become a place of considerable importance in the eastern world, both in a mercantile and political point of view. But although it may not be likely that the British will soon make another attempt, he thinks it probable that the French or Dutch will ere long take advantage of its capabilities.

Our author gives a number of details regarding Swan River, and King George's Sound, together with many other places, which we pass over, that we may come to his Appendix, wherein, whatever he says of transportation, emigration, &c., is entitled to marked attention; not merely because of his experience as Surgeon-Superintendent of Convict Ships during eight voyages to Australia, in the course of which time nearly two thousand prisoners have been under his charge and control, but from the intrinsic value and forcible sound sense which characterise all that he states, explains, or recommends.

On the requisition of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Lords of the Admiralty give public notice for tenders of a ship of a certain size to convey a given number of prisoners to New South Wales or Van Dieman's land.

The vessel is carefully surveyed by competent officers; the interior arrangements are done by contract; the owners are required to furnish her with everything fit and needful for such a voyage; during which she must be manned with seven men and a boy to every 100 tons register measurement; and a guard of thirty men is appointed from a regiment under orders for Sydney. The expense

of transportation for each individual does not now exceed fourteen pounds. As to the comfort of the prisoners, everything seems superior to that of any steerage passenger. The master of the vessel has the same allowances, in the issue of provisions, as a purser of a man-of-war; and also receives, as a reward for humane conduct, a gratuity of fifty pounds. Should the vessel convey female convicts, the first mate receives twenty pounds, and the second and third mates fifteen pounds each from the government, on their producing a certificate from the surgeon superintendent that they have conducted themselves to his satisfaction. The surgeon is always one of the royal navy, of some standing, on whom the entire management and responsibility as regards the convicts rest. He must officiate also as clergyman, schoolmaster, justice of peace, inspector of provisions, &c. &c.

"I shall give a brief account of my method of conducting affairs, which, with little variation, may be considered as the usual routine observed in convict ships. As soon as the prisoners are received on board, they are placed in their berths, according to a progressive number given to each individual; their bedding, wearing apparel, &c. being also marked with a corresponding number, so that confusion and pilfering may be prevented. They are then divided into messes (six in each), the head of each being answerable for the cleanliness, &c. of the utensils, and the regularity and comfort of the mess. Cooks are chosen from those among them who have been sailors, or accustomed to the sea; and others (I prefer the greatest rogues) are placed in authority, to preserve order and decorum in the prison, which they generally do very effectually.

"As soon as we leave the land, the prisoners are freed from irons, and permitted to be on deck from morning till evening; and these indulgencies are continued during their good behaviour, which generally lasts from the beginning to the end of the voyage."—p. 327.

Provisions are supplied—as shewn by certain tables inserted by the author—both as to quality and quantity, on a perfectly satisfactory scale. Each convict, male or female, is allowed two gallons of wine during the voyage, and medical comforts are not stinted. Six pints of water are daily allowed to each, and one gallon while passing the tropics. The hospital is always commodious, and the sick are regularly visited twice a day, or oftener if necessary.

"After the visitation of the sick, all complaints that the prisoners may have to make, are listened to, and their disputes settled. Cases, however, that require punishment, I always dispose of after the morning's visit.

"With regard to punishment, I may mention, that I seldom have recourse to flogging, being enabled to preserve order without it, and finding others measures more effective* viz. If two prisoners quarrel, I place them

* "In corroboration of this statement, I may induce the testimony of His Excellency Colonel Arthur, Lieut.-Governor of Van Dieman's Land. 'Doctor Wilson, as is usual with that officer, has brought out the prisoners entrusted to his care, in the very best order, and yet punishment has been avoided.'"

together in handcuffs, and keep them so, until they become good friends, which generally takes place in a very short time. If any prisoner create disturbance below, or make use of improper language, I order him to parade the deck during the night, with his bed tied to his back;—four hours for the first offence, eight for the second, &c. I have seldom had occasion to repeat this punishment, which is feared and detested; indeed, many have frequently begged to be 'punished like men;' i. e., flogged. They also have a great dislike to stand during the day, under the charge of the sentry, with their faces aft, and without permission to speak or be spoken to.

"I likewise find it a good plan to give a long lecture to any petty delinquent, and make him march off without hearing his defence—a source of much grief and annoyance to the London pickpockets especially, who, in general, possess great volubility of speech, and considerable Old Bailey experience; and are, therefore, vexed at not having an opportunity of displaying their forensic skill. They have often complained of the harshness at being thus punished innocently.

"There is, however, a class of prisoners, that, unless narrowly looked after, frequently occasion a great deal of disturbance. I allude to attorneys' clerks, of which class of the community I have, in all my voyages, had a considerable number. The few instances in which I have been compelled to inflict corporal punishment, have been on these gentry, to whom I show no mercy, if detected in fomenting disturbances; and I have invariably found, that flogging a lawyer has a wonderful effect in preserving order among the other prisoners."—pp. 330, 331.

To the charge sometimes made, that prisoners, during the voyage, become more depraved, the author offers a flat denial; but that they become much better, he is not prepared to assert. The voyage is, he thinks, far too short for effecting any radical change among persons, many of whom hardly know what virtue is, even by name. As regards external decorum and propriety of language, there is a very great improvement, though it may be entirely against the inward sentiments. The manner in which the author accomplishes this by no means trivial renovation, may in part be learned from the following statement.

"It may be imagined, that to effect this salutary change among those, who have been so long accustomed to hear and use language, interlarded with horrid and senseless oaths, would be a work of difficulty; but it is astonishing how soon, by proper management, it may be accomplished. I may here state, that I have always had the cordial co-operation of the officer of the guard, and the master of the ship, in checking those under their command, by punishing offences—especially impropriety of language—which might be passed over in a barrack-room, or in a private ship.

"It would strike a stranger as rather a singular circumstance, that, amongst such a heterogeneous multitude, not a single expression is heard, which could wound the ears of delicacy; yet such is the fact. It may, however, be imagined, that this restraint is only partial, and that it is nearly impossible to restrain their almost unconquerable propensity while below; yet experience has taught me, that it can be effected.

"Many people have a very erroneous opinion of a convict ship, in which they believe, anarchy, disorder, and irregularity, to hold indisputed sway ; whereas, on the contrary, decorum, cleanliness, and quietness, prevail, in as great a degree as in a well-regulated man-of-war ; and I have no hesitation in stating, that in these respects, a convict ship is far superior to the very best merchant-vessel that sails from the port of London. Indeed, this fact is so well known to those who have visited the colonies, that great interest is frequently used to obtain a passage in a convict ship.

"I endeavour to find occupation for as many of the prisoners as I can ; and, what with keeping their persons and their berths clean, assisting the sailors in various ways, preparing and cooking their provisions, and parading round the decks at stated times, the days pass uniformly and quickly during the voyage."—pp. 332, 333,

The average number of deaths on the passage, is given as under two per cent., which certainly is no great mortality, considering that the constitutions of many of the prisoners have been previously greatly impaired. After landing at the place of their destination, and having been assigned to settlers, they are supplied by their masters with food, clothing, bedding, &c. according to a certain fixed scale.

"The generality of settlers allow their assigned servants as much as they can eat, and supply them with clothes whenever they stand in need of them ; as they find, by experience, that thus acting is conducive to their own comfort and interest. A stranger, on visiting a settler's establishment, may easily know whether it is well managed, by the appearance of the servants, especially on a Sunday. If they are observed to be clean in their persons, and neatly dressed, he may conclude that the farm is in a flourishing condition ; while, on the contrary, if he notice them, on that day of rest, with tattered garments, long beards, and unwashed faces, skulking about their dirty, miserable huts, he may safely conclude, that neither the pigsties, nor the stables, nor the barn yard, nor the dairy, nor the flocks, nor the herds, nor the settler's mansion, are in the best order ; but he will find disorder, insubordination, and mutual dislike, prevailing ; and that the neighbouring magistrates have a great deal of trouble and inconvenience."—p. 337.

Government holds out every possible inducement to the moral reformation of the prisoners, by conferring indulgences on those whose conduct is moderately correct. Tickets of leave, that is, the prisoner's power of selecting his employer, and working entirely for his own benefit, are granted upon certain conditions. The abuses that these tickets are exposed to, from master and from magistrate, are not passed unnoticed by the author. The manner in which the prisoners at one time shuffled their cards, is however more curious.

"There is an admirable regulation lately in force, regarding the assignment of prisoners ; viz. that husbands shall not be assigned to their wives nor wives to their husbands. Before this regulation was adopted, transportation, in many cases, was divested of its principal terrors, and, indeed,

held out allurements to the immoral portion of the community. For example—the husband, after a successful course of fraud and plunder, had only to permit himself to be detected in the commission of a crime, which entitled him to the benefit of transportation. Before conviction, he made over to his wife all his ill-gotten wealth; and then he obtained a free and comfortable passage (far more comfortable than a steerage passage in any merchant vessel) either to Van Dieman's Land, or New South Wales.

"In a short time, if he had the policy to conduct himself properly, his wife and family were sent, at the expense of Government, to join him; or, if he did not choose to remain long in servitude, his wife came out in a private ship, at her own expense (which could be well afforded), and as soon as she arrived in the colony, her husband, whether in the service of a private individual, or in Government employ, was immediately assigned to her—thereby being rendered more independent than if he had obtained a ticket of leave.

"It might be naturally supposed, that, as the wife had the power of getting her husband—now her assigned servant—flogged, sent to an iron-gang, or otherwise punished, that he would behave very kindly to her; but this was not invariably the case. I have occasionally witnessed the husband, forgetful of his inferiority, exercising his marital authority in a very unbecoming manner, to which the wife submitted with meek and dutiful obedience."—pp. 339, 340.

The educated convicts are not now so well situated as in former times, when they obtained good situations, gave themselves airs, and lived like gentlemen; for they are now sent to a penal settlement, where they are compelled to work at tasks suited to their strength and delicate constitutions. As to the question whether transportation be, or be not, an efficient secondary punishment, the author arrives at no clearer a decision, than that it sometimes is, and sometimes is not; but from all the facts which he states—for he abstains from mere theoretical views—we must say, that until a better mode or system be clearly pointed out, than at present exists, it is foolish to rail at it; since without doubt, very many renovated characters have grown out of the depraved numbers that have been transported to Australia.

The Doctor's Advice to Emigrants displays an equal measure of experience and reflection with his Remarks on Transportation. We can only find room for two passages.

"A few years ago, frequent disputes arose, during the voyage, between the captain and passengers, both in the cuddy and steerage; and, that the captain was generally in fault, may be inferred from the fact, that, in almost all instances, where passengers applied to a court of justice, a verdict was given in their favour. Of late years, however, these disputes have greatly diminished, and families may now embark in any vessel (some, of course, are preferable to others), with the certainty of being well, and even liberally treated.

"The average sum, for cabin passengers, is from 70*l.* to 80*l.*; but a family—say a man, his wife, and five children—may be very comfortably accommodated with a reasonable table for 300*l.* or 350*l.*

"Although I am aware many are of a contrary opinion, yet I would not advise a passenger to have any written agreement, as to what kind and quantity of meat and drink is to be received by him during the voyage, as such conduct infers suspicion and mistrust. The owners of vessels trading to Australia from the port of London, are wealthy; and the masters highly respectable, and not likely to act with duplicity, after they have sailed.

"Emigrants have frequently applied to me for information, as to what articles they ought to take with them to the colonies; and I have invariably advised them not to expend their money in the purchase, either of merchandize, household furniture, agricultural implements, or a superfluity of wearing apparel; as they can obtain all these articles, when they really want them, at Sydney, or Hobart Town, nearly on as reasonable terms as in England.

"With regard to the class of persons likely to be benefitted by emigration, I may state, that those with large families, of industrious habits, and whose incomes are limited, are certain of bettering their condition, and need not be under the painful necessity, in their old age, of parting with their offspring; whom, on the contrary, like the ancient Patriarchs, they may see settled around them, and advancing towards independence.

"It is not absolutely necessary, to the success of the emigrant, that he should possess much previous knowledge of rural affairs. Soldiers, merchants, professional men, and many others, whose previous habits of life have been very different, soon acquire the requisite knowledge; and I have already observed, that sailors make excellent settlers.

"I have often contrasted the situation of half-pay officers in the navy, who are settlers in New South Wales, with that of those who remain at home, wasting their time in listless idleness; and, to me, the contrast is the more striking, being one day in London, where I seldom fail to meet a nautical acquaintance, solitarily perambulating the crowded streets—and another day, in Australia, where I meet the same class of officers, actively and profitably employed in the pleasing task of superintending their flocks and herds, and bringing their land under cultivation; and, instead of dining sparingly at an economical chop-house, or even at a club, sitting down, with the healthy olive branches smiling around, at a well-spread table, which, in turns, '*abundat porco, hædo, agno, gallinâ, lacte, caseo, copiasque omnium rerum quæ ad victum hominum pertinent,*' the produce of their own farms.

"Although, as I have previously stated, a settler must, in the first instance, expect to struggle with numerous difficulties, and suffer various privations, yet, in a short time, by prudence and perseverance, he will be able, in the words of Cobbett, 'to live well, keep generous hospitality, take his pleasure, enjoy a good deal of leisure, and possess his farm unincumbered.'"—pp. 333, 334, 348, 349.

ART. VIII.—*The History of the Condition of Women, in various Ages and Nations.* By MRS. D. L. CHILD, Author of "Mother's Book," "Frugal Housewife," &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., 1835.

IT is not unusual to hear it sagely put forth that woman is an indescribable being, or at least that she has never yet been fully and fairly described. And yet we cannot well see how this should be the case; for surely there is no lack of numbers or talent in those who have undertaken to give her in all her beauties, caprices, and follies. A long list of female writers have betaken themselves to the task, who should be supposed to know something of themselves; and a still more numerous host from among the lords of the creation have set their wits to work, and kept their observation on the stretch, that they might give, to the very life, the fairest and most delicate portion of that creation. Why should woman be a greater enigma to man, than man is to woman?—or why should she be to herself a greater mystery than he is to himself? It seems to be for the sake of antithesis, or of appearing more profound than others, that all this mystery is attributed to the female character; nor can we suppose that a man, whose life-time and daily conduct evince a uniform consideration and prudence, as regards the temperament of the fair, or that they themselves who accept of his attentions as these are meant, can either of them be ignorant of the great features of character belonging to the other—of their respective rights and privileges.

The great error of most writers who attempt to define woman, and who lead others by the inaptitude and inadequacy of their definitions to suspect that she is undefinable, lie in their adoption, 1st, of some theory by which they narrow their subject within very confined limits; and 2ndly, their overlooking the fact that her strength consists in an eminent degree in her delicacy, while the injuries offered to her sensitiveness, if of such amount as to break down this fortress of her strength, leave the most refined subtleties of mind to indulge in a waywardness which cannot be calculated upon. But lest we should be tempted to go beyond our depth, and offer some faulty theory, like others, we recommend it to all students of the female heart to take it, not according to the restrictions, prejudices, or professions of authors, but as they have found it among the fair of their own domestic and social circles; and we venture to predict, that however much at fault most people may be when they attempt to define such a complex subject as that of the human mind, its volitions and passions, whether in man or woman, there will not be found much delay in coming to a judgment quite satisfactory to the speculator. It is in this way that

Mrs. Child has proceeded. She does not trouble herself with some fine-drawn theory, and squeeze within its compass the women of all ages and nations. Her work is properly a compilation most industriously collected from the best, yet most various authorities. She may have been misled as to facts and anecdotes in certain instances, but few could have been more patient; so that on rising from the perusal of her modestly, but ably compiled volumes, one feels that he knows more of woman than he could ever have collected from his own observation, and yet, according to our experience, that nothing has been communicated, of which he has not beheld specimens within his own narrow sphere. There is another test by which we wish Mrs. Child's history of women to be tried, which is not less to her honour and power as an author—we mean, the elevation, the capacities, the purity which the female character exhibits in her hands—thus strengthening the claims which the tender sex has upon every cultivated and virtuous mind. We hesitate not to declare that woman appears to us from these pages, not only in a stronger, but a fairer light than she did before—that she is more worthy of estimation, of man's most strenuous, constant, and tender cherishings, than she ever seemed, and that by such conduct he is the party most blessed.

Mrs. Child begins very properly with the women who figure in the Bible, many of whom were as high-souled as any whose lives are on record; and she ends with the women of the South Sea Islands, after having visited in her history the various countries of the four quarters of the globe. A fair specimen of her style, which very often has a racy but always a kindly slyness about it, and a solid good sense not so uniformly to be found from clever writers, may be taken from her first chapter.

“We know little of the amusements of Israelitish women; but in the early periods of their history, when both sexes were almost constantly occupied in procuring the means of subsistence, it is not probable that amusements were either frequent or various. Music and dancing were unquestionably among the most ancient recreations of human beings. I imagine they were coeval with language itself; for they were but varied manifestations of those emotions and thoughts which words were framed to express. Among modern highly civilized nations, dancing is indeed regulated by merely artificial rules, and has as little to do with character as the projection of a map; but in more simple forms of society, the national dances, like national tunes, are an embodiment of the characteristic passions of the people: such are the war dances of the Indians, and the voluptuous dances of the East.

“Moses speaks of singing men and singing women; and throughout the Old Testament there is frequent mention of music and dancing at sacred festivals. After Pharaoh and his host had perished in the Red Sea, we are told that, ‘Miriam the prophetess took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And

Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.'

"Deborah and Barak likewise joined in a song of triumph, after the defeat of Sisera.

"Whether music and dancing were entirely confined to public and solemn occasions, is uncertain; but we can hardly imagine that it was so. The ancient Israelites, like other people who live in similar climates, no doubt highly enjoyed family meetings in the open air, each one under the shadow 'of his own vine and fig-tree;' and to have had musical instruments, without using them on such occasions, would have been a strange perversity.

"In the later periods of Jewish history, a class of public singers probably existed, whose character was similar to such classes now found in the East; this may be inferred from the words of the son of Sirach, 'Use not much the company of a woman who is a singer.'

"In the patriarchal ages the Jewish women must have enjoyed a large share of personal freedom; for we read of all ranks engaged in the labours of the field, and going out of the cities to draw water. That they were not usually secluded from visitors seems to be implied by the question which the strangers asked Abraham, 'Where is Sarah, thy wife?' Indeed, living as they did in tents, and removing so frequently, it would have been no easy matter to have preserved the complete privacy that exists in the seraglios of the East. But as the Jews grew more numerous and wealthy, the higher ranks indulged in a much greater number of wives, and kept them more carefully secluded. Solomon had seven hundred wives, and three hundred mistresses; but these, like horses and chariots, were probably valued merely as the appendages of ostentatious grandeur. To prevent the increasing tendency to polygamy, a law was made forbidding any man who took a new wife to diminish the food and raiment of his other wives, or in any respect to treat them with less attention."—vol. i, pp. 5—7.

The Jews, though scattered all over the earth, everywhere adhere to their ancient usages, even in the United States. For instance, they light a lamp every Friday evening, half an hour before sunset, which is the beginning of their Sabbath;—a custom said to be in remembrance of their original mother, who first extinguished the lamp of righteousness, and to remind them to rekindle it. A German traveller, speaking of the Jewesses of the higher class in Poland, says that "the events of thousands of years seem to be recorded in their soul-beaming countenances. They deserve to be stored in the memory, as a portion of the pure, beautiful, and sublime in this world. Dignity, feeling, tender melancholy, and not unfrequently deep-seated sorrow, are expressed in the features of the fair daughters of Israel, whose notions of virtue and decorum are as rigid as the laws of their forefathers." He adds, that a faithful adherence to their national costume, seems to heighten their natural attractions.

Among the Circassians, it is said, pride of birth is carried to such an extent, that an unequal match is never heard of in that

country. There are other circumstances which appear strange to foreign ears, connected with their social condition, and which cannot fail to impress us with a sense of the superiority of our own civilized customs over the semi-barbarism of many other countries.

"The children of princes are not brought up at home, but sent soon after their birth to the house of some nobleman, who is charged with their guardianship. The expenses of their education and marriage are paid by the noblemen, who receive no remuneration from the parents.

"A Circassian dwelling is divided into two parts, separated from each other by an inclosed court; one allotted to the husband and such guests as he chooses to invite, the other to the wife and family. If a European were to ask a Circassian concerning the health of his wife, he would angrily turn his back without condescending to reply. The lower classes, as usual, have more freedom than the higher; they often go abroad without veils.

"Girls marry between their twelfth and sixteenth year, and are considered quite old at eighteen. Their mothers teach them to embroider, and make dresses for themselves and their male relations. On the wedding day the father of the bride makes her a present, but he reserves the greater portion of what he intends to give her until the birth of her first child. On this occasion she visits him, receives the remainder of her portion, and is clothed for the first time in the matron's dress and veil.

"If there be rival lovers, they often decide the question by single combat, or engage friends in the quarrel, and the victorious party seizes the prize. If the bridegroom can prove any thing against the former character of the bride, he sends her back to her parents, who generally sell her as a slave. An unfaithful wife has her hair shaved, her ears clipped, and the sleeves of her robe cut off, and in this situation is sent home to her father on horseback, to be sold as a slave.

"The Circassians have two kinds of divorce; one total, and the other provisional. In the first case both parties are immediately at liberty to marry again; in the other, the couple agree to separate for a year, and if at the end of that time the husband does not send for his wife, her relatives compel him to a solemn divorce, that she may be able to marry again. After the death of the husband, the wife governs the family, without dividing the property among the children. When she dies, the wife of the eldest son usually takes her place; the children can then demand a division of the fortune, the oldest receiving the largest share. At funerals women utter loud cries of grief and disfigure themselves with scars. They wear black for mourning."—vol. i, pp. 44, 45.

Where the light of Christianity has not penetrated, and savage tribes exist, the women, with few exceptions of countries, are treated with the cruelty and jealousy which the strong may extend to the weak. Among the African tribes extreme superstitions exist, and on the banks of the Gambia, there is a pretended demon, called Mumbo Jumbo, whose mysteries are celebrated in the night time, and who may well be feared by the tender sex, whether they have been naughty or not.

"Several nights previous to his arrival, a great noise is heard in the

adjoining woods. The men go out to meet him, and find him with a stick in his hand, decorated in a hideous and fantastic manner with the bark of trees. Preceded by a band of music, he approaches the village, where the women ranged in a circle fearfully await his arrival. Songs accompany the instruments, and Mumbo Jumbo himself sings an air peculiar to the occasion. The most profound silence follows. After a pause, Mumbo Jumbo points out those women who have behaved improperly during the year. They are immediately seized, tied to a post, and whipped by the mysterious visiter, with more or less severity, according to the nature of their offence. All the assembly join in shouts of derision, and the women are quite as ready to take part against their sisters in disgrace as they are accused of being in more civilized countries. When African wives are refractory, it is a common threat to remind them of the annual visit of Mumbo Jumbo, who will assuredly find out their faults and punish them accordingly. The dress in which he usually appears is often kept hung upon the trees, by way of admonition. This dreaded personage no doubt receives his information from the husband or father of the culprit; but the secret of the institution is so carefully preserved, that a king, whose young wife had coaxed him to tell it, was afterward persuaded to put all his wives to death to prevent discovery."—vol. i, p. 260.

The middle ages furnish Mrs. Child with subjects for one of her longest and most spirited chapters; but yet we think that she has taken her colouring too much upon the authority of romances, or at least that the splendour, the courtesy, and virtues of the centuries in question, as described by her, were notable instances, and not the universal or general rule even among the higher orders of European society. The violent and impure habits of these ages may fully as well be taken to have been the tests of their morals, as ceremony or pageantry; for we know that intemperance, debauchery, murder, and rapine were characteristic of the feudal times. Nay, the extravagance of chivalric observances and sentiments could only be consonant with semi-barbarism.

"A cavalier, called the Knight of the Swan, reinstated a lady in the possessions of which the duke of Saxony had deprived her. During the reign of Charles the Sixth of France, the gentlewomen of the country laid before the monarch grievous complaints of their sufferings and losses from the aggressions of powerful lords; and lamented that chivalry had so much degenerated that no knights and aquires had armed in their defence. This appeal roused the valiant Boucicaut, who gathered a band of chevaliers around him, and formed a fraternity for the protection of all dames and damsels of noble lineage. The device on their shields was a lady in a green field, and their motto promised redress to all gentlewomen injured in honour or fortune. The gallant Boucicaut carried the principle of veneration a little farther than was, perhaps, pleasing to the sovereign ladies of that romantic period; for he would not permit one of the knights of his banner to look a second time at a window where a handsome woman was seated.

"In the Spanish order of the Scarf, duties to women were more insisted

on than in any other order. If one of those knights instituted an action against the daughter of a brother-knight, no woman would consent to be his lady-love, or wife. If he happened to meet a lady when riding, it was his duty to alight from his horse, and render his service, upon pain of losing a month's wages, and the favour of all dames and damsels; and he who hesitated to perform any behest from a woman was branded with the title of *The Discourteous Knight*.

"Combats often took place for no other purpose but to do credit to the chosen object of a knight's affections. This sentiment was frequently a cause of national rivalry. During a cessation of hostilities, a cavalier would sally forth, and demand whether any knight in the opposite host were disposed to do a deed of arms for the sake of his lady bright. 'Now let us see if there be any amorous among you,' was the usual conclusion of such a challenge, as the cavalier spurred his impetuous steed, and laid his lance in rest. Such an invitation was seldom refused; but if it chanced to be so, the bold knight was suffered to return in safety; for it was deemed unchivalric to capture or molest an enemy, who thus voluntarily placed himself in the power of his opponents. When two parties of French and English met accidentally near Cherbourg, Sir Launcelot of Lorrays demanded a course of jousting with the English knights for his lady's sake. The offer was eagerly accepted, and at the very first onset Sir John Copeland wounded the French cavalier to death. The chronicler says: 'Every one lamented his fate, for he was a hardy knight, young, jolly, and right amorous.'"—vol. ii, pp. 95, 96.

That chivalry softened the character of those rude ages cannot be questioned, but there was much that was ludicrously burlesque in its courtesies, and by no means likely to foster in the strongest possible way, the claims of humanity and justice. Take for an example what is said of the Normans and English when they took the castle of Du Gueslin; they were indignantly reprov'd, because they had transgressed the license of war, by disturbing the ladies of the castle while they were sleeping. Nay, chivalrous courtesy in those days might be only a fine sounding name to disguise the foulness of the most pernicious indulgences.

"Bertrand de Born, a celebrated troubadour in the time of Henry the Second, says: 'The first laws of honour are to make war; to tilt at Advent and Easter; and to enrich women with the spoils of the conquered.' Such sentiments were not remarkable at a period when he was considered the most honourable man who had burned the greatest number of castles, and pillaged his neighbour's estates most successfully. Bertrand being out of favour with his beautiful mistress, the wife of Talleyrand de Perigord, in consequence of slanderous stories she had heard of him, defends himself in a song very characteristic of the state of society. He wishes 'that he may lose his favourite hawk in her first flight; that a falcon may bear her off as she sits upon his wrist, and tear her in his sight, if the sound of his lady's voice be not dearer to him than all the gifts of love from another. That he may stumble with his shield about his neck; that his helmet may gall his brow; that his bridle may be too long, his stirrups too short; that he may be forced to ride a hard trotting horse, and find his groom drunk

when he arrives at the gate ; that the dice may never more be favourable to him at the gaming table ; and that he may look on like a coward and see his lady wooed and won by another, if there be a word of truth in the accusations of his enemies.' ”—vol. ii, pp. 106, 107.

Was it indeed likely that such praiseworthy refinement as poets and chroniclers have described, could exist where ignorance was so general as may be inferred from the remark of Bernard de Ventadour, as quoted by our authoress, who, when he sang the praises of the Princess Eleanor, afterward mother of Richard the First, adds, “ she approves my writings, and she can read them too.”

Mrs. Child, indeed, suspects that perfect purity did not even belong to the chivalric ages. How could such an artificial state of things, not to give it a more questionable appellation, as is described in our next citation, consist with noble attachments and manly admiration ?

“ The entire absence of jealousy in the husbands of that period is by no means the least remarkable feature of the times. They seem to have been proud of the protestations of love offered to their wives, and liberally rewarded the favoured troubadour with jewels and gold. Agnes, countess of Foix, was beloved by a French minstrel, who became jealous of her. She sent her own confessor to him to complain of the injustice of his suspicions, and to swear that she was still faithful to him. She required him to write and publish the history of their loves in verse. Yet this princess was considered virtuous, both by her husband and the world. One of the troubadours beseeches a priest to grant him dispensation from vows of love to a lady whom he loved no longer ; but does not seem to have considered absolution necessary during the continuance of his attachment, although the object of it was the wife of another. Those who know human nature will probably think it requires a good deal of faith to believe that immaculate purity was universal.”—vol. ii, p. 109.

The folly and the silliness of the middle ages were suited to the character of worthless people. Their love was full of exaggerations, and might properly be often supposed to be spurious. Knights wrote poems in honour of the Virgin Mary, which cannot easily be distinguished from their addresses to their lady-loves, which was impiety and unnatural extravagance, and *vice versa*.

“ The troubadours burned tapers, and caused masses to be said for the success of their love ; and one of them assures us that he devoutly crossed himself with joy and gratitude, every time he beheld his mistress. Peyre de Ruer devoted himself to a noble Italian lady, who was extremely fond of magnificent entertainments ; and in order to find favour in her eyes he exhausted all his resources in banquets and *joustes* in her honour. The lady, however, could not be persuaded to exercise her sovereign attribute of mercy ; and Ruer wandered about the country in the disguise of a pilgrim. He arrived at a certain church during the holy week, and asked permission to preach to the audience. This being granted, he gracefully and earnestly recited one of his own love-songs ; for, says the chronicle, ‘ he knew nothing better.’ The congregation, supposing it to be a pious

invocation to the Virgin Mary, or the saints, were much affected; and when he held out his hat for the customary alms, it has heaped with silver. The minstrel cast aside his pilgrim weeds, and in a splendid dress presented himself before his lady-love, with a new song in her praise; and she, overcome with such a proof of constancy, bestowed many carresses on the wandering troubadour.

"In Spain, a certain company, called Disciplinarians, went through the streets every Good Friday, with sugar-loaf caps, white gloves and shoes, and sleeves tied with ribbons of such a colour as their ladies particularly admired. They carried whips of small cords, with bits of glass fastened on the ends, and when they met a handsome woman, they began to whip themselves with all violence, insomuch that the blood spirted on her robes; for which honour she courteously thanked them. When a lover arrived opposite the balcony of his mistress, he scourged himself with redoubled fury, while she looked on with proud complacency, and perhaps rewarded his sufferings with a gracious smile."—vol. ii, pp. 109—111.

There is something that points to more than it expresses in the fact, that when profound homage was paid to women, a life closely secluded from their society was deemed the surest road to heaven; even the eucharist, it has been said, was deemed too holy to be touched by female fingers, and they were required to put a white linen glove upon the hand when they received it. The truth is, that although chivalry took its rise from a peculiar state of society, and professed to be founded on the chastest and most self-denying principles, and although by its spirit women secured a status in European society, that has been since strengthened and extended through the influence of a practical Christianity, yet it was in its nature so liable to abuse as soon to degenerate into the most fantastic and contradictory extremes, distorting humanity, and producing a grotesque caricature of the sex, as Mrs. Child herself admits—for she is no panegyrist of any institution or party, farther than the authorities from which her compilation is taken guide her.

"It was common for a cavalier to post himself in some very public place, and fight every gentleman who passed, unless he instantly acknowledged that the lady of his affections was the handsomest and most virtuous lady in the world; and if, as often happened, he was met by one as mad as himself, who insisted upon maintaining the superior charms of his dulcinea, a deadly combat ensued. At the beginning of the fourteenth century, a society of ladies and gentlemen was formed at Poictou, called the Penitents of Love. In order to show that love could effect the strangest metamorphoses, they covered themselves with furred mantles, and sat before large fires, in the heat of summer, while in winter they wore the slightest possible covering. Thus chivalry became an absurd and disgusting mockery, and was finally laughed out of the world by the witty Cervantes."—vol. ii, pp. 118, 119.

It is a complimentary derivation of the word lady, to suppose, with

some, that it comes from the Saxon *hlaf-dig*, meaning a *loaf-giver*, a more befitting office than what they performed at tournament or joust, and one that in modern times eminently belongs to the fair of our own country. There were many changes and steps between the middle ages and the present, in female manners and modes of thinking, as well as in the manner women were thought of, which our authoress clearly and rapidly sketches. But we shall be satisfied with a few passages, from which all readers may be enabled to judge for themselves of Mrs. Child's impartiality and competency to compile the History of Women. Hear part of what she says of the existing race of the English fair.

"A great deal of vice prevails in England, among the very fashionable, and the very low classes. Misconduct and divorces are not unfrequent among the former, because their mode of life corrupts their principles, and they deem themselves above the jurisdiction of popular opinion; the latter feel as if they were beneath the influence of public censure, and find it very difficult to be virtuous, on account of extreme poverty, and the consequent obstructions in the way of marriage. But the general character of English women is modest, reserved, sincere, and dignified. They have strong passions and affections, which often develop themselves in the most beautiful forms of domestic life. They are in general remarkable for a healthy appearance, and an excellent bloom of complexion. Perhaps the world does not present a lovelier or more graceful picture than the English home of a virtuous family.

"In modern times, no nation has produced a greater number of truly illustrious women. Hannah More wrote as vigorously as Johnson, and with far more of Christian mildness; Maria Edgeworth, as a novelist, is second only to Sir Walter Scott; Mrs. Fry, who cheerfully left the refinements of her own home, to do good to the destitute and vicious in their prisons, deserves a statue by the side of Howard; Mrs. Somerville, notwithstanding the malicious assertion of Byron, has proved that female astronomers can look at the moon for some better purpose than to ascertain whether there be a man in it; and who is disposed to dispute lord Brougham's assertion, that Harriet Martineau, by her writings on political economy, is doing more good than any man in England?

"Modern literature contains abundant satire upon the vices and follies of women; but invectives against the sex are by no means popular. Byron indeed treats them in the true Turkish style, like voluptuous goddesses, or soulless slaves, as his own caprices happen to be; but a libertine will always write thus, because (as the old chronicler said of the troubadour) 'he knoweth nothing better.' Cowper and Wordsworth, and that sweet minstrel Barry Cornwall, have praised us in a purer and better spirit, and thereby left to posterity a transparent record of their own virtue.

"The Irish are extremely warm-hearted people. Their well-educated women have an innocent gaiety, frankness and naiveté of manner, that is extremely bewitching. As a people, they are remarkably characterized by a want of foresight, and keen enjoyment of the present moment. The style of Irish beauty indicates this; being generally bright-eyed, fresh, and laughing. If a young couple were in love with each other, it would,

in most cases, be in vain to remind them of their extreme poverty, with a view to inculcate maxims of wordly prudence. The answer would be, 'Sure, two people eat no more when they're together, than they do when they're separate;' and when told that they may have a great deal of trouble and hard work in rearing a family of children, they will simply reply, 'Sure, that's what I've always been used to.' They are distinguished for filial piety. The most nourishing food and the best seat in their cabins are always appropriated to father and mother; and the grandchildren are taught to treat them with respectful tenderness."—vol. ii, pp. 147—149.

Making some exception to our authoress's critical notices about English writers, male and female, her sketch of the states of society in the two countries named, if neither very vigorous nor original, has the merit of not being opposed to the truth. What she declares of her own sex, as found in Scotland, is anything but descriptive, if the present time be intended; but we are so well pleased with what she says of woman in slave-holding countries, that we easily forgive her hasty and imperfect notice of a land of entire freedom and great social happiness. She animadverts with becoming severity and sarcasm on the statement of a recent slavery-advocate, who has asserted, that in slave-holding countries, "women are not beasts of burden;" which is as much as saying, that where slaves are not found, the ladies are beasts of burden. Of course he cannot deem it possible that any one can be a lady, or even a woman, whose face may happen to be of a different complexion to that which his mother wore—coloured persons being nothing better than beasts of burden.

We never were more impressed with the truth of an observation which has often been uttered, viz. that slavery entails pollution and degeneracy of morals both on masters or mistresses and their slaves, than after reading the following extract. It requires no comment. But before transcribing it, and in conclusion, we have to repeat our opinion as to the merits of the present work—that it has confirmed our previous impressions of the dignity, the delicacy, and the goodness of the female character, wherever woman is considerately and tenderly treated; for, besides the many examples adduced by Mrs Child, from authentic history, in support of this inference, she has added her own talents and character, although we verily believe without having for a moment contemplated this last-mentioned result as an object of her ambition.

"One of the worst features of this polluting system is that female slaves are neither protected by law, or restrained by public opinion. Their masters own them as property, and have despotic control over their actions; and such is their degraded condition, that to be the mistress of a white man is an object of ambition rather than of shame. The same result would be produced upon any class of people under similar circumstances. They are taught from infancy that they have no character to gain or to lose; and their whole moral code consists in one

maxim—obedience to the white men. The personal kindness of their masters, though founded on the most impure feelings, is likely to shelter them in some degree from harsh treatment, and to procure for them those articles of finery upon which all ignorant people place an inordinate value. The idea of obtaining money to purchase freedom is likewise a frequent incentive to immorality. It is not proposed to disgust the reader with a recapitulation of facts in proof of these remarks. It is sufficient to say that female virtue is a thing not even supposed to exist among slaves; and that when individual instances of it occur, it sometimes meets with severe castigation, and generally with contemptuous ridicule.

“It may well be supposed that those who are delicately termed ‘favourite slaves,’ sometimes become very pert and impudent, in consequence of their situation in their master’s family. A female slave in Baltimore was, for obvious reasons, very odious in the eyes of her mistress, who let no opportunity escape of getting her flogged for some misdemeanor, real or pretended. The master, for reasons equally obvious, was always reluctant to give orders for her punishment; but he was sometimes obliged to do so, for the sake of domestic peace. On such occasions, the slave bounced about the house, and boasted that every whipping he ordered her should cost him a handsome sum for broken china.

“Stedman relates that Mrs. S—lk—r, of Surinam, having observed among some newly imported slaves, a negro girl of remarkably fine figure and expressive countenance, immediately ordered the poor creature’s mouth, cheeks, and forehead to be burned with red-hot iron, and the tendon of her heel to be cut. These cruel orders were given from mere prospective jealousy of her husband; and to gratify this wicked passion, the unoffending girl was maimed and deformed for life.

“One of the most observable effects produced by this system, is that it invariably induces the habit of not considering a large number of men, women, and children in the same light as other human beings; hence the most common maxims of justice and morality, recognised in all other cases, are not supposed to apply to slaves. The dimness of moral perception, and the obtuseness of moral feeling, produced by this state of things, sometimes come out in forms very shocking to those who are unaccustomed to the system. Miss G—, of South Carolina, being on a visit to an intimate friend of the writer, certain ladies, who were present, began to talk on the never-failing topic of domestics. ‘You do not have the trouble of such frequent changes,’ said one of them to Miss G—; ‘but I should think you would find it very disagreeable to be surrounded by so many slaves.’ ‘Not at all disagreeable,’ replied the lady from South Carolina; ‘I have always been accustomed to blacks; I was nursed by one of them, of whom I was very fond. As for good looks, I assure you some of them are very handsome. I had a young slave, who was an extremely pretty creature. A gentleman, who visited at our house, became very much in love with her. One day she requested me to speak to that gentleman, for she did not wish to be his mistress, and he troubled her exceedingly. I did speak to him, begging him to change his conduct, as his attentions were very disagreeable to my slave. For a few weeks he desisted; but at

the end of that time, he told me he must have that girl, at some rate or other; he offered me a very high price; I pitied the poor fellow, and sold her to him.'

"Miss G—— was an unmarried woman, with correct ideas of propriety concerning those of her own colour; but having been educated under a system that taught her to regard a portion of the human race as mere animals, she made the above remarks without the slightest consciousness that there was any thing shameful in the transaction."—vol. ii. pp. 213—216.

ART. IX.

1. *The Monarchy of the Middle Classes—(France, Social, Literary, and Political, Second Series).* By H. L. BULWER, Esq., M.P. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1836.
2. *Paris and the Parisians, in 1835.* By FRANCES TROLLOPE, &c. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1836.

MR. BENTLEY does well to hunt in couples, but he does not well in coupling two so unlike and unequally bred as Henry Bulwer and Frances Trollope. There is one point, however, in which they may be considered as fitly yoked together—they have each an admirable knack at making what they write about, provided it admit of party views, the less real, the more that they say upon it. If, as Englishmen, it is always difficult for us to judge impartially and correctly of the French, who, by all their habits and institutions, are so much opposed to us, never did this difficulty appear so great as when perusing two simultaneous publications professedly treating of the same people, but which present pictures diametrically at variance with each other, both in colouring and expression. The gentleman is a "Liberal" of vast pretensions; the lady is a thorough-paced "Conservative." He is a metaphysician, a refined philosopher, a splitter of hairs; she is nothing of the kind, but a pert, vulgar, sweeping, and wholesale dealer in old-fashioned prejudices. The one loses himself in searching for principles, which, when found, seldom seem broad enough for the laboured edifices he erects upon them. Great discoveries, or rather an incessant attempt to show that he has discovered such solutions for certain phenomena, as not only are perfect, but which no other man could have fallen upon, characterize his volumes. And yet, when all is done, and the reader asks—what new light have I obtained—what fine principle do I feel clearly developed?—the amount of what every man delights so much in finding himself possessed of, viz., more enlarged conceptions, elevated sentiments, and extended knowledge, is extremely trifling indeed. Mr. Bulwer, we think, has neither a grasping, an original, nor a subtle mind, although by the sound of his sentences, as you read, you are apt to think he has got hold of something that is great or new,

could he but keep it till it was fairly examined or developed. Then, as to the authoress of "*Domestic Manners in America*," and who has now fallen foul of Paris and the Parisians, philosophy she not merely has not, but she does not even pretend to it. She does not wish to look at more than one side of things, and her prejudice has gall in it. She is clever, but then she is ignorant, and her vulgarity is even more offensive in spirit than in expression. If all sight of France and the French be lost amid Mr. Bulwer's speculations, and be frittered away to small ware, Mrs. Trollope covers them with mud, which she carries wherever she goes.

Both works are full of politics. The first on our list is by far the most ambitious; and whatever may be its defects, has the bold speculative features that belong to the liberal school. The second has all the overweening servility, worn-out dogmas, and mis-statements that have been a thousand times exposed, which characterize the grossest aristocracy—the most ignorant Toryism. And yet she is not stationary amid the general march of opinions. She even admits as much; for she says that her volumes "are written in conformity to the opinions of—perhaps none—and worse still, there is that in them which may be considered as contradictory to my own. Had I, before my late visit to Paris, written a book for the purpose of advocating the opinions I entertained on the state of the country, it certainly would have been composed in a spirit by no means according in all points with that manifested in the following pages." The amount of the change of her opinions, however, seems to be little else than a strong, though tardy partiality for the Citizen King, not because he is what that title imports, but because he is in reality the reverse, and as hostile to popular rights as Charles the Tenth ever was. But that we may satisfy our readers as to the merits of each of our candidates for public favour, a few samples must be presented by us; and though, perhaps, not the most happy passages as descriptive of either publication, they will be sufficient, we think, to convince any one, that Mr. Bentley should, without delay, employ some of his *hangers on* to indite a third pair of volumes on France and its capital, were it nothing more or better than a concordance of the two high-sounding titled ones that figure at the head of our paper.

Mr. Bulwer in this second series has for his subjects the continuation and conclusion of his review of literature in France, which he had commenced in the former series—Religion, New Philosophies, Division of Property, Social Condition, Manners, Young France, Aristocracy, Working Classes, Equality, Centralization, Civil and Military Administration, Chamber of Deputies, &c.—an ample field, especially for one who sets himself to work, in every instance of a new theme, to construct a principle by which the phenomenon is precisely to be measured and accounted for. Thus, on the light literature of Young France, he says—

"In the first place, the popular style which history and other works of imagination have adopted, has abridged the number of light readers, and taken away many of the soberer minded and better informed, from that class to which the novellist ordinarily addresses himself. The consequence of free institutions has also been to withdraw from the paths of elegant and popular literature a considerable portion of those, who, from their talents and situation in life, were likely, as long as the novelists felt they were an influential portion of his readers, to moderate his extravagancies and correct his taste.

"Married women, too, in France, are far more occupied either in society or in the direction of their husband's affairs, than with us; and unmarried women, in respectable life, are kept more strictly and more retired.

"Young men, then, and kept mistresses, form a vast proportion of the admirers of works of fiction; and for these, consequently, a vast proportion of such works are written. They do not, therefore, express the manners and feelings of society; neither do they form those feelings and manners. In old times, indeed, they did both, because they were then written for a higher order of persons, who, determining the ideas and habits of their time, also represented them. But these persons are now more seriously employed. Popular literature is not always to be considered as an index of the national mind; and thus, strange as it may appear, it is because the French have become more serious, more instructed, and more occupied, that their lighter literature has become less creditable to the public taste."

Mr. Bulwer must have a cut and dry reason for everything, but beyond an array of fine words, we find nothing but fanciful trifles at the bottom of his philosophy. Why, without professing to be able to calculate the precise origin of any great national characteristic, in this apple-pie order, is it not obvious to every one who takes a direct view of the phenomenon in question, that the very phrase "Young France," intimates that there has been an entire relinquishment of the ancient frame of society, its habits, its system of education. The authors who, previous to the reign of revolutionary doctrines and military despotism, were the classics of France, came to be neglected amid such political whirlwinds. The art of war, and the sciences and arts that were the natural allies or fruits of physical power and conquest, were in high vogue, and obtained many accessions; but when peace was restored, and the descendants of St. Louis again were seated on the throne, a young France had grown up which, ignorant of and disrelishing all that was classical in former times, and without fixed principles of any kind, allowed fancy to run riot with everything that falls within the province of imagination; nor can we expect that what is spurious, gross, or extravagant will be curbed and reduced into seemly forms but by the slow and sure process of self-purification, and the spread of a belief in true religion, which almost all writers now admit is making rapid progress in that country.

It is one of the most common things in the world, to find English

writers upon France, who have a very limited acquaintance with the genius of its inhabitants, or who carry their English feelings and prejudices everywhere with them, abuse all that is not in perfect accordance with their own standard of excellence. There is another numerous class who affect a more impartial and enlightened philosophy, and who suppose that our neighbours have the advantage of us in their social intercourse, because they are more at their ease, and are not bound by our English formalities. Mr. Bulwer says—

“The easy and uncreaking manner in which the world moves upon its hinges—the facility with which you may see everything that is to be seen, and go to every place that is to be gone to—the noiseless step with which you glide into the circle accustomed to receive you, and to which you are ushered by no trumpet sound of invitation—the carelessness with which you can slip from society into solitude, and from solitude into society, without any question as to where you have been, or any effort to regain your dropped acquaintance—the familiarity, and yet the variety, which attends your steps, as you drive from house to house, in search of one that shall occupy you for the evening—the happy way in which letters, and science, and even politics and the arts are mingled together in happy and classical confusion—all this, so different from the well-dressed drudgery with which we (in England) toil to keep in sight of a monotonous crowd—the perpetual effort, and the perpetual failure, to be amused—the miserable *Morning Post* notoriety which glimmers upon a miserable race, as the substitute for reputation—all this, which concentrated, forms a kind of sun for society, and breathes upon it the lazzarone feeling of careless, voluptuous, independent enjoyment—all this—by the worn and stiff, and jaded Englishman, accustomed to nothing of pleasure but the wearisomeness of its chase—is welcomed with a grateful sense of delight, such as he never before experienced, and never afterwards forgets.”

One might naturally suggest here, that it is only things in the way we like them, that can afford pleasure. Besides, does not the author by the word *world* confine himself entirely to Paris and London, and in the latter city, to what are called first circles, which few can be hardy enough to assert, are the representatives of England? We might go on at any length with our erudite and laborious philosopher, who grapples with every subject small and great, that can possibly be squeezed within the compass of such extensive words as social, literary, political, and religious, but without marking any one of them with the imprint of a commanding mind. At best he is but sketchy, and a collector of trifles, which are readable enough were it not for the pretence that they are truths of great depth and extensive learning. We shall string together a few of these lively enough, descriptions, and such as might do very well as the pictures taken by a flying visiter, who contributed to a monthly magazine.

“If you went to the French opera and saw a very large and very brilliant box, rather larger and more brilliant than any other—whose would

you suppose it to be? The king's? no: a minister's? no: an ambassador's? no: a Russian prince's? no: an English lord's? no: a French peers? a deputy's? guess again:

"That box is the *Temps*' newspaper's!

"What! a newspaper have a box at the opera? to be sure; that box is where the newspaper does the greatest part of its business.

"You see that fat smooth-faced little gentleman, and that tall thin pale figure in spectacles—one was a great man a little time ago, the other expects to be a great man soon. The editor is giving these statesmen an audience. They tell him their views, he listens. They tell him the strength of their party, he takes a note. They tell him what course they mean to pursue, he proffers advice.

"The editor is a clever man. This is his way of conducting his journal. He pretends that to influence the politics of the day, and indeed to know the politics of the day, he must know the political men of the day. He makes his paper the organ of a party. And he makes himself the head of the party. But how to keep this party together?

"He used to give dinners—he now takes an opera-box. I do not know anything that better paints the character of the French, or of the state of France; than the journalist at the head of his political party—assembled—in a box at the opera.

"In England a paper has immense consideration: but the editor, however respectable, little. You rarely hear him spoken of—in few cases is he known, unless pelted on some accidental occasion by public abuse into notoriety. As for newspaper writers, they are generally held below surmise. We do not think it worth while even to guess who they are.

"There seems on all sides the most ignorant willingness to submit to newspaper despotism, coupled with an equally ignorant contempt for those who direct it.

"When M. Thiers paid a visit to London a year ago, the English papers and the writers in these papers, strange to say, affected to sneer at M. Thiers, because, forsooth, he had been a writer in a newspaper. I need hardly remark that they shewed, by such conduct, a very mean opinion of themselves, and a very gross ignorance of that country, in the affairs of which M. Thiers takes so conspicuous a part. It is difficult to point out a public man of any eminence in France, who has not written in a newspaper.

"M. Benjamin Constant, M. de Châteaubriand, M. de Lalot, M. de Villèle, M. Salvandy, M. Villemain, M. B. de Vaux, l'Abbé de Pradt, M. Arago, M. Odillon Barrot, have all written in newspapers; and the only man worthy of being put into competition with M. Thiers, at the present moment—the only man whom at the time I am writing, the dynasty has seriously to dread, is that gentleman (M. Carrel) who lately sought a refuge on our shores, and whose talents and integrity have been made visible through the channel of a daily journal."

After stating that these are facts, Mr. Bulwer must need inquire into their cause. But as his causes and reasons can interest few, however much they must have cost him to ferret them out, we shall only give a few passages more, without remark—first,

about the Chamber of Deputies ; and secondly, concerning French eloquence.

" Monsieur . . . *gesticule beaucoup et ori vivement de sa place*;" from this very common and descriptive phrase, our idea of a French deputy is taken, and if we drew from our imagination, we should paint, as the Chamber of Deputies, an assemblage of little gentlemen, all gesticulating very much, and shrieking from their places, in accompaniment to one gesticulating still more, and shrieking still louder at the tribune. But this would not be a fair portrait. The newspapers which give these descriptions are far more gesticulatory than the orators they describe. The French chamber, notwithstanding the '*ici le President sonne*,'—'*ici la chambre est en émeute*,' is upon the whole more orderly than ours. No gentleman ever testifies his natural propensity to Bray or to crow, nor are there even such violent coughs caught there, as the air of the House of Commons is frequently—and as it seems to me, I confess, sometimes very naturally impregnated with. The interruptions too, that 'the orator' (to use the magnificent expression given the gentleman speaking in France,) meets with—are rather of a nature to animate and draw him on, than to put him out. It is not inattention, but attention which is apt to be noisy. It is only the person accustomed to the agitations of popular assemblies who experiences interruption, and he who if a skilful master of his art, has frequently studied how to procure a remark, a contradiction, or a smile, gladly seizes the occasion to bring forth as an impromptu retort, the more elaborate part of his discourse.

" What would our discussion appear, if the countenances of the audience were watched, and its whispers noted?—'Here Mr. O'Connell frowned,'—'Here Lord Stanley started,'—'Here Sir Robert Peel looked attentive,'—'Here Lord John Russell smiled'—'movement of impatience to the left'—'movement of anger to the right,' 'the House much agitated,'—the speaker, evidently affected, cried '*order* three times in a sonorous voice.' The difference is more in the reporting than the proceedings. The ringing of the bell to be sure is indecorous, and the president's manner too much that of a schoolmaster, who says, 'hold your tongue; be quiet, sir! don't talk! mind your lesson!' etc. The tribune, also, though less formal than one imagines it, still gives a theatrical and rhetorical tone to the discussion, which is admirably avoided in the simplicity of our own debates.

" The style of French eloquence, indeed, in this popular assembly, is that which strikes an English listener the most, because it is what he least expects, or is least accustomed to. With the exception of Monsieur Dupin, who, with a good deal of pedantry, mixes up the ease and abruptness of our own way of speaking, reminding you, now of Lord Brougham, and now of Mr. O'Connell—with the exception of M. Dupin, and I must add M. Thiers, who carries into discussion all that is witty, brilliant, and striking in conversation—with these two exceptions, the parliamentary men of France proceed with a stately and solemn march, totally inconsistent with our ideas of the most frivolous, and lively, and volatile people upon earth.

" Certainly it would be very difficult for any one who read the two

discourses translated into German, and who was acquainted solely with the character of the two countries, to believe that Lord Brougham's light-hearted and passionate effusion on Reform was delivered by the Lord Chancellor of England, or that Monsieur Royer Collard's profound metaphysical disquisition on the peerage was the popular speech of the Chamber of Deputies. The two nations, on crossing the threshold of their representative assemblies, seem to exchange characters. The life, the animation, the action of the French citizen passes into the English orator. The cold, abstruse, and deeply reflective spirit of the English philosopher transmigrates into the volatile person of the French statesman. And this is to be remarked—even in the first French Revolution, (except in moments of peculiar excitement, when men were striving for their lives, rather than contending for any legislative theory,) the same cold and philosophic tone was perceptible. The usual style of the passionate and impetuous Mirabeau himself, whose character and energy were rather displayed in short, abrupt and timely exclamations, such as the reply to M. de Breze, than in lengthened discourses, wore so much the appearance of the calm meditation of the closet, that he was commonly accused of repeating the lectures of Monsieur Dumont.

"How is it that the character and the eloquence of a people are in such direct opposition! To say that the orator reads in the French chamber and extemporizes in ours, is not sufficient, since most of the French speak extempore without any *very apparent* premeditation. Besides if the Ex-cathedra species of oratory were not in some degree conformable with the genius of the place, it would not occasionally be received and admired there. To account for this, we must remember, that—that love for detail, and that passion for generalities by which the two countries are respectively characterized, are singularly remarkable in their respective constitutions. In England, the progress of improvement has been slow and piecemeal; we have added a little here, we have cut off a little there, and we have continued mending, and sometimes, though not frequently, adding, from casual motives of expediency. We have argued upon legislative questions as upon turnpike acts, but with one exception only, we have never solved the elements of society in order to recompose it. We have never taken abstract views of our form of Government, and attempted to base it on general principles. Even in moments of change, we have adopted the language of Burke, and considering our constitution 'a sacred legacy,' rather asserted the justice of restoration than the necessity of improvement."

We come now to our gossiping authoress; and first give a specimen of her extravagant harangues, and insane foresight.

"And yet, contradictory as this statement must appear, I am deeply convinced that the clergy of the Church of Rome feel more hope of recovered power fluttering at their hearts now, than they have done at any time during the last century; nor can I think they are far wrong in this. The share which the Roman Catholic priests of this our day are said to have had in the Belgian Revolution, and the part, more remarkable still, which the same race are now performing in the opening scenes of the fearful struggle that threatens England, has given a new impulse to the

ambition of her children. One may read it in the portly bearing of her youthful priests—one may read it in the deep-set meditative eye of those who are older. It is legible in their bran-new vestments of gold and silver tissue—it is legible in the costly decorations of their renovated altars; and deep, deep, deep, is the policy which teaches them to recover with a gentle hand that which they have lost by a grasping one. * * * This wily, worldly, tranquil-seeming, but most ambitious sect, having, in many quarters, joined themselves to the cause of democracy, sit quietly by, looking for the result of their work, and watching, like a tiger that seems to doze, for the moment when they may avenge themselves for the long fast from power, during which they have been gnawing their heart-strings.

"But they now hail the morning of another day. I would that all English ears could hear as mine have done [in the Faubourg?] the prattle that prophesies the downfall of our national church, as a thing certain as rain after long drought. I would that English ears could hear, as mine have done, the name of O'Connell uttered."

The old woman must be crazed. Take another of her offensive prejudices; she is describing the exhibition at the Louvre.

"I cannot quit the subject without adding a few words respecting the company, or at least a part of it, whose appearance I thought gave very unequivocal marks of the march of mind and of indecorum; for a considerable sprinkling of very particularly greasy citizens and citizenesses made itself felt and seen at every point, where the critical crowd was thickest. But

'Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,'

and it were treason here, I suppose, to doubt that such a proportion of intellect and refinement lies hid under the soiled *blouse* and time-worn petticoat, as is, at least, equal to any that we may hope to find enveloped in lawn, and lace, and broadcloth.

"It is an incontrovertible fact, I think, that when the immortals of Paris raised the barricades in the streets, they pulled them down, more or less, in society. But this is an evil, which those who look beyond the present hour for their sources of joy and sorrow, need not lament. Nature herself will take care to set this right again.

'Strength will be lord of imbecility;'

and were all men equal in the morning, they would not go to rest till some amongst them had been thoroughly made to understand that it was their lot to strew the couches of the rest. * * * For the present moment, however, some of the rubbish that the commotion of 'the ordonnances' stirred up, may still be seen floating on the surface; and it is difficult to observe without a smile, in what chiefly consists the liberty which these immortals have so valiantly bled to acquire. We may truly say of the philosophical population of Paris, that they are thankful for small matters; one of the most remarkable of their newly-acquired rights being certainly the privilege of presenting themselves dirty, instead of clean, before the eyes of their magnates."

Some of our radicals have very justly thought that it would conduce in no slight degree to the refinement of our artisans, were

picture-galleries to be as free to them, though unwashed and direct from their workshops, as are the tap-rooms, and freer than even these. But Mrs. Trollope is of the exclusives, and cannot endure to herd with "greasy citizens and citizenesses," as she is pleased to say so very humorously. Let us now, however, take her in her less disgusting moods; and as she is really, though a vulgar, yet a shrewd observer of the world, we can be at no loss for passages that are striking enough, although very generally the matter described be of the most common-place kind.

Our authoress, as other travellers in France have done, informs us that the Parisians are becoming religious, and that preachers are run after as opera-dancers were wont to be. For instance, L'Abbé Cœur is quite as much the fashion as Taglioni. A description of him and of the youthful priesthood is effective.

"The church of St. Roch is, I believe, the most fashionable in Paris; it was there, too, that we were sure of hearing this celebrated Abbé Cœur; and both these reasons together decided that it was at St. Roch our sermon-seeking should begin: I therefore immediately set about discovering the day and hour in which he would make his appearance in the pulpit.

"When inquiring these particulars in the church, we were informed, that if we intended to procure chairs, it would be necessary to come at least one good hour before the high mass which preceded the sermon should begin. This was rather alarming intelligence to a party of heretics who had an immense deal of business on their hands; but I was steadfast in my purpose, and, with a small detachment of my family, submitted to the preliminary penance of sitting the long silent hour in front of the pulpit of St. Roch. The precaution was, however, perfectly necessary, for the crowd was really tremendous; but, to console us, it was of the most elegant description; and after all, the hour scarcely appeared much too long for reviewing the vast multitude of graceful personages, waving plumes, and blooming flowers, that ceased not during every moment of the time to collect themselves closer and closer still about us.

"Nothing certainly could be more beautiful than this collection of bonnets, unless it were the collection of eyes under them. The proportion of ladies to gentlemen was on the whole, we thought, not less than twelve to one.

"*'Je désirerais savoir,'* said a pretty young man near me, addressing an extremely pretty woman who sat beside him. *'Je désirerais savoir si par hasard M. l'Abbé Cœur est jeune.'*

"The lady answered not, but frowned most indignantly.

"A few minutes afterwards his doubts upon this point, if he really had any, were removed. A man far from ill-looking, and farther still from being old, mounted the tribune, and some thousands of bright eyes were rivetted upon him. The silent and profound attention which hung on every word he uttered, unbroken as it was by a single idle sound, or even glance, showed plainly that his influence upon the splendid and numerous congregation that surrounded him must be very great, or the power of his eloquence very strong: and it was an influence and a power

that, though, 'of another parish,' I could well conceive must be generally felt, *for he was in earnest*. His voice, though weak, and somewhat wirey, was distinct, and his enunciation clear; I did not lose a word.

"His manner was simple and affectionate; his language strong, yet not intemperate: but he decidedly appealed more to the hearts of his hearers than to their understandings: and it was their hearts that answered him, for many of them wept plentifully.

"A great number of priests were present at this sermon, who were all dressed in their full clerical habits, and sat in places reserved for them immediately in front of the pulpit; they were consequently very near us, and we had abundant opportunity to remark the traces of that *march of mind* which is doing so many wondrous works upon earth.

"Instead of the tonsure which we have been accustomed to see, certainly with some feeling of reverence—for it was often shorn into the very centre of crisped locks, while their raven black or shining chesnut still spoke of youth that scrupled not to sacrifice its comeliness to a feeling of religious devotion; instead of this, we now saw unshaven crowns, and more than one pair of flourishing *favoris*, nourished, trained, and trimmed evidently with the nicest care, though a stiff three-cornered cowl in every instance hung behind the rich and waving honours of the youthful head."

As we have seen part of what Mr. Bulwer says of some of the schools of French literature, it is but fair that Mrs. Trollope should also be allowed to try her hand in the same field; and we confess that her descriptions convey much livelier pictures here than any we have found on the part of the Member for Mary-le-bone. The manner in which she retails a discussion that was conducted by certain French disputants affords a good specimen.

"We were last night at a small party where there was neither dancing, music, cards, nor—(wonderful to say!) politics to amuse or occupy us: nevertheless, it was one of the most agreeable *soirées* at which I have been present in Paris. The conversation was completely on literary subjects, but totally without the pretension of a literary society. In fact, it was purely the effect of accident; and it was just as likely that we might have passed the evening in talking of pictures, music, or rocks and rivers, as of books. But fate decreed that so it should be; and the consequence was, that we had the pleasure of hearing three Frenchmen and two Frenchwomen talk for three hours of the literature of their own country. I do not mean to assert that no other person spoke; but the *frais de la conversation* were certainly furnished by the five natives. One of the gentlemen, and that, too, the oldest man in company, was more tolerant towards the present race of French novel-writers than any person of his age and class that I have yet conversed with; but, nevertheless, his approval went no further than to declare, that he thought the present mode of following human nature with a microscope into all the recesses to which passion, and even vice, could lead it, was calculated to make a better novelist than the fashion which preceded it, of looking at all things through a magnify-

ing medium, and of straining and striving, in consequence, to make that appear great which was by its nature essentially the reverse. The Vicomte d'Arlincourt was the author he named to establish the truth of his proposition; he would not admit him to be an exaggeration of the school which has passed away, but only the perfection of it. 'I remember,' said he, 'to have seen at the Louvre, many years ago, a full-length portrait of this gentleman, which I thought at the time was as perfect a symbol of what is called in France *le style romantique*, as it was well possible to conceive. He was standing erect on the rocky point of a precipice, with eye inspired and tablets in his hand: a foaming torrent rolled its tortured waters at his feet, whilst he, calm and sublime, looked not '*comme une jeune beauté qu'on arrache au sommeil*,' but very like a young *incroyable* snatched from a fashionable *salon* to meditate upon the wild majesty of nature, with all the inspiring adjuncts of tempest, wildness, and solitude. He appeared dressed in an elegant black coat and waistcoat, black silk stockings, and dancing pumps. It is in vain that M. le Vicomte paces amidst rocks and cataracts—he is still M. le Vicomte; and his silk stockings and dancing pumps will remain visible, spite of all the froth and foam he labours to raise around him.' 'It was not d'Arlincourt, however,' said M. de C****, 'who has either the honour or dishonour of having invented this *style romantique*—but a much greater man: it was Châteaubriand who first broke through all that was left of classic restraint, and permitted his imagination to run wild among every thing in heaven and earth.' 'You cannot, however, accuse him of running this wild race with his imagination *en habit bourgeois*,' said the third gentleman: 'his style is extravagant, but never ludicrous; Châteaubriand really has, what d'Arlincourt affected to have, a poetical and abounding fancy, and a fecundity of imagery which has often betrayed him into bad taste from its very richness; but there is nothing strained, forced, or unnatural in his eloquence—for eloquence it is, though a soberer imagination and a severer judgment might have kept it within more reasonable bounds. After all that can be said against his taste, Châteaubriand is a great man, and his name will live among the literati of France;' 'but God forbid that any true prophet should predict the school that has succeeded them!' said Madame V****—a delightful old woman, who wears her own grey hair, and does not waltz. 'I have sometimes laughed, and sometimes yawned over the productions of the *école d'Arlincourt*,' she added; 'but I invariably turn with disgust and indignation from those of the domestic style which has succeeded to it.' 'Invariably,' said the old gentleman, interrogatively. 'Yes, invariably; because, if I see any symptom of talent, I lament it, and feel alarmed for the possible mischief which may ensue. I can never wish to see high mental power, which is the last and best gift of Heaven, perverted so shamelessly.' 'Come, come, dear lady,' replied the advocate of what Goethe impressively calls '*la littérature du désespoir*, you must not overthrow the whole fabric because some portion of it is faulty. The object of our tale-writers at present is, beyond all doubt, to paint men as they are: if they succeed, their labours cannot fail of being interesting—and I should think they might be very useful too.' '*Fadaise que tout cela!*' exclaimed the old lady eagerly. 'Before men can paint human nature

profitably, they must see it as it really is, my good friend—and not as it appears to these *miserables* in their baraqucs and greniers. We have nothing to do with such scenes as they paint; and they have nothing to do (God help them!) with literary labours.”

The style in which some of the French nation judge of English habits, should suggest a useful caution to all travellers who take upon themselves to instruct the world with an account of what they have seen in foreign lands. By a judicious observance of such a caution, we should have found the works of both the writers now before us, much more limited in extent and modest in dictation.

“ His first remark after we were placed at table was :—‘ You do not, I think, use table napkins in England; do you not find them rather embarrassing !’ The next was—‘ I observed during my stay in England that it is not the custom to eat soup; I hope, however, that you do not find it disagreeable to your palate ?’ ‘ You have, I think, no national cuisine ?’ was the third observation; and upon this *singularity in our manners* he was eloquent. ‘ Yet after all,’ said he consolingly, ‘ France is in fact the only country which has one: Spain is too oily—Italy too spicy. We have sent artists into Germany; but this cannot be said to constitute *une cuisine nationale*. Pour dire vrai, however, the rosbif of England is hardly more scientific than the sun-dried meat of the Tartars. A Frenchman would be starved in England did he not light upon one of the imported artists—and happily for travellers, this is no longer difficult.’

“ ‘ Did you dine much in private society ?’ said I.

“ ‘ No, I did not: my time was too constantly occupied to permit my doing so.

“ ‘ We have some very good hotels, however, in London.’

“ ‘ But no tables-d’hôte !’ he replied with a shrug. ‘ I did very well, nevertheless ! but I never permitted myself to venture anywhere for the purpose of dining excepting to your celebrated Leicester-square. It is the most fashionable part of London, I believe; or at least, the only fashionable restaurants are to be found there.’

“ I ventured very gently to hint there were other parts of London more à-la-mode, and many hotels which had the reputation of a better cuisine than any which could be found in Leicester-square; but the observation appeared to displease the traveller, and the bell harmonie which it was intended should subsist between us was evidently shaken thereby, for I heard him say in a half-whisper to the person who sat on the other side of him, and who had been attentively listening to our discourse—‘ Pas exact’ ”

In conclusion, it may be safely asserted, that although these volumes may amuse the idle or the superficial for an hour, now and then, they will not effect any powerful change either in one way or another, in any person's views of France or Paris; and that neither of them is capable of elevating the reader's sentiments by any sustained efforts, whether addressed to the reasoning faculties or the taste, appears to us equally certain.

ART. X.—*A Practical Treatise on the Law of Municipal Corporations, adapted to the Recent Reforms in the Corporate Bodies of England, Wales, and Scotland; with the Statutes relating to Municipal Corporations, Mandamus, and Quo Warranto. To which is prefixed an Historical Summary of the Corporate System of Great Britain and Ireland.* By WILLIAM GLOVER, Esq. M.A. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: 1836.

THE recent municipal elections have demonstrated the well-regulated system of popular representation lately introduced into the corporations of this kingdom. Burgesses generally selected such councillors and other official functionaries, as are determined to exert themselves for the due administration of justice, the encouragement of local industry, and the preservation of public freedom. The cause of reform must be essentially promoted by the powers conferred upon different classes of society, tending towards the complete restitution, as well as more general distribution of rights and privileges connected with the renovated boroughs. All members thereof sharing in the local burdens have been rendered eligible to fill the corporate offices, while municipal councils are elected from resident burgesses of the respective communities.

In the Historical Summary which precedes the legal portion of this work, Mr. Glover has compressed a succinct account of the ancient and modern corporate system;—together with a precise statement of the reforms recently effected by the Legislature for amending the municipal institutions of Great Britain. The learned author declares, like the celebrated Dr. Robertson, that the institution of cities and towns into communities or bodies politic, and granting them the privilege of municipal jurisdiction, contributed more than any other cause to introduce regular government. Towns, upon acquiring the right of community, became so many little republics, governed by known and equal laws. When bodies corporate were formed, they became legal and independent members of the constitution, and acquired all the rights essential to freemen. The spirit of laws flowed from new principles; it was directed towards new objects; equality, order, the public good, and the redress of public grievances, were phrases and ideas brought into use, and which grew to be familiar in our statutes and jurisprudence.

In describing the corporate system of England and Wales, Mr. Glover observes that the inhabitants of cities and towns having been enabled to secure their own liberty and independence by the establishment of corporations, William Rufus, Henry I., and King Stephen, granted large borough immunities for the purpose of securing them to their respective party. Numerous charters were granted during the long reign of Henry III., who endeavoured to

strengthen his power by adding to his great council representatives from the local divisions of the country. But, in the 23rd of Edward I., the first parliamentary writs were issued, when 120 cities and boroughs were summoned to send members to Parliament, under writs requiring "two burgesses to be returned from each borough" by the burgesses. Such persons were the inhabitant householders, so that all persons who occupied any house in a borough were the burgesses thereof; which corresponds with the effect of a decision made by the House of Commons in the reign of James I., "that of common right, all the inhabitant householders were the burgesses."

The establishment of Municipal Corporations was introduced into England during the reign of Henry VI., when the first charter of incorporation was granted to Kingston-upon-Hull. It was conferred for the purpose of giving burgesses the power of taking and inheriting lands by succession, besides of suing and being sued by their corporate name. About this period corporations having the power of holding lands by charter from the crown became numerous; and in the first year of Edward IV., a statute confirms all the charters existing under Henry VI., many of which, however, were of a very different description from those subsequently granted. Henry VIII. began to re-summon ancient boroughs long fallen into decay; Queen Mary followed the same course; and Queen Elizabeth extended that measure by restoring some ancient boroughs which had long intermitted sending members to Parliament, as well as summoning new places.

During the reigns of Charles II. and James II., many corporate towns were induced to surrender their charters, and to accept new ones, containing clauses giving power to the crown to remove or nominate their principal officers; but after the proclamation of James II., the greater number of those towns returned to their former charters. The charters granted since the Revolution have been framed nearly similar to those of the preceding era, and show a disregard of any settled or consistent plan for the improvement of municipal policy corresponding with the progress of society. Six charters were granted by Queen Anne, one by George I., seven by George II., thirteen by George III., three by George IV., and William IV. granted one charter to the borough of Wigan, for the purpose of giving its inhabitants additional magistrates.

After thus delineating the corporate system prevalent in this kingdom, Mr. Glover concludes this branch of his important subject by remarking that—

"These charters, generally, differed not from those granted in the worst period of the history of boroughs. It became customary not to rely on the municipal corporations for exercising the powers incident to good municipal government. Local acts of parliament conferred powers for various purposes, not upon the municipal officers, but upon trustees or

commissioners, distinct from them; so that often the corporations had scarcely any duties to perform. They possessed the municipal government of the town; but the efficient duties, and the responsibility, were transferred to other hands. In fact, most of the charters granted by the crown since the commencement of the last century were usually required either to secure the peace of particular districts, or to regulate the mode of swearing in certain local officers, or to assign additional magistrates to various influential boroughs. But during these reigns the abuses arising from the select bodies, and the admission of non-resident honorary freemen, who overawed or neutralised the votes of real burgesses, completely perverted, if not destroyed, the separate exclusive jurisdictions of boroughs, as the means of efficient local government.

"In many towns there was no recognised commonalty; in others, where existing in name, it was entirely disproportioned to the inhabitants, and consisted of a very small portion, not comprising the wealth, intelligence, or respectability of the town. Besides, the corporations were viewed by the great body of the inhabitants of the corporate districts with suspicion and distrust, as having interests distinct from and adverse to those of the general community, whom they studiously excluded from a participation in the municipal government. Their members frequently consisted of the relatives and adherents of particular individuals and families, while the principles of their associations, and those which regulated admission or exclusion, had rarely any connection with the common benefit of the district, or the wishes of its inhabitants."

But whilst Mr. Glover investigates our ancient and modern corporate system, he likewise demonstrates the necessity for such universal reform, as was admitted by every person who contemplated either the state of population in our large towns, or the rapidity with which places that, at no remote period, were inconsiderable villages, have, through manufacturing industry, started into life, as well as great wealth and importance. Though very defective provision hitherto existed in these towns, for the preservation of order, and the administration of justice, yet the well-being of society evidently required the establishment of a salutary system of borough government. Parliament clearly possessed the right of enacting that the municipal revenues, except where applied to special uses, should be fairly allowed to corporate purposes. Nothing was more anomalous than self-elected councils applying public funds to illegitimate objects, or the supposed right which they arrogated of alienating such property. Corporation reform was necessary therefore, not only for preserving order within the various boroughs, but also for providing an adequate dispensation of the local revenues; besides establishing the due administration of justice, and a beneficial system of municipal government.

The learned author states in his preface, that the object of this work is to supply the profession and public in general, with such practical information respecting the constitution, principles, and powers of Municipal Corporations, as must be desirable at the

present important crisis. The legal portion thereof comprises different chapters explanatory of the law, with regard to the creation, internal constitution, elections, rights, records, bye-laws, property, public acts, and dissolution of Municipal Corporations; with the proceedings in *Mandamus* and *Quo Warranto*. Besides the collection of cases relative to these topics, the learned author states the nature and effect of various legislative provisions of practical importance, in a more familiar mode than is usually communicated by the technical phraseology of the legislature.

Mr. Glover evinces much professional ability, and learned discrimination in canvassing the reforms lately introduced into our municipal institutions. He details the legislative, electoral, and administrative amendments, besides expatiating upon the rights of Mayors, Aldermen, and Councillors, as well as explaining their appropriate duties and powers. The salutary provisions enacted for the purpose of preventing the existence of abuses consequent upon self-election are also explained, together with the clauses which separate the judicial from the administrative functions, and secure the appointment of charitable trustees by the respective town-councils.

When the recent important measure was passing through both houses of parliament, such amendments were made as required a conference thereon, when each branch of the legislature having assigned particular reasons for the course pursued, the bill was afterwards adopted, and received the royal assent. Mr. Glover very properly remarks that—

“Notwithstanding the various alterations effected in the measure whilst in progress through the respective parliamentary assemblies, yet the municipal corporation act has completely abolished the self-elected corporations, and reposes a constitutional confidence in the representative system, as a proper control over those who may be entrusted with municipal duties. This comprehensive reform must be universally approved, as giving the right of election in the several cities and towns to the rate paying inhabitants, whose duty and interest must necessarily combine to have the respective boroughs well and quietly governed. One general name of incorporation, viz. ‘mayor, aldermen, and burgesses,’ has been enacted for the new style of each municipal corporation. In every borough one fit person is to be called the mayor, a certain number must be denominated aldermen, and a certain number of other suitable persons must be called councillors. Such mayor, aldermen, and councillors, are to form and constitute the council.

“The municipal corporation act also provides that separate courts of quarter sessions of the peace shall be holden for divers boroughs. Barristers of five years’ standing are to be recorders thereof, with authority to try actions of ejectment, assumpsit, covenant, and debt, whether by specialty or simple contract, and all actions of trespass or trover for taking goods, provided the sum or damage sought to be recovered shall not exceed 20*l*. This extended jurisdiction, with other amendments respecting the corporate courts, must confer much benefit on the people, by affording

opportunities of preventing great useless expense in the ordinary mode of litigation. Such improvements in the distribution of justice, besides the advantages for cheapness and convenience, over the late system, must tend to tranquillize the minds of the middle and more humble classes of society. The crown has been very prudently invested with the right of nominating recorders, while various additional powers have been delegated to this important office, whereby the decisions of causes must be much facilitated, and justice more expeditiously dispensed."

These extracts fully demonstrate the nature and details of various borough reforms already effected. But we shall conclude this brief notice of a valuable work, by expressing our concurrence with the erudite observations of Mr. Glover, who also exemplifies from a summary statement of important facts, that no rational doubt can be entertained respecting the necessity which exists for reforming the municipal corporate institutions of Ireland. The learned author clearly establishes, that the ancient crown grants to the boroughs of Ireland, were substantially similar to those of England; and the municipal documents prove, that the practice and usages in both countries were founded on the same common law principles. Kings of England granted and confirmed to the inhabitants resident in different communities of Ireland, their heirs and successors, various charters, which were in precise conformity with the provisions of Saxon laws and customs. Let the ancient corporate institutions be, therefore, adapted to the increased intelligence of the people, in order to secure the services of those persons most useful in the management of local affairs, as well as to promote the due administration of justice. Since acts of parliament, amending the existent corporations, besides conferring new rights and privileges upon various cities, towns, and boroughs of England, Scotland, and Wales, have been recently passed, the legislature ought, likewise, to enact a similar measure of Irish corporation reform, for the purpose of rendering uniform the relative positions of every quarter of the United Kingdom.

ART. XI.—*Issue Roll of Thomas de Brantingham, Bishop of Exeter.*

Lord High Treasurer of England; containing Payments made out of His Majesty's Revenue in the 44th Year of King Edward the Third, A. D. 1370. Translated from the original Roll now remaining in the Ancient Pell Office, in the custody of the Right Honourable Sir John Newport, Bart., Comptroller General of His Majesty's Exchequer. By FREDERICK DEVON, of the Chapter House, Record Office, Westminster. London: Rodwell. 1835.

THE Lord Treasurer's Exitus, or Issue Roll, of the 44th year of the reign of Edward III., we learn from the translator's introduc-

tion to it, has been selected for publication from a series of those Rolls, preserved in the ancient Pell Office or Tally Court of the Exchequer, not only on account of the interesting period of English history to which it relates; but because, from the perfect state of its preservation, it is well calculated to exhibit a specimen of the valuable information contained in these documents. To Sir John Newport, Comptroller General of his Majesty's Exchequer, it appears that the public are chiefly indebted for this volume, who would have published it at his own expense, had the government not lent its assistance; and to all but antiquarians, Mr. Devon's translation will be considered an important addition to the very limited knowledge previously existing with respect to the period to which this record belongs.

The translator gives an interesting explanation of the history of the various records preserved in the above-mentioned repository, and of the reason why they have not hitherto been made known and rendered available to the public, as a legal, literary, and historical treasure. The mass thus found was not only very great, but in the wildest disorder, and belonging to many reigns. Besides the roll containing payments made out of Edward the Third's revenue in the year 1370, Mr. Devon has presented in his introduction, extracts from the whole, according as his opportunities have enabled him to do; and although these extracts be but few comparatively speaking, and gleaned hastily, they yet exhibit, in a series of authentic documents, a striking picture, or key to a picture of manners and customs, that cannot be overvalued; for example, in the 41st of Henry III. there is sixpence per day given to *Master Henry de Abrinces the versifier*, and which is said by the translator is the entry that has been found of the name of the versifier or poet, from whom, probably, the title of the *Poet Laureate* of the present day takes its rise.

One of the most important views that can be taken of the rolls in question is the value of money and labour which they enable us to estimate at distant periods of English history. In a roll of the expenses for repairing and rebuilding part of the King's Court at Westminster, in the 43rd year of Henry the Third, the following entries are to be seen.

"To the Painters. To Master William, the painter, with his men *who painted Jesse* on the mantel-piece of the chimney, and also cleaned and restored the painted walls of the same King's chamber, 43s. 10d.; and for divers colours purchased for the same, 7s. 6d.

"Also to Master William, and his three servants, painting the chimney-place and the walls on each side of the chimney, in the King's bed-room, for three weeks, 1l. 16s. 6d.

"There is also another curious roll (but without date) of the works and repairs done to the King's palace or chamber at Westminster; among which are the expenses for making a water-course under-ground to the

butts, and making a drain from the kitchen to the Thames, to carry away the fetid water which had passed through the King's palace, to the nuisance of those conversing there."—p. xxxi.

In Prince Edward's household roll, during the 21st of Edward the First, these notices are entered:—

"On this day there dined with the Lord the Prince the Lord Bishop of Ely.

"On this day there came to dinner the Lady Countess of Gloucester with her knights, ladies, and clerks, and certain esquires, they receiving nothing, except from the marshal, and went away on the Saturday following after dinner.

"On this day (Saturday) came *Castellan de Burghes*, with him four knights, and two sons of *Lord R. de Typetot*, and on the day following after breakfast departed.

"On this day (Thursday) there were at dinner with us *Lord John de Bar*, *Roger le Mahanc*, *Roger de Leyburn*, *Castellan de Berghes*, with him three knights, the wife of *Lord Walter de Bello Campo*, with one knight, and five maids of honour, and many foreign esquires."—p. xxxiv.

In the 51st of Edward the Third, there is given "To *Henry de Snayth*, Chancellor of the Exchequer, receiving yearly 40 marks for his fee in the office aforesaid, thirteen pounds, six shillings and eight pence," so that by this entry, it appears that this high functionary received only two pence a-day more than the common soldier, and eight pence more than the royal lion kept in the Tower. In the same year,

"To *Geoffrey Chaucer*, to whom the lord the king granted 20 marks yearly for life, for the good services rendered by him to the same lord the king, or until otherwise he should provide for his estate, 4*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; also to *Philippa Chaucer*, one of the maids of honour of the chamber of *Philippa*, late queen of England, to whom the lord the king granted 100 marks yearly, or until otherwise he should provide for her estate, 5 marks thereof paid by the hands of *Geoffrey Chaucer*."—p. xlv.

Again, in the second year of Richard the Second there occurs,

"To *Geoffrey Chancer*, to whom the present King, in the first year of his reign, by his letters patent, granted 20 marks yearly, to be received at the Exchequer, for the good services performed, and hereafter to be performed, by him to the same lord the king; in recompense of a *pitcher of wine* charged by the lord king Edward, grandfather of the present king, upon the port of the city of London, directed by the said king's letters patent to be received daily during the life of the said *Geoffrey*, by the hands of the king's butler."—pp. xlv, xlv.

In a note referring to this "recompence of a pitcher of wine," the translator says that *Rymer* states that he received the same every day from the cellars of Edward the Third; and subsequently *Richard the Second* granted him a hogshead of wine yearly. "May not this," continues *Mr. Devon*, "have been the origin of the butt of sack formerly granted to the Poets Laureate by the

kings of England, under the conviction of the truths contained in the lines of Horace?—

“Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt
Quæ Scribuntur aquæ potoribus.”

And the conjecture is one of the fairest and most obvious that can be imagined.

In the reign of Charles the First, these entries are found.

“To Daniel Mittens 100*l.*, for three pictures by him made, a picture of king James IV. of Scotland, another of Mary, the late queen of Scotland, our grandmother, and one other of our own royal person.

“To Sir Anthony Vandyck, for divers pictures, viz. our own royal portraiture; another of Monsieur, the French king's brother; and another of the archduchess, at length, at 25*l.* a-piece. One of our royal consort; another of the prince of Orange; another of the princess of Orange; and another of their son, at half-length, at 20*l.* a-piece. One great piece of our royal self, consort, and children, 100*l.* One of the Emperor Vitellius, 20*l.*; and for mending the picture of the emperor Galbus, 5*l.*

“To Sir Anthony Vandyck, 444*l.* for 9 pictures of our royal self and most dearest consort, the queen; 40*l.* for the picture of our dearest consort, the queen, by him made, and by our command delivered unto our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor the Lord Viscount Wentworth, our deputy of Ireland.

“To Sir Peter Rubens Knight, 3000*l.* for certain pictures from him sold unto us.”—pp. lvii, lviii.

But we must proceed to the roll here published at length, illustrative of the customs of a period when one of the bravest and wisest of British monarchs ruled this country; which not only exhibits the daily expenditure in matters both domestic and civil, but makes very frequent mention of names renowned in history, such as Edward the Black Prince, John of Gaunt, and others who took such prominent parts in the French and Norman wars of the period. For the first six months of this account, the expenditure only amounts to 78,516*l.* 13*s.* 8½*d.*; but if the comparative value of money between that and the present time be considered, which, according to some learned authorities, was in those days about fifteen times greater than it is now, and if the habits and wants of the people be also estimated, we shall have less cause to wonder at the contrast.

Mr. Devon well remarks, that the frequent reference to plate, jewellery, and goldsmiths' work, on these rolls, as presents from the crown to foreigners and others, show that the royal treasury then abounded with wealth, notwithstanding the expensive wars in which Edward the Third was engaged. We shall quote some proofs of the accuracy of this statement:—

“To Thomas de Orgrave, clerk of the treasury, sent to Claryndon with certain money to be delivered to the treasurer of the king's household there. And also with several cups of silver enamelled for divers presents

to be given to the king of Navarre and his retinue, and with divers others memoranda concerning the office of treasurer, shown to the lord the king. In money by him paid for his expenses and others going with him, for the safe custody of the cups and moneys aforesaid, as appears by the particulars remaining in the hanaper of this term, 2*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.*

"To William de Lokyngton, clerk of William de Mulsho, going in the retinue of the said Thomas to the parts aforesaid for the protection of the aforesaid moneys and vessels. In money delivered to him for his expenses and hire of horses going and returning, by order of the treasurer and chamberlains, 1*l.*

"To Robert de Roderham, an archer going in the retinue of the said Thomas and William for the protection of the moneys and vessels aforesaid. In money delivered to him for his expenses, by order of the treasurer and chamberlains, 13*s.* 4*d.*

"In money paid for four pounds of cord purchased to bind a certain basket with cups and vessels to be sent to Claryndon, 10*d.*

"To John de Chalton, of London. In money delivered to him for a cart with six horses hired from him for carrying the same basket, with beds and divers other vessels of the king's household, to Claryndon and Salisbury, by the order of the treasurer and chamberlains of the exchequer, 2*l.*"—pp. 222, 223.

The translator goes on to state, that the various gifts and rewards made by the king and queen in money, to messengers and servants sent with intelligence and presents, and payments for remuneration and losses, were generally most munificent. Thus—

"To a certain valet of the king of Scotland, sent to the lord the king on behalf of the said king of Scotland, bringing a certain black courser as a gift from the said king of Scotland. In money delivered to him, by the hands of Helmyng Leget, in discharge of 40*s.* which the lord the king commanded to be paid to him, as of his gift, by writ of privy seal, amongst the mandates of this term, 2*l.*

"To a certain herald of the said king of Scotland. In money delivered to him, by the hands of Helmyng Leget, in discharge of five marks which the lord the king commanded to be paid to him of his gift, by writ of privy seal, amongst the mandates of this term, 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

"To a certain harper of the same king of Scotland. In money delivered to him, by the hands of the same Helmyng, in discharge of 40*s.* which the lord the king commanded to be paid to him of his gift, by writ of privy seal, amongst the mandates of this term, 2*l.*"—pp. 145, 146.

The payments made on behalf of the king's household and servants, intimate how the royal person was attended in war and peace, on ordinary and state occasions. The perquisites to each of his officers and servants may also be ascertained by these payments.

"To Lambekin Taborer, the king's minstrel, to whom the lord the king, by his letters patent, lately granted 7½*d.* daily, to be received at the exchequer during his life, for the good service rendered by him to the same lord the king. In money delivered to him, in discharge of his same wages—to wit, from the 1st day of October last past unto the last day of March

next following, for 182 days, counting each day, by his writ of *Liberate* amongst the mandates of this term, 5*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.*

"To John de Hampton, the king's minstrel, to whom the lord the king, by his letters patent, lately granted 7½*d.* daily, to be received at the exchequer during his life, for the good service rendered by him to the same lord the king. In money delivered to him, in discharge of his same wages, from the 1st day of October last past unto the last day of March next following, for 182 days, each day included, by his writ current of privy seal, of Easter term, in the 36th year, 5*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.*

"To Havekin Fitz Lybkyn, the king's minstrel, to whom the lord the king, by his letters patent, lately granted 60*s.* yearly, to be received at the exchequer during his life, for the good service rendered by him to the same lord the king. In money delivered to him, in discharge of the 30*s.* payable to him for this his allowance—to wit, at Easter term last past, by his writ of *Liberate*, amongst the mandates of this term, 1*l.* 10*s.*

"To Richard Baath, the king's minstrel, to whom the lord the king, by his letters patent, lately granted 7½*d.* daily, to be received at the exchequer during his life, for the good service rendered by him to the same lord the king. In money delivered to him, in discharge of his same wages—to wit, from the 1st day of October last past unto the last day of March next following, for 182 days, counting each day, by his writ current of privy seal, amongst the mandates of Michaelmas term last past, with the names of many others, 5*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.*"—pp. 54, 55.

There is a vast number of other officers and servants mentioned, with their particular salaries. But we pass on to some entries of money lent to the king; for in former ages our monarchs were often compelled to apply for loans of money from individuals, and the securities usually given were plate and jewels. Divers sums were also advanced to the king at the exchequer, by way of loan, from nearly every religious house, from the bishops and clergy, also from cities, towns, and boroughs corporate, to be repaid upon conditions expressed in certain indentures made between the parties.

"To the prior of Huntynghdon. In money delivered to him, in discharge of 20*l.* which he lent to the lord the king, at the receipt of the exchequer, on the 26th of March last past, as appears in the roll of receipts of the same day, 20*l.*

"To Simon de Morden and William de Walleworth, citizens of the city of London. In money to them delivered, in discharge of 300*l.* which they lent to the lord the king, at the receipt of the exchequer, on the 25th day of May last past—to wit, the said Simon 200*l.* and the aforesaid William 100*l.*, as appears in the roll of receipts of the same day, 300*l.*

"To Richard Halstede, of the city of London. In money delivered to him, in discharge of ten marks which he lent to the lord the king, at the receipt of the exchequer, on the 25th day of May last past, as appears in the roll of receipts of the same day, 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

"These two particulars were cancelled, because the tallies by which the assignments were made were restored and cancelled with the foil."—pp. 146, 147.

Messengers and couriers connected with foreign embassies on solemn occasions; those also despatched into different parts of the kingdom, to raise men for the army and navy, and many other state functionaries, present a very miscellaneous list. The military operations noticed in this record form a considerable part of the annual expenditure. Such a record throws much light on the constitution of the army of Edward, and proves that the practice of employing mercenary soldiers was supplanting gradually the feudal custom of furnishing troops by knights' service, &c. The pay of various ranks in the army is thus stated:—

“ To John Duke of Lancaster, going to Gascony, there remaining in the king's service, with 300 men at arms and 500 archers, whereof to the same duke, 26*s.* 8*d.* per day, 3 bannerets each at 8*s.* per day, 80 knights each at 4*s.* per day, 216 men at arms each at 2*s.* per day, and 500 archers each at 12*d.* per day. In money delivered to him by the hands of William de Bukkebrugge, his treasurer, for his expenses and a reward, and for his men at arms and archers in the war aforesaid, for half a year, by writ of privy seal, amongst the mandates of this term, 1333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*”—p. 99.

Mr. Devon, who has given an abstract of the most striking parts of the volume in his introduction, and which we are implicitly following, as by far the best condensed account that can be offered of its multifarious entries, informs us that the common foot soldiers were brought from different parts of the kingdom and trained where the property of their several leaders was situate. Edward the Third imposed levies on the city of London and other towns which could compound for money. Horses, either for war or other purposes, were generally hired at a certain valuation, and paid for in proportion to their use, or the damage done to them. The payments made to the following renowned warriors will bring to the mind of our readers some of their most fondly cherished associations respecting British valour.

“ To Edward Prince of Aquitaine and Wales, by one tally raised this day in the names of the king's collectors of the customs and subsidies in the port of London, containing 100 marks. Delivered to the same Edward, by the hands of Peter de Lacy, as an advance, for a certain yearly fee which the lord the king lately granted to the same Edward, to be received out of the customs in the port of London, 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

“ To Sir Walter de Manney, knight, to whom the lord the king, by his letters patent, lately granted 100*l.* yearly, to be received at the exchequer during his life, for the good service rendered by him to the lord the king. In money delivered to him for half a year's payment to this his allowance, 50*l.*

“ To Thomas de Belle Campo, Earl of Warwick, by divers tallies raised this day, containing 500 marks, delivered to the same earl, by the hands of Alban, his clerk, as an advance on the yearly fee which the lord the king, by his letters patent, lately granted to the same earl, to be received from the customs in the ports of London and Saint Botolph, 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

"To Edward Prince of Wales and Aquitaine, by the hands of Walter Huet, banneret, going to Gascony, there remaining in the king's service with 200 men at arms and 300 archers; whereof to same Walter, 8*s.* per day, the 30 knights, each at 3*s.* per day, 170 men at arms, each at 2*s.* per day, and 300 archers, each at 12*d.* per day. In money delivered to the same Walter, by the hands of William Fulborne and Hugh Cheyne, for the wages of himself, and a reward, and for his men at arms and archers aforesaid in the war, for half a year, by his writ of Privy Seal, amongst the mandates of this Term, 1000*l.* Whereof ... He will answer.—Delivered in the account at the exchequer."—pp.316, 317, 373, 119 120.

Very many other celebrated characters of that age are mentioned, to whom sums were given for the good services done the king, which affords such a matter-of-fact view of events and warriors, that are generally regarded through the dimness of antiquity, and the indefinite visions of romance, as is not a little curious and interesting.

It appears that anterior to the time of Edward the Third, there was no regular navy belonging to the crown, but that the king's shipping was supplied from the Cinque Ports and other maritime towns, as occasion required. But in the time of this reign, frequent mention is made of payments to the admirals of the north and west fleets, and other officers connected with this department of the public service. Even some of the regulations for the navy and the rate of wages to the seamen, may be gathered from certain entries in this volume.

"In money paid by the same James and John for the wages of divers masters, constables, and other mariners, being in attendance upon the lord the king, for the passage of Walter Huet, banneret, and his men, to Gascony, in the same 44th year, whereof each master at 6*d.* per day, each constable at 6*d.* per day, and each mariner at 3*d.* per day, and 6*d.* besides per week for a reward, on account of the dearness of provisions in the aforesaid year, as appears by the particulars remaining in the hanaper of this Term, by general writ of Privy Seal, amongst the mandates of Michaelmas Term, in the 44th year, 342*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*

"To John Kepe, master of the barge called the Anne. In money received by him from Hugh Fastolf for his wages, at 6*d.* per day, and for 70 mariners, each at 3*d.* per day, and for a reward to the same to each of them 6*d.* per week, ordered as a reward of the king's gift, to go in the king's service by command of the council of Cherburgh, in Normandy, in the convoy of the king's ships, and from thence returning for the protection of the king of Navarre from Cherburgh, on his coming to England to the lord the king—to wit, from the 16th day of June last past, to the 21st day of July next following, for 25 days, each day included, by general writ of Privy Seal, 40*l.* 5*s.*"—pp. 273—277.

To the surveyor of the king's ships, twelve pence per day is given; to the master of the king's gallies six pence per day. In wages to seamen in the ship called the Saint Mary Cog, there are

given to the master six pence, the constable six pence, seamen three pence, and boys one penny per day.

Mention is frequently made in this roll of sums of money paid for the ransom of prisoners taken in war, and also of allowances to, and treatment of hostages and others confined for state offences. Among the payments for extraordinary service, we may mention that in the introduction Mr. Devon presents the following entry belonging to the 39th year of Edward the Third. "To Pelegrin de Caux, from Gascony, prosecuting the claim of Bernard de Troys, at the king's council, to have the reward which the said Bernard claimed for taking John, king of France, a prisoner at the battle of Poitiers. The king commands 40 marks to be paid him of his gift, in part satisfaction of this his reward; and for his expenses in prosecuting the said claim." By this and many other such notices, sure grounds are furnished whereon historical matters of great moment may be securely built. In the introduction there is also, in the 27th year of the same king's reign, mention made of 40 shillings daily, being paid for the expenses of the household of Edward Baliol, king of Scotland, until he should be otherwise provided for. But, not to extend our extracts much farther, we shall merely quote an account of the allowances to the lions kept in the Tower, which, we have already seen, approached so nearly the Chancellor of the Exchequer in this respect.

"To William de Gasderoba, keeper of the king's lions and leopards within the Tower of London, taking per day—to wit, for his wages 6*d.* in the office aforesaid, and for the food of 4 beasts—to wit, for each beast 6*d.* per day. In money delivered to him in discharge of his same wages and food, 12*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

"To the same William. In money delivered to him for the food of 2 young lions, taking per day 8*d.*—to wit, from the 14th day of June last past, unto the 14th day of September next following, for 26 days, each day included, 3*l.* 2*s.*

"To the same William. In money delivered to him for the food of the said 2 young lions—to wit, from the 15th day of September last past, unto the 10th of October next following, for 26 days, each day included, taking per day for each beast 6*d.*, 1*l.* 6*s.*

"To the same William. In money delivered to him for food of a lion lately sent by the lord the prince from Gascony to England to the lord the king—to wit, from the 4th day of August last past, unto the 10th day of October next following, taking 6*d.* per day, 1*l.* 14*s.*"—pp. 298, 299.

ART. XII.—*Dramas.* By JOANNA BAILLIE. 3 vols. Longman and Co. 1835.

It cannot be, that these Dramas are by the authoress of "Plays on the Passions," thought we, when their announcement was first sounded in our ears. It must be a niece—a relative—perhaps a

mere coincidence not otherwise existing but in name, and a similarity of literary pursuit, that has stirred our recollections—was the surmise. But our astonishment was well founded—our incredulity was in error; for there is but one Joanna Baillie, and though her name was registered by us as belonging to a by-gone age, she lives to put forth these twelve dramas but of yesterday, meet companions and successors as they are, of her “*Plays on the Passions*.” It proves to be one of the most pleasing events in our public career, thus to have heard once more the tender and soul-ennobling tones of the most illustrious poetess that has sung in our land for more than a quarter of a century; it is an event, the more deeply interesting and touching, inasmuch (and it well responds to the mellow and solemn strains of her muse), as we feel and know that they come from a venerable and hallowed spirit, that unites a master-knowledge of the human heart with the authoritative seriousness of one whom we cannot again hope to listen to. These dramas, which are worthy of the authoress in her boldest and freest days, will, according to the view we are taking, appeal with peculiar force to the feelings of all who have been many years ago made acquainted with her fine power, and who still find that though the priestess be aged, her eye is not dimmed, but penetrating as that of a prophetess.

It would be an ungracious task to repeat the general critical opinions that have long ago been uttered in reference to the defects, the beauties, and excellencies of Joanna Baillie’s poetry and dramas. The world has come to a unanimous decision on the subject—she has taken hold of the country’s mind—her former productions have become classical amongst us, and her present poetry will incorporate with them for all time to come; because whatever be her peculiarities, she speaks to the human heart, and gratifies it with a knowledge of its own mysteries,—she communicates the inexpressible delight attendant on a consciousness of its immediate enlargement and sustaining elevation, accomplished through her inspiration.

Three of these twelve dramas are comedies, the others are of that class that one naturally looks for from the authoress of “*Plays on the Passions*.” We could not associate the name of Mrs. Siddons or Miss O’Neil with comedy—neither can we readily unite the comic with the appellative before us. And yet these comedies abound with serious exposures of prevalent follies, as well as vigorous thought and writing. The strength of her genius, and its most polished form, however, are chiefly apparent in the other pieces, where nervous diction, sustained poetry of a high order, and splendid dramatic power, are employed in developing serious or deeply imaginative conceptions. Of these some deal with Scottish superstition, some with homely tragedies, and some with Spanish jealousy, and chivalric passions. Like one or two of our contemporaries, however, we shall select one tragedy alone for a specimen, deeming that a pretty copious train of citations from it, will

better exhibit the writer's happily retained powers of conception and execution, and also be far more engaging than anything that can be given in illustration of her merits.

"Henriquez—a Tragedy," is the one which seems to suit our purpose best, both as regards a favourable display on the part of the authoress, and an intelligible curtailment in our pages. The hero is a valorous and high-souled general under the King of Castile, and his wife Leonora is the daughter of a humble house. Leonora has a sister named Mencia, who, during the absence of Don Henriquez, resides with her, in his castle. In the meantime Mencia is wooed by Don Juen, the bosom friend of Henriquez, but her heart is Antonio's, a youth of inferior rank to the wooer. The assiduities of Juen at the castle excite the suspicions of the steward, who sets them down to the infidelity of Leonora, and he contrives to have a letter put in the way of Henriquez, as he returns from the wars, to that effect. The hero's jealousy is awakened, and afterwards confirmed, by his finding a picture of Juen, and a letter of impassioned love concealed in a casket of his wife's, which had been his own early gift to her. Both the picture and the love-letter, however, had been meant for Mencia; but with the haughty and credulous mind of a Spaniard, who regards honour and fidelity with chivalric feelings, he neither dreams of the possibility of a mistake on his part, nor of prolonged deliberation. His feelings and purpose may be gathered from the following lines:—

"Things have been done, that, to the honest mind,
Did seem as adverse and impossible,
As if the very centre cope of heaven
Should kiss the nether deep.
And this man was my friend!
To whom my soul, shut from all men beside,
Was free and artless as an infant's love,
Telling its guileless faults in simple trust.
Oh! the coiled snake! It presses on me here!
As it would stop the centre throb of life.
And sonnets, too, made on her matchless beauty,
Named Celia, as his cruel shepherdess.
Ay! she was matchless, and it seems was cruel,
Till his infernal arts subdued her virtue.
I'll read no more. What said he in the letter?
(*Reads again*). 'The bearer will return with the key,
And I'll come by the path at nightfall.'
Night falls on some who never see the morn."

Leonora, of course, is guileless, and knows not that she is suspected. She is so overjoyed at the return of her victorious lord, that she prepares a gay and splendid feat to his honour; for she is proud of him and elated with the sense of the high dignity she has arrived at through him—contrasting well with the less aspiring and simple nature of her sister Mencia, as is shown in a dialogue, part of which we quote.

"*Men.* Nay, nay! and why so fond
Of splendid pomp? Compared to what thou wert,

Thy marriage with Henriquez made thee great ;
This doth not make thee greater ; wo the day !
Nor happier neither.

Leo. Wo the day ! Poor dove !

That would beneath the cottage eaves for ever
Sit moping in the shade with household birds,
Nor spread thy silver plumage to the sun.

Men. The sun hath scorch'd my wings, which were not made
For such high soaring.

He who would raise me to his nobler rank
Will soon perceive that I but graze it poorly.

Leo. Away with such benumbing diffidence !

Let buoyant fancy first bear up thy merit,
And fortune and the world's applause will soon
Support the freight. When first I saw Henriquez,
Though but the daughter of a humble house,
I felt the simple band of meadow flowers
That bound my hair give to my glowing temples
The pressure of a princely coronet.

I felt me worthy of his love, nor doubted
That I should win his heart, and wear it too.

Men. Thou dost, indeed, reign in his heart triumphant ;
Long may thy influence last.

Leo. And fear not but it will. These pageantries

Give to the even bliss of wedded love
A varied vivifying power, which else
Might die of very sloth. And for myself,
My love for him, returning from the wars,
Blazon'd with honours, as he now returns,
Is livelier, happier, and, methinks, more ardent,
Than when we first were married. Be assured
All things will favour thee, if thou hast spirit
To think it so shall be. Thou shak'st thy head,
It is not reason, but thy humble wishes,
Thy low ignoble passion that deceives thee,
And conjures up those fears. Weak, wav'ring girl !
Art thou not bound ?

Men. Weakness in yielding to your will, indeed,
Has fetter'd me with bands my heart disowns.

Leo. Fy ! say not so. Hush ! let not that sad face
O'ercloud the joy my gen'rous lord will feel
When he discovers what we have conceal'd,
With playful art, to make his joy the keener.
Hush ! here comes Blas again.

Enter Blas.

"How is my Lord ?

Will he not see me now ?

Blas.

He will not yet.

I have been watching near his chamber door,
And when I gently knock'd, as you desired,
He answered me with an impatient voice,
Saying his head was drowsy, and lack'd rest.

Leo. I'll go myself.

Nay, Madam, do not yet.

I guess that some cross humour has disturb'd him ;
Sleep will compose it."

Henriquez, in the meanwhile, murders Juen in the neighbourhood of the castle ; but after hastening back to his chamber, he prepares for the pageant. The king unexpectedly arrives ; Henriquez now appears richly dressed, and is highly complimented by his sovereign,

for the public services he has so lately and gallantly done the state—to the triumph of the loving, the confiding, and the somewhat ambitious Leonora. She cannot refrain from exultingly addressing her husband thus—

Leo. I am rejoiced to see you so recovered.

Hen. I thank you, Lady; let your guests receive Your present courtesies.—Where are the minstrels? Let them strike up a dance: we are too still.

Leo. Doubt not we shall be gay; but we expect Some merry masquers here to join our revels; They should have come ere now.

Hen. Wait ye for such? Are they not come already?

Leo. How so my Lord?

Hen. The world is full of them: Who knows the honest unclodeth worth of those That by your side may stand, drink from your cup, Or in your bosom lie? We are all masquers.

King. Your wine has cheered you to a gibing humour; You are severe, my Lord, on this poor world.

Hen. If I have said amiss, e'en let it pass: A foolish rev'ller may at random speak: Who heeds his idle words?—Music, strike up."

But a servant rushes in and interrupts the music with the tidings that a murdered body has been found near the castle. It is seen to have been newly slain, and they who found it declare "it is Don Juen's body." All is now confusion—the festival is broken up—Henriquez retires to his chamber—while Leonora believes him not only to be overpowered with sorrow on account of the murder of his bosom friend, but that his affections are alienated from her. She therefore craves the good offices of Don Carlos, a noble soldier and a friend to Henriquez, that he may endeavour to comfort the disconsolate mourner and reconcile him to her. Carlos answers to this request—

Car. Nay, charming Leonora, urge him not: He will admit thee when he is disposed For soothing sympathy; to press it sooner Were useless—were unwise.

Leon. Yet go to him; he will, perhaps, to thee, So long his fellow-soldier and his friend, Unburthen his sad heart.

Car. You are in this deceived. His fellow-soldier I long have been. In the same fields we've fought; Slept in one tent, or on the rugged heath, Wrapt in our soldier's cloaks, have, side by side, Stretch'd out our weary length like savage beasts In the same cheerless lair; and many a time, When the dim twilight of our evening camp Has by my foolish minstrelsy been cheer'd, He has bent o'er me, pleased with the old strains That pleased him when a boy; therefore I may, As common phrase permits, be called his friend. But there existed one, and only one, To whom his mind, with all its nice reserve Above the sympathies of common men, He freely could unfold; and having lost him, Can I intrude upon his private thoughts,

Like one who would supply a vacant place?
His heart, I know it well, would from such boldness
Revolt, even with disgust.

“*Leo.* Yet Juen’s death did seem to move him less
Than such dear friendship might have warranted.

“*Car.* It was his custom to restrain his looks
When strongly moved, or shun all observation.

“And I am now become that humble thing,—
A wife shut out from equal confidence!”

The plot thickens, and the torn heart of Henriquez is doomed to deeper and heavier sufferings. Juen’s secretary, Balthazer arrives, and shows him documents which not only prove that the deceased maintained the most constant and unlimited friendship for Henriquez, but also produces a marriage contract entered into between the deceased and the fair Mencia.

“*Hen.* (*starting from his chair with violent gesture*). What did’st thou say? The sister of my wife?

Say it again; I know not what thou said’st.

“*Balt.* It is, my Lord, a marriage-contract made
Between himself and Donna Mencia,
The sister of your wife; to whom by stealth,
The Lady being somewhat disinclined,
He has of late made frequent visits; hoping
Last night, with her consent, to have surprised you,
When as a masquer he should join the guests,
By asking from your love a brother’s blessing.

[HENRIQUEZ falls back into his chair, uttering a deep groan.

“*Leonora* (*rushing to him in great alarm*). Alas! so strong an agony is here,

The hand of death is on him.

“*Carlos.* ’T is but the pitch and crisis of his grief:
Be not alarm’d; he will recover presently.”

“*Leo.* That groan again! My dear—my dear Henriquez!
Alas! that look! thine agony is great:
That motion too. (*He rises*). Why dost thou stare around?
We are alone; surely thou wilt not leave me.
Where wouldst thou be?

“*Hen.* I’ the blackest gulf of hell;
The deepest den of misery and pain;
Woe bound to woe—the cursed with the cursed!

“*Leo.* What horrible words, if they have any meaning!
If they have none, most piteous!—
Henriquez; O, my Lord!—My noble husband!
I thought not thou would’st e’er have look’d on me
As thou hast done, with such an eye of sternness.
Alas! and had’st thou nothing dear on earth
But him whom thou hast lost?

“*Hen.* I had, I had! thy love was true and virtuous.
And so it is: thy hand upon my breast. (*Pressing her hand, which she has laid upon his breast.*)

I feel it—O how dear! (*Is about to kiss it, but casts it from him.*)
It must not be!

Would thou wert false! Would grinding contumely
Had bowed me to the earth—worn from my mind
The very sense and nature of a man!
Faithful to me! Go, loose thee from my side;
Thy faithfulness is agony ineffable,
It makes me more accursed. Cling not to me:
To taste the slightest feeling of thy love
Were base—were monstrous now.—Follow me not!
The ecstasy of misery spurns all pity.”

Antonio, who has been mentioned as Mencia's lover, though rejected through the influence of her sister Leonora, for Juen, is found near the place where the murder was perpetrated, and he is thrown into prison on suspicion; presumed rivalry, and some confused expressions at the time of his apprehension, strengthening those suspicions. But the principal subject for the dramatist's mental dissection, is Henriquez, whose remorse becomes more complicated and overwhelming.

"ACT III. SCENE I.

"*The Burying Vault of the Castle, with Monuments of the Dead; and near the Front of the Stage, a new-covered Grave, seen by the light of a lamp placed on a neighbouring Tomb, the Stage being otherwise dark. A solemn Requiem for the Dead is heard at a distance, sounding from above. As it draws to a close, HENRIQUEZ appears at the farther end of the Vault with a light in his hand, which he holds out from him, as if in search of some object, and, seeing the grave, casts the light from his hand, and rushes towards it.*

"*Hen. (after gazing some time on the grave). And here thou liest*
with all thy noble parts,
 Thy lofty, liberal soul, and goodly form,
 And heart of love so thorough and so true!
 This is thy rest, the meed and recompense
 Thy generous worth hath from thy friend received!
 Thy friend! O savage heart and cruel hand!
 Fell, hateful, faithless, cowardly, and base!
 Of every baleful thing, by Heaven cast off,
 Most cursed and miserable!—
 O that ere this the dust had cover'd me
 Like a crush'd snake, whose sting is yet unsheathed!
 Would in the bloody trench some sabred Moor
 Had lanced this hold of life—this latent seat
 Of cruelty! or rather that some dart,
 Shot erring in our days of boyish sport,
 Had pierced its core! Then by my early grave
 He had shed over me a brother's tears;
 He had sat there and wept and mourned for me,
 When from all human thoughts but his alone,
 All thoughts of me had been extinguish'd. Juen!
 My Juen, dear, dear friend! Juen de Torva!
 Thy name is on my lips, as it was wont;
 Thine image in my heart, like stirring life;
 Thy form upon my fancy like that form
 Which bless'd my happy days. How he would look,
 When with his outspread arms, as he return'd
 After some absence!—Oh, it tortures me!
 Let any image cross my mind but this!
 No, no! not this!—Sable, sepulchral gloom!
 Embody to my sight some terrible thing,
 And I will brave it (*pausing and looking round*).
 It doth! it doth! there's form and motion in it.
 Advance, thou awful shade, whate'er thou art.
 Those threat'ning gestures say thou art not Juen. (*Rubbing his eyes*).
 It was but fancy.—No; the soul to Him
 Who is the Soul of souls ascended hath,
 Dust to its dust return'd. There is nought here
 But silent rest, that can be roused no more.
 Beneath this mould, some few spans deep, he lies.
 So near me, though conceal'd!—Cursed as I am,
 The cords of love, even through this earth have power,
 Like a strong charm, to draw me to him still.
 (*Casting himself upon the grave*).

Burst, guilty heart! rend every nerve of life,
And be resolved to senseless clay like this,
So to enlap his dearer clay for ever.

“Enter CARLOS.

“*Carlos.* (*looking round him*). He is not here: nought see I through
the gloom,

Save the cold marble of these tombs which, touch’d
With the wan light of yon sepulchral lamp,
Show their scroll’d ends, to the uncertain sight,
Like shrouded bodies rising from the earth. (*Going towards the grave*).
Ha! something stirring on the new-raised earth!
It is Henriquez, wrapped in frantic sorrow. (*Advancing to him*).
Henriquez! hear’st thou not, noble Henriquez?
Nay, nay! rise from the earth—such frantic grief
Doth not become a man, and least of all,
A man whose firm endurance of misfortune
Has hitherto so graced his noble worth.
Givest thou no answer but these heavy groans?
Thou canst not from the tomb recall the dead,
But rouse thy spirit to revenge his death.

“*Hen.* (*raising his head*). What said’st thou?

“*Carlos.* Quit this dismal bed of death,
And rouse thee to revenge thy murder’d friend.

“*Hen.* He is revenged; Heaven deals with guilt so monstrous.
The hand of man is nothing.

“*Carlos.* Ay, but the hand of man shall add its mite.

(*Taking hold of his hand to raise him*).

Up from the earth! I’ve found the murderer.

“*Hen.* (*springing up fiercely and seizing him by the throat*). Lay’st
thou thy hand on me! What is or is not,
The God of Heaven doth know, and he alone.
Darest thou with mortal breath bestow that name
To the dishonour of a noble house,
On one of ancient, princely lineage born?”

This temporary alarm and frenzy are moderated, and Henriquez allows himself to be conducted to the prison to question Antonio. Mencia has been there beforehand, who believing her former lover and beloved one guilty, renounces him, and offers him means of escape. But he will not avail himself of the opportunity. Her assurance of his guilt turns into doubt, and next into a full persuasion of his innocence. The whole power of his pure and smothered passion returns in all its beauty, and a dialogue as affecting and finely conceived is maintained throughout these changes, which every one will perceive, afford the dramatist the most advantageous scope—as any we remember to have read. It thus terminates:—

“*Anto.* O blessed words! my dear, my
gen’rous love!

My heart throbs at the thought, but cannot thank thee.

And thou wilt follow me and share my
fortune,

Or good or ill!

Ah! what of good can with a skulking
outlaw

In his far wand’rings, or his secret
haunts,

E’er be? O no! thou shalt not follow
me.

“*Men.* Good may be found for faithful
virtuous love,

In every spot; and for the wand’ring
outlaw,

The very sweetest nooks o’ the earth are
his.

And be his passing home the goatherd’s
shed,

The woodman's branchy hut, or fisher's
cove,
Whose pebbly threshold by the rippling
tide
Is softly washed, he may contented live,
Ay, thankfully; fed like the fowls of
heaven
With daily food sent by a Father's hand.
*Antonio (pressing both her hands to his
heart, and then kissing them).*
Thanks, gentle, virtuous Mencia; but,
alas!
Far different is the hapless outlaw's home
From what thy gentle fancy fashioneth.
With lawless men he must protection
find.
Some murky cavern where the light of day
Hath never peer'd—where the pitch'd
brand, instead,
Sheds its red glare on the wild revelry
Of fierce banditti; or the pirate's bark,
Where stalks the sabred ruffian o'er the
deck,
Watching his distant prey—some home-
bound ship,

Mencia leaves the prison, and Henriquez now offers Antonio the opportunity of escaping. The innocent, however, are strong in purpose; nay, the guilty man himself cannot well disguise the truth even from the unsuspecting youth; for after Henriquez has departed, he says—

“But that it were so horrid and unnatural,
A thing at strife with all consistent thoughts,
I could believe—No! 'tis impossible.”

We go forward to where Henriquez is discovered on his knees by the confessional, and a friar bending over him, muttering in a low voice; among other words of comfort, he says—

“Thou smit'st thy breast,
And shak'st thy drooping head: thou must not doubt.
All sin is finite, mercy infinite;
Why shouldst thou doubt that God will pardon thee?
“*Hen.* I doubt it not. God's mercy pardons all
Who truly do repent; and O how truly,
How deeply, how intensely I repent!
But in my breast there is a goading sense,
An inward agony, a power repelling
In dire abhorrence every better thought.
The bliss of heaven for me! incongruous hope!
My soul, my fancy, yea my very will
Is link'd to misery; and happiness
Comes to my thoughts like gleams of painful day
To owls and bats, and things obscene and hateful,
Fitted by nature for their dismal dens.
O that I were like such! in the reft rock
Of some dank mine coil'd up, dull and unconscious
Of the loud hammer's sound, whose coming stroke
Should crush me from existence!

“*Friar.* Alas, alas, my son! have better thoughts.

With all its stores and freight of precious
souls,
Who ne'er shall greet their native shores
again,
Must be his guilty home.

“*Men.* Alas, alas!

“*Ant.* Thou shalt not follow me, nor
will I fly.

Sever'd from thee I will not live, sweet
love,

Nor shalt thou be the mate of one dis-
graced,

And by the good disown'd. Here I'll
remain,

And Heaven will work for me a fair de-
liv'rance.

“*Men.* No, no! the present means for
thy escape

Are sent to thee by Heaven. Be not so
stubborn!

With or without me fly, even as thou wilt,
But do not linger here.

(Looking to the door on hearing it move).

The door—O misery! we are surprised.

It is Henriquez; Heaven have pity on us!”

"*Hen.* Let them arise in better hearts, for mine
A nest of stinged scorpions hath become,
And only fit for such. Each recollection,
Each waking fancy, like a barbed fang,
Pierces its core with thrilling agony,
Which yields to a succeeding, sharper sting,
And that again to others keener still.
So kind, so dear, such manly, true affection!
Friendship so pure! such noble confidence!
Love that surmounted all things! When, in passion,
I did an outrage on his fiery blood,
What would have hurl'd on any other head
The instant stroke of death—he only waited——

"*Friar.* Give o'er, my son; thou art too vehement.

"*Hen.* He waited till my senseless rage was spent,
Then smiled—O such an upbraiding smile!
Open'd his arms, and clasp'd me to his heart.
That smile, those open'd arms, I see them now,—
I see them constantly; where'er I turn,
They front me like a vision of delight
Changed to a gorgon terror.
But no restraining love did plead for him:
As though he had some faithless rav'ller been,
All base suggestions were received against him,
Were cherish'd, brooded on, by dint of thought
Work'd to a semblance of consistent truth,
Which, but for this—Base, black ingratitude!
Passing all crimes, detested, monstrous!

(Beating his forehead violently as he strides rapidly away).

This base, believing heart, this ruffian's hand!

"*Friar.* My son, this is wild ecstasy of passion,
Which leads not to that humble true repentance
Our holy Church enjoins.

"*Hen. (returning)* Or had I met him as an open foe,
With accusation of defiance fairly
Preceding vengeance; but unheard, i' th' dark!
Tremble, ye venerable roofs, ye towers
Of my brave fathers, men without reproach!
Fall on my cursed head, and grind to dust
What bears the honour'd semblance of their son,
Although unmeet to bear the human form.

"*Friar.* Nay, nay! I pray forbear! this violent grief
For thy soul's weal is most unprofitable.
Betake thyself betimes to prayer and penance.
The sufferings of the body will relieve
The sufferings of the mind.

"*Hen.* The sufferings of the body! They are powerless.

(Showing his hand).

See here, short while, in agony of thought,
Pacing the armory where hangs the mail
Which Juen wore, when in Tolosa's field
We fought the turban'd Moslems side by side;
It was his gift, which I did beg of him,
In the proud joy I felt at his high deeds.
How swell'd my heart! A braver knight in arms
Fought not that day. Bold heart and potent hand,
And lofty mien, and eyes that flash'd with valour.
Where ran my words? I have forgot their drift.

"*Friar.* Something which happened in the armory.

"*Hen.* Ay, in the armory, as I have said,
I struck my hand, in vehemence of action,
On a spiked shield, nor knew till afterwards,

When the wild fit was past, and oozing blood
 Loaded my clammy touch, that in my flesh
 The broken iron was sheath'd.
 No; what can corporeal pain or penance do?
 That which inflicts the mental wound, which rends
 The hold of pride, wrenching the bent of nature;
 'Tis that alone hath power. Yet from the effort
 Nature starts back; my mind, stunn'd at the thought,
 Loses the use of thought.

"*Friar.* I do not understand you; good, my Lord.

"*Hen.* It matters not; you will, perhaps, hereafter

"*Friar.* You are at present feeble and exhausted,
 And lack repose; retire a while, my son.
 Hark! on the walls without, do you not hear
 The warder's call to note the rising morn?

"*Hen.* The morn! - And what have I to do with morn?
 The redd'ning sky, the smoking camp, the stir
 Of tented sleepers rousing to the call,
 The snorting steed, in harness newly dight,
 Did please my fancy once. Ay; and the sweetness
 Of my still native woods, when, through the mist,
 They showed at early dawn their stately oaks,
 Whose dark'ning forms did gradually appear
 Like slow approaching friends, known doubtfully.
 These pleased me once in better better days; but now
 My very soul within me is abhorrent
 Of every pleasant thing; and that which cheers
 The stirring soldier or the waking hind,
 That which the traveller blesses, and the child
 Greets with a shout of joy, as from the door
 Of his pent cot he issues to the air,
 Does but increase my misery:—
 I loathe the light of heaven: let the night,
 The hideous unblest night, close o'er me now,
 And close for ever!"

Balthazer appears with a commission from the king, who is at Zamora, to bring Juen's murderer before him for immediate execution. Antonio is brought forth in chains, while Henriquez hastens to obtain an audience from his sovereign, before the sitting of the court. The king, Alonzo the Noble, is apprized that his general has arrived, with a goodly train guarding the prisoner, and that he solicits an audience before the opening of the court. We are now approaching very near to the close of the tragedy, but cannot do justice to it, without a lengthened extract from the highly effective scenes and colloquies which it contains. Surely there are many portions of this piece which would rivet the attention, and elevate the hearts of a theatrical assembly.

"*Enter HENRIQUEZ, followed by CARLOS and ANTONIO, going up to the KING, who rises to meet him.*

"*King.* Thou too, my valiant friend, a suitor here?

"*Hen.* A humble supplicant.

"*King.* Who needs not sue.
 Say freely what thou would'st, and it is granted.

"*Hen.* But what I beg, an earnest boon, must be
 Confirm'd to me with all solemnity,
 Before I utter it.

"*King.*

A strange request!

But that thy services have been to me
Beyond all recompense, and that I know
Thy country's welfare and thy sovereign's honour
Are dear to thee, as thou full well hast proved,
I should with some precaution give my word.
But be it so; I say thy suit is granted.

"*Hen.* Nay, swear it on this sword.

"*King.* Where doth this tend? Doubt'st thou my royal word?

"*Hen.* When honour'd lately by your princely presence,

You gave to me this ring with words of favour;

And said if I should e'er, by fortune press'd,

Return the same to you, whatever grace

I then might ask, should be conceded to me.

Receive your royal token: my request

Is that you swear upon my sword to grant

This boon which I shall beg.

(*Giving the ring.*)

[*Holds out his sword to the King, who lays his hand on it.*

"*King.* This sword, this honour'd blade, I know it well,

Which thou in battle from the princely Moor

So valiantly did'st win: why should I shrink

From any oath that shall be sworn on this?

I swear, by the firm honour of a soldier,

To grant thy boon, whatever it may be.

Declare it then, Henriquez. (*A pause.*)

Thou art pale

And silent too: I wait upon thy words.

"*Hen.* My breath forsook me. 'Tis a passing weakness:

I have power now.—There is a criminal,

Whose guilt before your Highness in due form

Shall shortly be attested; and my boon

Is, that your Highness will not pardon him,

However strongly you may be inclined

To royal clemency,—however strongly

Entreated so to do.

"*King.* This much amazes me. Ever till now,

Thou'st been inclined to mercy, not to blood.

"*Hen.* Yea; but this criminal, with selfish cruelty,

With black ingratitude, with base disloyalty

To all that sacred is in virtuous ties,

Knitting man's heart to man — What shall I say?

I have no room to breathe. (*Tearing open his doublet with violence.*)

He had a friend,

Ingenuous, faithful, generous, and noble:

Er's but to look on him had been full warrant

Against th' accusing tongue of man or angel

To all the world beside,—and yet he slew him.

A friend whose fost'ring love had been the stay,

The guide, the solace of his wayward youth,—

Love steady, tried, unwearied,—yet he slew him.

A friend, who in his best devoted thoughts,

His happiness on earth, his bliss in heaven,

Intwined his image, and could not devise

Of sep'rate good,—and yet he basely slew him;

Rush'd on him like a ruffian in the dark,

And thrust him forth from life, from light, from nature,

Unwitting, unprepared for th' awful change

Death brings to all. This act so foul, so damnd,

This he hath done: therefore upon his head

Let fall the law's unmitigated justice.

"*King.* And wherefore doubt'st thou that from such a man

I will withhold all grace? Were he my brother

I would not pardon him. Produce your criminal.

[*Those who have ANTONIO in custody lead him forward.*

"*Hen.* (*motioning with his hand to forbid them*). Undo his shackles; he is innocent.

"*King.* What meaneth this? Produce your criminal.

"*Hen.* (*kneeling*). My royal master, he is at your feet.

(*A cry of astonishment is heard through the hall: the KING staggering back from the spot, is supported by an Attendant, while CARLOS and ANTONIO, now free from his fetters, run to HENRIQUEZ, who continues kneeling, and bend over him in deep concern.*)

The king is stunned beyond description by this confession, and after motioning every one to leave the presence but Henriquez, Carlos, and Antonio, chides the confessed on account of his cruel guile, and advances sundry alleviations and defences in his behalf.

"Set me free.

The public weal requires thy service: oaths
Adverse to this do not, and should not, bind.

"*Hen.* There are within your kingdom many chiefs
Who may do better service to the state,
Though not with better will than I have done;

[*Laying his sword at the KING's feet.*

Here do I part with ensigns, arms, and war;
Nor soldier's brand, nor baton of command,
This hand accursed shall ever grasp again.
Your Highness, by the honour of a prince,
Stands bound to me in this, and you are bound.

"*King.* Ay, if it needs must be, determined spirit.
Yet, think again; be it a while deferr'd?
This dismal trial, for a month—a year.

"*Hen.* Not for a day.

"*King.* Thou art too boldly stubborn.

By what authority dost thou oppose it,
If 'tis my pleasure it should be deferr'd?

"*Hen.* The law's authority emboldens me.
I am Don Juen's heir, and do by right
Demand the speedy trial of his murderer.
Nor think the law's delay would aught avail.
How many secret ways there may be found
To rid a wretch of life, who loathes to live!
My soul demands this sacrifice—pangs for it,
As that which can alone restore to it
The grace of Heaven, and the respect of men.

"*Car.* Noble Henriquez, thy too stubborn virtue——

"*Hen.* Nay, Carlos, hold thy peace. Be not my foe;
He were my greatest enemy who should
Impede this consummation. When 'tis past,
Then let the favour of my princely master,
Of loving camp-mates, and all virtuous men,
Return to me again. A noble treasure
That will redeem my memory from shame.

"*King* (*embracing him*). Living or dead, brave man, thou must be
honour'd,

I will no more contend with thy desires.
Some preparation for this solemn ceremony
Thou wilt require; Don Carlos will conduct thee
Where thou may rest and find all needful aid.

[*Exit.*

"*Hen.* Come, friends, till I am summon'd to my trial;
The time is short, and we must husband it. (*Going, and stopping again*).
I shun not now thy friendly aid, good Carlos;
My heart is lighten'd of its heavy load,

And I can take a good man by the hand,
And feel we are akin.

"*Car.* To all that is most great and admirable
Thou art akin. I have no words to speak
The thoughts I have of thee, thou noble man !

"*Hen. (to ANTONIO).* And thou, too, gentle youth; give me thy hand.
Thy noble confidence did point to me
The true and honour'd path. For, hadst thou fled,
I might have shrunk aside, and been on earth
A sullen secret thing of wretchedness,
Cursing the light of heaven. Gentle youth,
I've felt the kindly pressure of thy hand,
And all thy gen'rous sympathy; forgive me,
That I did hold thy mind so long in doubt.

"*Anto.* O nothing did I doubt that thou did'st know
My innocence, and would protect it; yet,
This noble, terrible act I ne'er divin'd.
Would I had fled my prison at thy bidding,
And lived a vagabond upon the earth,
Ere this had been! What was my name or worth?
But thou——

"*Hen.* Cease, cease! repent it not, sweet youth;
For all the friends on earth would not have done me
Such true and worthy service."

{*Exeunt.*

The issue need not be particularly detailed. Henriquez is condemned to the block—Leonora supplicates the king, but learns that her husband is self-condemned, and that there is no hope. Balthazer enters with a dark lantern before the prison gate, for the awful hour is at hand. Henriquez is next beheld sound asleep, and hardly to be roused. The tolling of the death-bell—the dying shriek of Leonora—who falls into the arms of Mencia and Antonio, conclude the drama, leaving the reader, as we think it would do the spectator, deeply affected, yet nobly awakened to a sense of the dramatists' power, and of his own nature.

ART. XIII.—*The Annual Biography and Obituary.* 1836. London: Longman and Co.

THE remark, that lately "the graves of the gifted have far outnumbered their cradles," is naturally repeated, when we look at the list of Memoirs in the present volume, and regard the brief period within which the subjects of them have been gathered to their fathers. Indeed, the last year seems to vie with any whose history we remember, in respect of the number of eminent victims who have fallen during its current. What an affecting homily does such an Annual Obituary preach to the sons and daughters of genius, and to all! One is at first apt to despond, at the sight of such a catalogue, and to say—I wish I had not been born to mingle in a world of so much sorrow and uncertainty—were it not that reflection speedily brings the relieving conviction, that each of the departed has filled his allotted office, and performed his

part—that others are ready to supply every gap, and that a better world could not be contrived by any of the desponding or discontented. It is in truth a splendidly dramatic world—abounding with joys and sorrows so admirably apportioned, as to be morally more picturesque than what its physical aspect can ever present, especially when linked with man's future destinies—thus becoming a glorious and awful theme of contemplation, when regarded merely as the starting-point for one individual of the human race.

With this affectingly sublime, rather than frightful view, we proceed to glance at a few of the Biographies in this annual volume. These have been collected from various sources, and are generally, so far as they go into individual lives, correct. In selecting our subjects, variety as well as popular note will be considered—the cultivators of literature in some one of its branches obtaining the whole of our notice; for, it may be added, in these unwarlike lays, the triumphs of the servants of literature constitute by far the highest and most extensive subject of biography and posthumous fame.

The “gentle-hearted Charles Lamb” is first upon the list in these pages, under his own appropriate and oft-repeated phrase for a motto—

“Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?”

He was the last of his family, his elder sister only surviving him of all their house. And how keenly he felt this, the following exquisite lines will testify; which have been unaccountably omitted in his collected works, according to the present authority.

“A heavy lot hath he, most wretched man,
Who lives the last of all his family!
He looks around him, and his eye discerns
The face of the stranger, and his heart is sick.
Man of the world, what canst thou do for him?
Wealth is a burden which he could not bear;
Mirth a strange crime, the which he does not act;
And wine no cordial, but a bitter cup.
For wounds like his Christ is the only cure;
And gospel promises are his by right,
Since these were given to the poor in heart.
Go, preach then to him of a world to come,
Where friends shall meet, and know each other's faces.
Say less than this and say it to the winds!”

And again, of “the family name.”

“What reason first imposed thee, gentle name,
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher,
And I, a childless man, may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,

Received thee first amidst the merry mocks
And arch allusions of his fellow-swains.
Perchance from Salem's holier fields return'd
With glory gotten on the heads abhorr'd
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took *His* meek title, in whose zeal he burn'd.
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle Name." —p. 2.

He was born in London, on the 10th of February, 1775, in Crown-office Row, of the Temple. His father was clerk to Samuel Salt, Esq., and died before Charles had completed his education at Christ's Hospital. He was at first employed for a short time in the South Sea House, but, in 1792, obtained an appointment in the Accountant's Office of the East India Company, where he remained till March 1825, when he retired upon a pension of 450*l.* per annum. He lived a bachelor all his days, along with his dearly-beloved sister, as most of our readers may have learnt, and for the most part, in the Temple, which he preferred to any other spot in the world; and yet few felt the spirit of rural scenes more perfectly and tenderly than he, and he was always a great walker. His much attached friend Coleridge has said—

" My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hunger'd after nature many a year,
In the great city pent, winning thy way,
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
And strange calamity!"

Lamb has on all hands been represented as the best-natured of men; his genius was one of the most lovely and original that ever was published to the world. As an essayist he was nearly unrivalled, and he was a poet of the purest order. Feeling, fancy, and quaint conceits, like some of the writers of the Elizabethan age, were eminently his. The following notices of him, as given in the pages before us, must suffice.

" For a full life of Charles Lamb, the public must await the leisure of the eloquent pen of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, his executor, by whom it is rumoured his scattered works and letters will be collected and published. It only remains for us to say a few words on the genius of this most original imitator of the style of the Elizabethan writers. We consider Mr. Lamb's tact in all questions of poetry to have been infallible. In his estimation of prints and pictures, as well as of actors and actresses, we think that, like all near-sighted people, he had 'visions of his own,' and would not 'undo them.' Of music he was a still worse judge, not because, as he says, 'he had no ear,'—for many of the finest critics in that art have been without what is called a musical ear,—but very few things in music touched him: when they did, they were always beautiful passages, and he could even hum them over; which shows that it was not strictly true that he had no ear. Two of the melodies, which were

often running in his head, were Kent's 'Oh, that I had wings like a dove,' and Handel's 'From mighty kings.' Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Coleridge always acknowledged him an absolute judge of poetry: he loved it for its music as well as for its sense. He could read nonsense verses: he thought Pope's 'Song by a Person of Quality' delicious, and would read Skelton aloud by the hour, merely for the rhymes: and yet he could relish the crabbedness of Donne; nor did he tire through the weary measure of Chapman's 'Iliad.' He read few modern poets, except the works of his friends Wordsworth and Coleridge; and, although he fed upon the old dramatists and novelists, new stories tormented him. He did not like modern print and paper, and manuscript still less. He was no reviewer. He once wrote an excellent critique on 'The Excursion,' for the Quarterly; but the editor (Mr. Gifford) pared it down to nothing.

"What he admired, that he imitated, or rather, he did as good or better. His few poems, and one short tragedy, have all the terseness and simplicity of Beaumont and Fletcher, or of Andrew Marvell or George Wither. 'Rosamund Gray' seems to have been written after reading Mackenzie's novels, and, accordingly, it is finer than any of them.

"We have before said that the genius of our dear friend (for we cannot conceal our connection with him) was emphatically human. The stories and characters of all his plays, poems, and essays turn upon some weakness of humanity, with which he had a lively sympathy, and toward which he extended a large charity. 'When a child (he says in one of his Essays), 'with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read the parables, not guessing at their involved wisdom,—I had more yearnings towards that simple architect that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour. I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and (prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors) I felt a kindliness that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins.'—pp. 13—15.

Charles Lamb's death was occasioned by erysipelas. In person he was thin, but his head was large and fine, with black hair and a noble countenance. He was always dressed in black, and never adopted the modern fashion of pantaloons or trowsers. Altogether he was one of the most singular and choice spirits of the age in which he lived, or in the history of literary Englishmen.

Charles Mathews, the comedian, figures deservedly in this volume, and, as in the case of Lamb, is to be the subject of a Life, on a much larger and minuter scale, than the present brief memoir can pretend to be, as has been announced by Mr. Murray,—the work being partly an autobiography, and continued by his son.

Mathews was born in 1776, in the Strand. His father was a respectable bookseller, and a Wesleyan Methodist, who, from religious motives, did not permit his children to visit a theatre. Charles was educated at Merchant Tailors' School, and afterwards apprenticed to his father; according to his own testimony, making

“ but a sorry apprentice, and indeed being very sorry that he was an apprentice.” But after he had obtained a stolen two shillings’ worth in the gallery of Old Drury, by the connivance of a shopman, all occupation, save that of acting, became “ stale, flat, and unprofitable.” His first appearance on any stage, was in a back room of a pastry-cook’s, in the Strand, decorated with sheets and carpets for scenery, of which establishment Elliston, at that time of course only a youth, was the manager.

Whatever Mathews’ father’s scruples might be to a theatrical fancy and life, he proved his good sense, and considerate affection, when he became apprized of the young man’s partiality. He said to the aspirant—“ Charles, there are your indentures, and there are twenty guineas ; I do not approve of the stage, but I will not oppose your wishes. At any time hereafter, should you feel inclined to turn to an honest calling, there are twenty guineas more, if you send for them ; and your father’s house is open to you.” The second twenty guineas, however, Charles never claimed. But he was not exempt from the vicissitudes that belong to the lives of stage-struck youths. Yet, by perseverance, enthusiasm for the profession, which never deserted him even in his latter days, and exemplary conduct, he won his way to distinction. But we need not follow his theatrical career, since, as it is truly said, “ for seventeen years he, by his single exertions, delighted all England—alone he did it.”

Mathews was a man of high honour, of a liberal and benevolent disposition, and of such unostentatious bounty, that though his income for many years was very great, yet he died not wealthy. He also frequently became the victim, in worldly matters, of too much confidence, or of artifice. And as to his private and social life, he was all that is comprehended in the phrase—a perfect gentleman, enjoying, with the exception of Garrick, a more extensive intimacy with the distinguished persons of his day, than any other actor ever did, and than most public men. The following extracts, regarding his genius, are from certain “ Recollections” which have appeared in “ The Court Magazine.”

“ The most striking characteristic which presented itself to notice in a personal intercourse with Mathews was that extraordinary versatility of mind which caused him, not merely to seem, but to be, all things by turns, according to the tone and colour of the society in which he found himself. I never knew any one who possessed this chameleon quality to so great an extent as Charles Mathews, and it was no doubt the secret of his wonderful endowments and success.

* * * * *

“ Another remarkable result of an intimate private intercourse with Mathews was the great comparative height to which it raised your estimate of his intellectual powers, above that which his public performances, admirable as they were, might have led you to form of those powers. It

requires a very limited intercourse with actors to satisfy one that a high capacity for their admirable art is not inconsistent with the most commonplace qualities in all other respects. As far as we have any authentic annals of that art, they show us that all its most distinguished ornaments in both of its departments have been in every other particular commonplace persons. Even Garrick was not an exception to the hitherto universal application of the rule; for his dramas are those of an experienced actor and play-wright merely: of course, Shakspeare, who had no distinguished merit as an actor, does not come within the scope of the remark. But Mathews offers something like an exception to it; for he was not only the greatest dramatic artist of the day in his line, but he himself *created* every one of the characters by which he will be remembered; and in the intercourse of private life he gave daily evidence of being qualified to do even more than this. When he was sure of his audience, and impelled by the character of it to put forth his best powers, he used to do things that required more intellectual talent than the whole concoction and performance of one of his public entertainments. I have heard him get up after dinner, and, without a moment's hesitation or previous preparation, make a speech of half an hour's length, in the character of Coleridge, Curran, or some other distinguished orator, whose health had been proposed on the speculation of Mathews' replying to the call—not merely adopting the voice, appearance, and external manner of the party imitated, but assuming the very tone of his thoughts and the cast of his sentiments, and putting them into language whose impassioned eloquence was not inferior to that of the persons imitated; and I am convinced that, when he was in the proper cue for it, he would, if he could have felt sufficient confidence in his audience and in himself to have dared attempt it, have *improvised* a more amusing and instructive 'At Home' than any that he ever yet produced by a formal union of his own talents with those of his literary assistants in those entertainments.

"I remember the first evidence I witnessed of his extraordinary talents in this way was at our second meeting at Boxhill, in the Epsom race week. The elections were going on at the time; and on the first evening, just as we had quitted the after-dinner table, and were going to the stables to see that our horses were attended to, our attention was attracted, by a voice that was quite strange to us, shouting, 'Gentlemen! In appearing before you on this occasion,' &c. On turning to the spot whence the sounds came, there was Mathews, mounted in an empty hay-cart, from which he delivered an electioneering speech that, without being in the smallest degree exaggerated or caricatured in its tone or language, kept us in roars of laughter from beginning to end, by the exquisite satire on such harangues which every phrase and period of it displayed. Those who knew Mathews will agree with me when I state my belief that he never premeditated or prepared himself for any thing of this kind—on the contrary, that if he had done so, he would certainly have failed to accomplish it: for his reluctance to any thing like making a show of himself in private life, even when among his most intimate associates, amounted to a degree of morbid sensitiveness that paralysed all his powers."—pp. 129—131.

The very next Life to that of Mathews, in the present collection, is that of the Rev. Edward Irving, whose memory no right-hearted reader is capable of regarding otherwise, than with deep respect blended with lament. He was a native of Annan, in Dumfriesshire, and born in 1792. It is said of him, that from his boyhood he was above the level of all his associates; he was foremost to climb the highest craig on the glen side, or to stem the tides on the Solway Frith. The companions whom he preferred were men above his years; the oldest and wisest of his native town. Even in his dress, as well as manners and expressions, it was apparent that he was not like other young people. As years rolled on, his best-loved haunts were neither the public walks, nor shows, nor the chase, nor the ordinary amusements of youth, but among far more ennobling and poetic scenes—where the martyrs to the presbyterian faith had preached or died. His own ministerial labours at the commencement of his career in London, are thus described:—

“Mr. Irving’s style and manner of preaching differed widely from every thing that was then to be found even in this immense metropolis. He soon attracted very large congregations by the force and eloquence of his discourses, and the singularity of his appearance and gesticulation. The greatest orators and statesmen of the day hurried to hear him; the seats of the chapel were crowded with the wealthy and the fashionable, and its doors were thronged with carriages. It became necessary to exclude the public in general, and to admit only those who were previously provided with tickets. The stranger who had effected an entrance found himself in a chapel of moderate dimensions, surrounded by the gay, the noble, and the intelligent of both sexes. When every part of the building had become densely and oppressively crowded, the preacher appeared—tall, athletic, and sallow; arrayed in the scanty robe of the Scotch divines, displaying a profusion of jet-black, glossy hair, reaching even to his shoulders, with a singular obliquity in one of his eyes, and a stern calm solemnity of aspect, somewhat debased by an expression indicative of austere and conscious sanctity. His strong northern accent added to his singularity; which was still further increased by his violent and ungraceful, but impressive, gesticulation. His phraseology was not the least remarkable trait; and was among the peculiarities which gave him *eclat* with the public. He expressed his ideas in the language of Milton, Hooker, and Jeremy Taylor. The circumstance of his meeting with Hooker’s ‘*Ecclesiastical Polity*,’ which it is said he did, when a boy, at a farm-house, near his father’s, was a memorable incident in his life; as it no doubt gave the peculiar bent and tone to his character, and contributed much to draw forth the powers of his mind.”—pp. 142, 143.

This, we think, is a fair, not a flattering outline of his appearance in the pulpit, as we have had frequent opportunities of judging. It is equally accordant with our opinion, that towards the close of his life, “he became the victim of a disordered imagination, and of the impositions and follies of others; and afforded, in addition to

the numerous cases of the same kind that have occurred, a melancholy instance of the gross absurdities with which superstition, credulity, and a love of, and long-continued dwelling on, the marvellous, the mysterious, and the incomprehensible, may betray even a powerful mind." We could also furnish testimonies that accord exactly with what we next quote.

"From this melancholy picture of Mr. Irving's ministerial or clerical character we turn, with pleasure, to contemplate him in his social, and domestic, and personal qualities. All who were admitted to familiar intercourse with him in his own house, or in the friendly circle, bear testimony that his manners were those of a gentleman—easy, affable, communicative, and graceful. His education had been liberal, and his classical learning and scientific attainments qualified him for entering into conversation on most subjects. Dr. Chalmers spoke of him as one of 'the nobles of nature,' and said 'his talents were so commanding that you could not but admire him, and he was so open and generous that it was impossible not to love him.' At another time, when requested to give his idea of Mr. Irving's character, the Doctor is said thus to have described him:—'He was the evangelical Christian grafted on the old Roman—with the lofty stern virtue of the one, he possessed the humble graces of the other. The constitutional basis and ground-work of his character was virtue alone; and notwithstanding all his errors and extravagancies, which both injured him in the estimation of the world, and threw discredit upon much that was good and useful in his writings, I believe him to have been a man of deep and devoted piety.'"—pp. 154, 155.

Mr. Irving published a great deal, and when the energy, the impassioned earnestness of his numerous writings and sermons, are considered, not to count the labour of the study they demanded, nor his daily ministrations among his flock—it need not be wondered at, when it is told, that his hair had grown grey, and his brow was wrinkled, though he had only attained his forty-second year. There is much that is melancholy, and much that should comfort, in the following impressive account:—

"The complaint which led to Mr. Irving's death was consumption, produced by his laborious and unceasing efforts to propagate the peculiar religious tenets to which he had attached himself. In the autumn of 1834 he went to Scotland, for the benefit of his health. Soon after his arrival at Glasgow, he became rapidly worse, and was latterly suffering severely from internal pain. He still, however, almost until the last, entertained the delusive notion that his case was not hopeless; and he had come to the resolution of visiting his native place, taking Edinburgh in his way, which would have added forty-four miles to the journey, making altogether considerably above four hundred miles. He proposed to accomplish the journey by easy stages, but his strength declined so rapidly, that it was deemed imprudent to attempt his removal; and he expired at Glasgow, under the roof of Mr. Taylor, virtually a stranger to him, but who sought his society from a regard for his character. He had been confined to his bed-room for two weeks and

no medical skill could abate his pulse below one hundred for several months, and latterly it had increased to one hundred and forty; at which time in the lethargies which he fell into at short intervals in succession, the pain he suffered could be discerned only by the big drops of perspiration that oozed from his brow. The most of the time he was sensible, he appeared to be engaged in secret prayer; and a short while before he breathed his last, his father-in-law remarked him uttering something in Hebrew, which he thought was the twenty-third Psalm. Mr. Martin repeated the first verse of that Psalm in Hebrew, and Mr. Irving immediately, faintly, but correctly, repeated the two succeeding verses, also in Hebrew: these were nearly the last words he uttered in consciousness. He died at one o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 6th of December, 1834."—pp. 155, 156.

The memoir of Dr. Morrison, the great Chinese scholar, is one of the most valuable and striking in the present volume. His life was too full, however, of incidents and laborious performances, to admit of any outline shorter than the one before us, which has been derived from "*The Asiatic Journal*;" for, it was not merely as a Chinese scholar and translator, that he was celebrated, but he was a persevering missionary to the heathen. Yet his birth and early years could not have indicated any thing like such results. His parents were of a humble rank in life; he was the youngest of seven children, and he was nearly twenty years of age when he began the study of Latin; yet his literary works are of great extent, and vast importance. Countless millions of the human race, it has been observed, may have yet to rejoice in the effects of his toils. His services even to the East India Company, have been characterized on some occasions, as being of immense value. More than once he was called into council at Canton, on very trying occasions, and whenever his advice was followed, it proved to be to the Company's benefit. Indeed, his talents were commanding, his literary enterprises highly distinguished, and his Christian exertions apostolic. His Chinese Dictionary, however, among all his labours, is unquestionably the imperishable monument of his fame, which occupied, from its commencement to its completion, thirteen years of the prime of his laborious life. We shall not attempt any specification of his works, or his projects, but content ourselves with one anecdote, by which his talents and his philanthropy may be judged of.

"In 1829, a party of Chinese navigators, among whom was one Teal-Kung-Chaou, were navigating a vessel near the coast, with fourteen passengers and property on board; when the majority of the crew rose, and, for the sake of the property, murdered the passengers, with the exception of one individual who escaped to land. Teal-Kung-Chaou had been no party to the crime, he having endeavoured to prevent its perpetration; but, upon the survivor's making known the transaction to the magistrates, on shore, the whole of the crew, including Teal-Kung-Chaou, were arrested and convicted, on evidence which was afterwards found to

be insufficient by the law of China. However, identification was all that remained to be done, after conviction, previous to execution. Accordingly, the Court was solemnly opened for the purpose of identification, and foreigners of distinction were permitted to be present; the prisoners were then called in and produced in cages, and were all identified by the survivor of the murdered passengers, as *participes criminis* in the transaction, excepting Teal-Kung-Chaou, who, when he stepped out of his cage, was seized by the surviving passenger, and thanked for his service in having, amid the slaughter of his associates, saved his life. Yet no attempt was made by the Chinese present to obtain a reversal of the sentence on this man. Leang-a-fa, who had accompanied Morrison, expressed a desire to attempt it; but he could not command sufficient attention. Perceiving this, Dr. Morrison himself stepped forward, and eloquently advocated the poor man's cause, in Chinese, with such ample reference to Chinese legal authorities, as procured the release of Teal-Kung-Chaou, and obtained for the Doctor very many high compliments from the Chief Judge, and the applause of the whole Court. According to Chinese usage, the redeemed captive presented a formal letter of acknowledgements to his deliverer, at whose feet he could not be prevented from performing the accustomed homage of 'bumping head.'—pp. 209, 210.

The memoirs of many other celebrated men are entered into this volume of Annual Biography. We shall name of them, Dr. MacCulloch, Henry Bone, R. A., Sir William Elias Taunton, Lord Napier, Dr. William Carey, Sir William Blizard, William Cockett, Sir Peter Parker, the Rev. Robert Thomas Malthus, Professor Burnet, James Hogg, and Mrs. Hemans. These are named out of twenty-nine Biographies; there is besides a General Obituary, which contains a long list of distinguished persons who have died in 1834-1835, and which, although it does not enter so fully into the life of each individual, yet introduces short sketches of many perhaps not less noted in their day than those we have mentioned by name. Our concluding extracts shall regard that tenderest of modern poets, Mrs. Hemans.

This lady was born in Liverpool. Her father was a native of Ireland, and her mother of Germany, who was descended from, or connected with, some Venetian family. When very young, her family removed from Liverpool to North Wales. At an early age she married, and after the birth of five sons, her life was clouded by the estrangement of her husband. She returned in the course of time to the neighbourhood of Liverpool, from whence she removed to her last resting-place, Dublin.

The history of her mind, however, is more particularly given than of the vicissitudes of her life, and we quote the following sketch, from a Memoir which first appeared in the *Athenæum*:—

"Few have written so much, or written so well as Mr. Hemans; few have entwined the genuine fresh thoughts and impressions of their own minds, so intimately with their poetical fancies, as she did; few have

undergone more arduous and reverential preparation for the service of song; for, from childhood, her thirst for knowledge was extreme, and her reading great and varied. Those who, while admitting the high-toned beauty of her poetry, accused it of monotony of style and subject (they could not deny to it the praise of originality, seeing that it founded a school of imitators in England, and a yet larger in America), little knew to what historical research she had applied herself—how far and wide she had sought for food with which to fill her eager mind. It is true she used only a part of the mass of information which she had collected—for she never wrote on calculation, but from the strong impulse of the moment, and it was her nature intimately to take home to herself and appropriate only what was high-hearted, imaginative, and refined;—but the writer of this notice has seen manuscript collections of extracts made in the course of these youthful studies, sufficient of themselves to justify this assertion; if her poems (like those of every genuine poet) did not contain a still better record of the progress of her mind. Her knowledge of classic literature may be distinctly traced in her ‘Sceptic,’ her ‘Modern Greece,’ and a hundred later lyrics based upon what Bulwer so happily calls ‘the Graceful Superstition.’ Her study and admiration of the works of ancient Greek and Roman art, strengthened into an abiding love of the beautiful, which breathes both in the sentiment and in the structure of every line she wrote (for there are few of our poets more faultlessly musical in their versification); and when, subsequently, she opened for herself the treasures of Spanish and German legend and literature, how thoroughly she had imbued herself with their spirit may be seen in her ‘Siege of Valencia,’ in her glorious and chivalresque ‘Songs of the Cid,’ and in her ‘Lays of Many Lands,’ the idea of which was suggested by Herder’s ‘*Stimmen der Völker in Liedern*.’—pp. 337, 338.

Mrs. Jameson has elegantly said, “that Mrs. Hemans’ Poems could not have been written by a man;” their love is without selfishness, their passion without a stain of this world’s coarseness, their high heroism (see “Clotilda, the Lady of Provence,” and the “Switzer’s Wife,”) unsullied by any grosser alloy of mean ambition. Her religion, too, is essentially womanly, fervent, clinging to belief—and “hoping on, hoping ever.” In her the *woman* and the *poetess* were most intimately intertwined. She wrote poetry with surprising ease. Some of her lyrics are little more than improvisations, yet how beautifully finished and perfectly musical. Indeed, her taste for music, like every gift she possessed, was eminently characteristic of the peculiar bent of her mind—of her earnest love and reverence for the *spiritual*, as opposed and superior to the *sensual*, whether in art or in literature.

But Miss Landon’s eulogy on Mrs. Hemans, which appeared in the “New Monthly Magazine,” is still more touching than anything we have seen regarding her elsewhere. The elegant eulogist says:—

“The writer of a recent memoir of Mrs. Hemans deems it necessary almost to apologise for her occasional fits of buoyant spirits:—

“ ‘ Oh, gentle friend,
Blame not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
And may be sad to-morrow.’

The most intense sunshine casts the deepest shadow. Such mirth does not disprove the melancholy which belonged to Mrs. Hemans’ character. She herself alludes to the time when

“ ‘ Sudden glee
Bears my quick heart along
On wings that struggle to be free
As bursts of sky-lark song.’

Society might make her say,

“ ‘ Thou canst not wake the spirit
That in me slumbering lies,
Thou strikest not forth the electric fire
Of buried melodies.’

But it might very well strike the sparkles from the surface.

“ I have said that the writer’s character is in her writings: Mrs. Hemans’ is strongly impressed upon hers. The sensitiveness of the poet is deepened by the tenderness of the woman. You see the original glad, frank, and easy nature

“ ‘ Blest, for the beautiful is in it dwelling.’

Soon feeling that the weight of this world is too heavy upon it—

“ ‘ The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon its early flowers.’

Soon, too, does she feel that

“ A mournful lot is mine, dear friends,
A mournful lot is mine.’

The fate of the pearl-diver, is even as her own :

“ ‘ A sad and weary life is thine,
A wasting task and lone,
Though treasure-grots for thee may shine
To all beside unknown.

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought !
And are not those like thee
Who win for earth the gems of thought,
Oh wrestler with the sea ?

But, oh ! the price of bitter tears
Paid for the lonely power,
That throws at last o’er desert years
A darkly-glorious dower.

And who will think, when the strain is sung,
Till a thousand hearts are stirr’d,
What life-drops from the minstrel wrung
Have gush’d at every word.’

“ Imagine a girl, lovely and gifted as Mrs. Hemans was, beginning life—conscious, for genius must be conscious of itself—full of hope and of belief ;—gradually the hope darkens into fear, and the belief into doubt ; one illusion perishes after another, ‘ and love grown too sorrowful,’

“ ‘ Asks for its youth again.’

" No emotion is more truly, or more often pictured in her song, than that craving for affection which answers not unto the call. The very power that she possesses and which in early youth, she perhaps deemed would both attract and keep, is, in reality, a drawback. Nothing can stand its test. The love which the spirit hath painted has too much of its native heaven for earth. In how many and exquisite shapes is this vain longing introduced on her page. Some slight incident gives the frame-work, but she casts her own colour upon the picture. In this consists the difference between painting and poetry: the painter reproduces others—the poet reproduces himself. We would draw attention especially to one or two poems in which the sentiment is too true for Mrs. Hemans not to have been her own inspiration. It is not the heart's long-suppressed bitterness that exclaims—

" ' Tell me no more—no more

Of my soul's lofty gifts ! are they not vain
To quench its panting thirst for happiness ?
Have I not tried, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place—a home for all
Its burden of affections ? I depart
Unknown, though fame goes with me ; I must leave
The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death
Shall give my name a power to win such tears
As might have made life precious.'

" How exquisitely is the doom of a woman, in whose being, pride, genius, and tenderness, contend for mastery, shadowed in the lines that succeed ! The pride bows to the very dust ; for genius is like an astrologer whose power fails when the mighty spell is tried for himself ; and the tenderness turns away with a crushed heart to perish in neglect. We proceed to mark what appears to bear the deep impress of individual suffering :—

" ' One dream of passion and of beauty more :

And in its bright fulfilment let me pour
My soul away ! Let earth retain a trace
Of that which lit my being, though its race
Might have been loftier far.

. For thee alone, for thee !

May this last work, this farewell triumph be—
Thou loved so vainly ! I would leave enshrined
Something immortal of my heart and mind,
That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
Of best affection—something that may prove
What she hath been, whose melancholy love
On thee was lavished ; silent love and tear,
And fervent song that gushed when none were near,
And dream by night, and weary thought by day,
Stealing the brightness from her life away.'

" ' And thou, oh ! thou on whom my spirit cast
Unvalued wealth—who knew not what was given

In that devotedness, the sad and deep
 And unrepaid farewell! If I could weep
 Once, only once, beloved one! on thy breast,
 Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest!
 But that were happiness, and unto me
 Earth's gift is fame.'

" 'I have been
 Too much alone.' "—pp. 381—384.

Well is it said by the same female writer from whose sketch we have now been quoting, "did we not know this world to be but a place of trial—our bitter probation for another and for a better—how strange in its severity would seem the lot of genius in a woman." The truth of this remark, which is most tritely applied to the whole human race, because it is universally and intensely felt by every one, above all belongs to woman, whose keen feeling, generous enthusiasm, lofty inspiration, and delicate perception, are given but to make the possessor feel more deeply that this is not her abiding place. Perhaps seldom has all this held true of any one so eminently as Mrs. Hemans, if we are to look for her mind in her writings, where unquestionably she is ever to be found.

"As the clouds towards nightfall melt away on a fine summer evening into the clear amber of the west, leaving a soft and unbroken azure whereon the stars may shine through; so the troubles of life, its vain regrets and vainer desires, vanished before the calm close of existence—the hopes of heaven rose steadfast at last—the light shone from the windows of her home as she approached unto it.

"No tears for thee, though light be from us gone
 With thy soul's radiance, bright and restless one—
 No tears for thee.

They that have loved an exile must not mourn
 To see him parting for his native bourne,
 O'er the dark sea.' "—p. 384.

A Sabbath Sonnet, composed by Mrs. Hemans a few days before her death, and dedicated to her brother, expresses with a sad beauty, much that is in accordance with the foregoing views, and forms not only a suitable close to the sketch of her life we have thrown together, but to the thoughts which alone can comfort us, when looking to the death-beds of so many celebrated individuals whose faces were familiar to the world but a few months ago.

"How many blessed groups this hour are bending
 Through England's primrose meadow paths their way
 Toward spire and tower, midst shadowy elms ascending,
 Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.
 The halls from old heroic ages gray
 Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
 With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,

Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, oh my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."—p. 377.

NOTICES.

ART. XIV.—*Life of Prince Talleyrand*, Vols. III. and IV. London : Churton. 1835.

THESE volumes are no improvement on the former two. Scandal, fiction, shreds of truth, and much familiar history, are all tied together, and made to rest on the shoulders of one man, and this is called a Life. The concluding volume that is promised, should those that preceded meet with public favour, we presume will never make its appearance, for it is not to be supposed that the condition required can ever be realized. As all the world knows, Talleyrand has long been celebrated not merely as the most dexterous and subtle, but the most witty statesman of Europe; and of the list of examples of his genius in this way, given in these volumes, which indeed is extremely meagre, considering the subject dealt with, we select the following. "When the empress received the fatal bulletin which announced the disasters of the Russian campaign, she ordered all the dignitaries of the empire to wait upon her, and M. de Talleyrand, as vice-grand-elect, attended with the rest. The consternation was dreadful at the Tuileries, and the utmost anxiety prevailed to receive the particulars of calamities so little expected some months previously. All that was then known was that the whole army was destroyed, and every thing—men, horses, and baggage lost. Soon after, the arrival of the Duke de Bassano was announced to the empress. 'Only see how they exaggerate,' said M. de Talleyrand; 'here is Maret returned, and they said that all the baggage was lost.'"

ART. XV.—*The Romance of History—India*. By the Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B. D. 3 Vols. Churton.

WE like Mr. Caunter best on Asiatic ground. He seems to be familiar in an uncommon degree with Indian history and life, and to depict with a strength of sympathy the habits and sentiments of the slaves of superstition that populate Hindostan, in a manner which few are master of. The remark, however, which has been made in a contemporary journal, that India is but a poor country, if to be judged of by its fertility in romantic incident, is strictly true. The people have for many centuries been too listless, too stationary, and too bigoted, to furnish other materials for fancy to work up, than those of folly and cruelty. Still Mr. Caunter has done the most with his subject, and has succeeded, particularly in the tales which are connected with the Mohammedan invasion, a period when there

was no lack of strange events, and displays of character. He has also pictured very vividly, the manners of the different races that inhabit India. We quote an anecdote :—"Sevajee was one day passing through a mountain jungle, when a leopard appeared making its way stealthily through the bushes, as if threatening hostility. The cooley (a porter) was descending the hill at this moment, and seeing the leopard, volunteered to attack it, with a weapon as singular as it was formidable. Opening a small leathern wallet, he took from it an iron instrument, which filled the hand, covering the fingers like a gauntlet. Beyond the tips of the fingers, it extended to the length of at least three inches, curving like claws, tapered to a point as sharp as the tip of a dagger, being brought to an edge under the curve, nearly as keen as that of a razor. The man fixed it on his hand, and entered the jungle. The leopard seemed uneasy at his approach, waved its tail, rested its head upon the earth, yet made no attempt to spring. The cooley did not give his enemy time to commence an attack, but advancing boldly, struck it on the right eye, and drawing the instrument across its head, blinded it in a moment. The wounded beast started up, and yelled in agony; when the man deliberately plunged the weapon under his belly, opened a prodigious gash, and the animal's entrails protruded through the wound."

ART. XVI.—*The Story without an End.* Translated from the German. By SARAH AUSTIN. Illustrated by William Harvey, Esq. London. Wilson.

THERE is a charm about this child's book, calculated to raise the attention and excite the admiration of much older persons. It is full of poetical sentiments, and the most pleasurable images; while, the manner in which it points out that which is lovely or magnificent in nature, and inculcates humanity, benevolence, and love of all that is beautiful and good, cannot but instil principles and originate habits that will be influential for ever. To quick and lively children this "Story" will in truth prove itself to be "without an End." We fear, however, it is too fine and profound for dull ones. We offer no account of its contents. But while we are sure that it will seem admirable to every parent, it may as positively be asserted, that even those who are acquainted with the great mass of books written for the benefit of the young, cannot possibly dream of its manner and spirit, nor anticipate the gracefulness or the sentiments contained in the illustrations to which it is wedded.

ART. XVII.—*Elliott's Poems.* Part I. To be completed in Eighteen Weekly Parts: uniform with the Works of Byron, Scott, Crabbe, &c. London. B. Steill. 1836.

THIS is a re-issue of the poems of the great poet of the people and of the poor, at the price of sixpence per part. Whatever he writes, whether it be in the shape of prose or poetry, has in every sentence the stamp of his earnest and nervous mind impressed upon it, and the colouring of an impassioned imagination. For the future, Elliot will take his place in the mind of his country, by the side of Crabbe and Burns. And yet how unlike either of them in many respects! But at this time of day there is no necessity for any general eulogy of his works, or description of his genius,

which we could alone make use of, in a short notice of this kind. Our duty is merely to announce, that in a remarkably neat and convenient form, and at a remarkably low price, the natural, the beautiful, the bold, and the arousing verses of the Corn Law Rhymers are now to be obtained—those verses, the severe grandeur of which can never fail in communicating to the humblest, or the loftiest, a portion of their author's power of thought, and fire of imagination.

ART. XVIII.—*Finden's Portrait and Landscape Illustrations of Lord Byron's Life and Works: with an Account of the Subject of each Engraving.* By W. BROXEDON, F.R.S. Part I. London: Murray. 1836.

THIS is a new edition of these Illustrations, and from the pains that have been taken in renovating the plates, the impressions, in so far as we can judge from the present specimen, are equal in every respect to those first issued, while the publisher is enabled to adopt a new and much more convenient arrangement as respects the references, than he could possibly do from the desultory course of the delivery of the drawings by the artists in the first publication. The work will be completed in forty-two monthly numbers, forming three handsome royal octavo volumes. All who possess a handsome copy of the noble bard's poems, or of Moore's Life of him, or who desire to have a cheap yet beautiful set of views of the most interesting scenes of the continent, cannot add to their libraries or portfolios, a more enviable collection than this.

ART. XIX.—*A History of the Presbyterian and General Baptist Churches in the West of England: with Memoirs of some of their Pastors.* By JEROM MURCH. London: R. Hunter. 1835.

MR. MURCH is a Unitarian minister, and confines himself in this work to a history and to memoirs belonging to his own communion—a course which some may not anticipate from the title of the book. Many may be apt to suppose that the term Presbyterian applies properly to the Christian who in religious matters is governed by a Synod, and who believes the doctrines of the Trinity, the Atonement, and Original Sin. The author, however, gives his reasons for this use of the term, stating that many of the congregations noticed in his pages, are of Presbyterian origin; that this was their usual appellation for upwards of a century; that the same is still frequently given them in legal documents; and that the title was gloried in by the fathers of their church, because it indicated their union with a body of dissenters, who were bound by no fetters with regard to church fellowship; and he adds that the constitution of the societies that have recently arisen in the west of England, under the name of Unitarian, is distinguished by the same characteristics. It is not always that there is much in a name; still, we think, had the title been a little more explicit, and had the word Unitarian appeared in it, the purpose of a title-page would have been much more manifestly served.

In so far as the merits of the work are to be considered, it is plainly, calmly, and candidly compiled. The author, as was to be expected, looks upon state establishments in religious matters as un-

scriptural. He also admits that although there has been a general improvement in the Unitarian congregations within the last few years, a faithful review of their history, in point of numbers, is far from gratifying.

ART. XX.—*Practical Observations on Homœopathy; with a Variety of Cases tending to prove its decided Superiority over the Ordinary System of Medicine.* By W. BROACHES, M. R. C. S. London: Wilson. 1836.

HOMŒOPATHY is a term that some of our readers may never have heard of till now. It is compounded of two Greek words, the one signifying *like*, the other *affection* or *disposition*, and is applied to a new system of medicine, the founder of which was Hahnemann, a native of Upper Saxony, who made the study of medicine for many years his most anxious and scrutinizing employment. The Homœopathic is greatly opposed to the old and present Allopathic practice. Its fundamental points, as stated by the author—for we do not pretend to offer any opinion on the respective systems—are, first to ascertain what effect each medicine is capable of producing upon a healthy subject, previously to applying it to the removal of disease; and secondly, that to effect the removal of any given complaint, a specific remedy alone should be administered, the effects of which are observed to bear the strongest resemblance to those of the disease; thus the system professes to cure diseases by the production of *similar affections* in the patient.

The system has of late years been making rapid advances in the estimation and practice of physicians on the continent; the author ably, earnestly, and plainly unfolds its merits, or at least what he conceives to be its merits, in a small volume, and he assuredly, as an experienced practitioner, adduces ample arguments to prove that every medical man should give it his most impartial study and trial, unless so absurdly wedded to an old, and certainly in many cases, unintelligible and arbitrary practice, as to argue that all improvement, and all the discoveries of medical science, are at an end and completed.

ART. XXI.—*Wanderings through North Wales.* By TH. ROSCOE, Esq. Embellished with highly-finished Engravings, by Wm. Radclyffe, from Drawings made expressly for the Work, by Catermole, Cox, and Creswick. London. Tilt.

MR. ROSCOE, says truly, that the principal charm of Welsh scenery lies in its continual variety, its varied aspects, and novel effects, and his work proves the strength and the character of his conviction thus expressed. Early in the course of this work, we pronounced its superiority over similarly illustrated publications, in its descriptions, or letter-press department. There is not the slightest ground for withdrawing that opinion, now that it is advanced so far as the tenth part, which with several of its immediate predecessors, is now before us, but every reason for a more decided approval. We therefore say, that while the Illustrations are full, or rather the most happy pictures of nature in her freshness and truth, the narrative is throughout not merely descriptive, but charged with poetic beauty. What a charm must these *Wanderings* possess to the professors of the "Gentle Art!"

ART. XXII.—*History of the English Language and Literature.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS. Edinburgh: Chambers. London: Orr and Smith. 1835.

THIS volume belongs to Chambers' Educational Courses, which is designed to communicate to young persons the rudiments of useful knowledge. Like the whole of the works written by Chambers, it is good. As a clear, succinct, and comprehensive history of the branches named, it has indeed no predecessor, and therefore no rival. But after a pretty careful examination of its contents, we are of opinion, that it requires no successor, until a lapse of years renders a supplement necessary. As a text-book for lectures on British literature, it will, no doubt, be found a convenient and ready-made book; but to all readers who desire to have a general, yet enlightened and easily attained knowledge of English classics and authors of celebrity, it will be of still more service.

ART. XXIII.—*The History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire, and the Foundation of the Principal European States.* By W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D., &c. London: Whittaker. 1836.

ANOTHER work in conformity with the spirit of the age; but, unlike many of the cheap and abridged histories of the day, Dr. Taylor has given us one of sterling value and merit. Indeed, it is but just to say, that while the histories of Gibbon and Sismondi are here found, greatly condensed, they are also much enriched. The Middle Ages—a most important period in the history of the human mind, and of political institutions, here receive a philosophical and clear narrative, as well as a commentary which is absolutely beautiful. The author, therefore, has done more than labour for students in the higher classes of academies: he has consulted original sources for himself, and conferred upon them historical value. His account of the last siege of Constantinople, is a fine piece of writing in point of literature, mind, and information.

ART. XXIV.—*Materials for Thinking; or Facts and Opinions relating to Man, in his Individual and Social Capacity. Extracted from the Works of Ancient and Modern Authors.* By an Investigator. London. Taylor.

SEVERAL numbers of this periodical are now before us, and indeed they are full of Materials for Thinking. The price of each is but one penny, and yet even such a slender portion is admirably calculated to set the mind to work on a variety of subjects, at any time the reader chooses to spend five minutes in search of mental food. There is no trash here, and no trifling; nay, there is nothing ordinary in any of these pages. The profoundest sentiments, expressed in the most pithy sentences, and that come from the most celebrated authorities, alone are introduced. The investigator must have been not merely an extensive reader, ere he could know where to find such sterling and various matter, but a thinker of sound and strong discernment, thus to know the metal when it was found. We extract only two examples, not because they are the best of the selection, but because they are conveniently short.

“*Sloth.*—Sloth is a most pernicious mistress; she smiles, soothes, seduces, and caresses; but finally destroys every one who yields to her

blandishments. Though thou wert Samson, thou wilt lose thy strength, if thou layest thy head in the lap of this Dalilah! Though thou wert Ulysses, thou wilt sink to a state of brutality if thou yield to the solicitations of this Circe. Though thou wert Hercules, thou wilt become contemptible if thou become the slave of this Omphale.—*The Savage.*

"*Formation of Character.*—It is of great importance to observe that the character of every man is in some degree formed by his profession. A man of sense may only have a cast of countenance that wears off, as you trace his individuality; while the weak common man has scarcely even any character, but what belongs to the body; at least, all his opinions have been so steeped in the vat consecrated by authority, that the faint spirit which the grape of his own vine yields, cannot be distinguished. Society, therefore, as it becomes more enlightened, should be very careful not to establish bodies of men, who must necessarily be made foolish or vicious by the very constitution of their profession.—*Mary Woollstonecraft.*"

ART. XXV.—*Cherville's First Step to French; indispensable to, and in Harmony with all French Grammars, &c. &c.* London: Wilson. 1836.

THE author's account of this work conveys a just character of it. He says it is intended for beginners, and for those who only know the language as it is written. It consists of a collection of progressive familiar conversations in French and English, showing a parallel between the pronunciation, etymology, accidence, and idioms of the parts of speech, in both languages, with grammatical observations. The plan is new; it also combines the advantages of affording means by which French may be pleasantly, as well as rapidly learned. Unlike many new elementary books, which pretend to supersede all that have preceded them, while they are merely badly compiled trash, M. De Cherville's *First Step* will be found to supersede none, and yet be an excellent forerunner of all.

ART. XXVI.—*The Garden of Languages.* London: Fisher. A BEAUTIFUL and enticing little book, which poetically and pictorially professes to teach Grammar, through the imagery, chiefly, that is drawn from landscape, garden, and life.

"Go, Little Book, and tell them
Who Nature's works can see,
How the delightful subject
With 'Language' can agree,
While through its mazes treading,
Or in its bower reclined;
Each object round is spreading
Instruction to the Mind."

Well may we call this a green, flowery, and odorous path to learning. Thus, when Emily Teachable wishes to have the Substantive explained, Mr. Speakwell has a picture of a boy, an oak, and a larch tree, on one page, and facing it these lines:—

" The substantives comprehend all things you see
In the heavens, the earth, in the air, in the sea;
What things in this beautiful garden are seen,
Its temple or grotto, its bower or its green.
A dream of the night, or a spark of the fancy,
The good-sense of John, or the humour of Nancy.
By substantives proper individuals are named,
As *Reynolds*, the painter, and *London*, far-famed;
The *Thames*, noble river, the source of much trade,
And *Westminster Abbey*, where great ones are laid.

The substantive common 's a general thing,
And express'd in a general way,
As *bay*, *oak*, or *larch* to the fancy will bring
Any *larch*, any *oak*, any *bay*."

ART. XXVII.—*Fac-similes of Historical and Literary Curiosities, accompanied by Etchings of interesting Localities.* Engraved and Lithographed by and under the direction of C. J. Smith. No. I. to be continued occasionally. Nichols.

HEN we have not merely autographs, but fac-similes of the letters or other documents, written by the most illustrious personages; and not only of writings, but of residences and scenes that have become classic or consecrated, there are here happily executed pictures. For example, there is a view of the house in Portsmouth, in which George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, was assassinated by Felton—a view of the residence of Elwood, the friend of Milton—a view of the house in Chelsea in which Smollett wrote his *Roderick Random*—a view of Sterne's residence at Coxwold, &c. These are portions of the work which it does not suit us to copy into our pages. But there are letters, all of which we might verbally transcribe; and yet we could not thereby communicate the sentiments which they convey in these faithful lithographs. It suits us not to copy the style of the various hands. If, however, the autograph of a great man be next in value to his portrait, it is no exaggeration to say, that when his familiar letters in his own hand-writing are beheld and read, there is the nearest access to his presence, to the intonations of his voice, and the expression of his countenance, that can be obtained.

Horace Walpole, Chatterton, William Penn of Pennsylvania, Prior, Swift, Smollett, Richardson, Napoleon, Pope, Sterne, &c., figure in the present number of these Fac-similes. And what a diversity in their styles of penmanship as well as of sentiment and literary character! What a contrast, for instance, between the bold, reckless, and splendid hand of Prior, and the neatness, precision, and plainness of Swift! Every one who is in possession of "*Autographs of royal, noble, learned, and remarkable personages, conspicuous in English History*," by Smith and Nichols, will, of course, enrich their collection by adding to it this work, which, although it possesses a separate and a higher character, is nearly akin to the former. Indeed the Autographs will be comparatively barren without these Fac-similes.

ART. XXVIII.—*The Roman Catholic Church in Scotland; its Establishment, Subversion, and present State.* By J. P. LAWSON. Edinburgh Printing and Publishing Company. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1836.

THIS work professes to be not a mere history of the Reformation, but of the Romish Church in Scotland—to give its political and ecclesiastical position at that eventful period—the first attacks made upon it—its struggles for existence—its final subversion—the destruction of its edifices—the alienation of its temporalities—and its present state, after the lapse of three centuries. The author also professes, and indeed he has in a great measure succeeded in giving a plain detail of facts, from which every reader may draw his own conclusions. At the same time, it is not difficult to perceive in the course of the work, that which he confesses in the preface, viz., that he is zealously attached to the Protestant Church. We may add, that he is what is now-a-days understood by the term Conservative, in so far as ecclesiastical questions are concerned; and that he maintains that the increase of Catholics in Scotland, which of late years has taken place, is solely owing to the influx of the Irish population, and their prolific descendants. Without expressing any opinion upon controverted points, we are bound to say, this is an able work, and that it will give satisfaction, in most of its statements, to all liberal and well-informed persons, whatever may be their political or religious creed.

ART. XXIX.—*The Family Topographer: being a compendious account of the Antient and present State of the Counties of England.* Vol. V. Midland Circuit. By SAMUEL TYMMS. London: Nichols and Son. 1835.

THE midland Circuit embraces Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, Rutlandshire, and Warwickshire. Like the preceding parts of this work, we have here a most useful volume, complete, as the others, in itself, and being a sure directory to the history, the topography, the antiquities and statistics of every county of which it treats. It is eminently suited for the tourists port-manteau; the remarkably happy design of the whole, the simple arrangement and intelligible maps, enabling every one to become a self-instructor by means of this silent but steady companion.

ART. XXX.

1. *The Christmas Fête: a Literary and Musical Offering for 1836; written by the Author of "Clarenswood;" composed by W. KIRBY.* London: W. Spiers. 1835.
2. *The Origin of Sailors; or, A Sailor's the Man.* Words by E. LANCASTER. Music by W. KIRBY.

OF the literary portion of these publications, we cannot speak highly. The Christmas Fête, which has been elegantly and tastefully got up, contains a tale, introductory to the songs and the music, which is artificial. The songs are feeble, although, we believe, they have a rhythm well suited to the music, which, of course, is the main object in such works, and which, we understand, not being of the tuneful tribe ourselves, is of a high order. The words to the second publication above

named, are a great improvement upon the songs in the Christmas Fête, in as far as fancy and effect go, although, we presume, they are all by the same poet. Upon the whole, these works are superior to nine-tenths of those of a similar order that are offered to the musical world.

ART. XXXI.—*Essays on the Principles of Human Action; on the Systems of Hartley and Helvetius; and on Abstract Ideas.* By the late WILLIAM HAZLITT. Edited by his Son. London: J. Miller. 1835.

THE first two of these Essays were originally published by Mr. Tolman, in 1805, and were received as efforts every way worthy of the very profound and original mind of Hazlitt. They have been long out of print, and there can be no doubt that their republication along with the Essay, which is new to the world, will be gladly hailed by the metaphysicians and philosophical thinkers of the present day. We look upon this last Essay, in which there is an able account and defence of Mr. Locke's method and classification, as to generalization, abstraction, and reasoning, with the utmost favour. Were there nothing more in these Essays than what belongs to form, brevity, vigour, and perspicuity, they ought to be extensively and diligently studied.

ART. XXXII.—*Noble deeds of Woman.* London: Hookman. 1835.

THE pleasure experienced by the author in perusing the scattered records of female excellence, gave rise to the idea that an interesting selection might be made from them, and prove not only instructive, but entertaining. The acknowledged superiority of example over precept confirmed this opinion, and the ensuing narrations have been chosen as most suitable to the various conditions and trials of life. Thus the author's preface begins, and we have only to add, that he has executed his task judiciously and attractively, never forgetting at the same time, to represent mere accomplishments such as those of painting, music, and dancing, of far less sterling beauty and merit, than the noble deeds which adventitious circumstances may call forth, nay, than the ordinary duties of social domestic life.

ART. XXXIII.

1. *Winkles' Illustrations of the Cathedral Churches of Great Britain.* The Descriptions by TH. MOULE. London: Tilt, Wilson, &c.
2. *Winkles' Illustrations of the Continental Cathedral Churches.* The Descriptions by TH. MOULE. London: Tilt, Wilson, &c.

OF the former of these works, there are before us several numbers, containing views of the Cathedral of St. Paul, and of Wells. The first number of the second publication has only as yet appeared, but both are to be continued regularly every month, as indeed has hitherto been the case with the British Cathedrals. As to their merits, we have little more to say, than to express our astonishment at the prices affixed to them. One shilling for each number of the former, and two shillings for the latter, considering the variety and style of the engravings, and the character of Mr. Moule's descriptions, are prices which one should presume, never could remunerate the proprietors. But as this is solely their affair, it is doing our readers no more than justice, when we

recommend both publications to their favour, since they are not only so accessible, but because no where else can any uniform and complete collection be found of such Views, that is at all worth having, unless an exorbitant sum be paid for them. We need not add a single word about the value of such Illustrations and Descriptions in relation to the artist, the scholar, or our national feelings. But let it never be forgotten that even these long enduring monuments are perishable, and can only be indefinitely preserved by works like the present. As respects the Continental Cathedrals, they will of course enable the English student of history, and of the arts, to extend his views greatly, and to interpret more fully and clearly the specimens that adorn and enrich his own country.

ART. XXXIV.—*Create! A Letter to the King on behalf of the Lords.*
London: Ridgway. 1836.

A NUMBER of severe things are said of the Lords, in this pamphlet, and very dark prospects pointed out to them, unless there be a speedy remedy provided, so that they may be saved even against their own wills. In discussing the merits of certain measures which they have strenuously opposed, and that have come from the present ministry, he argues that a different ministerial policy is now impossible, that no change of determination can be reasonably expected, either from the present House of Commons, or from the constituent body; and that to avoid a continuance of the struggle, the King must create nearly a hundred peers, as the mildest of all remedial expedients that can now be proposed. He conjures his Majesty to oppose the destruction of the House of Lords, and to avert its death by the simple measure of adapting it for life. Without offering any opinion on the doctrine of this infusion of new peers, we shall quote a passage, on account of a bold statement which it contains, placing the author, according to our interpretation of it, in the ranks of the Conservatives, although the greater part of the pamphlet professes hostility to Sir Robert Peel's whining "on with one protracted falsetto through a whole session," and a support of the present administration. "To operate," says the writer, "upon men's will by the force of what is called, 'public opinion,' is to influence them in a very inconvenient, and even insulting manner—it is to shake their convictions, by shaking their nerves—strange! that men of honour should prefer such degrading subjection to the wholesome coercion of your Majesty's prerogative!"

ART. XXXV.—*A Descriptive Account of a Variety of Intellectual Toys made for the Instruction and Amusement of Youth of both Sexes.*
By FRANCIS WEST. London. F. West. 1836.

MR. WEST has here published for juvenile readers, a highly interesting and concise little book, in which every description is level to the most ordinary mind; accompanied by thirty engravings of the various optical and philosophical instruments described. These instruments he has constructed on a scale adapted for young persons, made on the same principles and of the same materials as those employed by public lecturers. The pure amusement and permanent instruction which Mr. West has in this and other productions contrived for the young, will doubtless obtain that encouragement which the beauty and the value of such intellectual toys merit.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1836.

ART. I.—*Impressions of America, during the Years 1833, 1834, and 1835.* By TYRONE POWER, Esq. 2 Vols. London: Bentley. 1836.

WERE all travellers to feel and write as Mr. Power has here done, there would not be much that is deeper than the surface discovered of foreign parts; but then that surface would be gladsome and sunny, and those jealousies and prejudices which have been kept alive between different nations, especially between the sons of Britain and their American brethren, by the malevolent or the uninformed, would soon be for ever destroyed. His work is properly such "*Impressions*" as a generous, cheerful, and accomplished person will ever be apt to receive, and they are described with all the fidelity, spirit, and freshness, that the reader is entitled to expect from one who declares that he gives every thing as he saw it, and, we may add, nothing but what he saw or knew. He went to America with an imagination, it is clear, stored with warm and favourable recollections of her history; he found those recollections confirmed at every turn, and with a frank honesty gives utterance to them, without inquiring or caring whether he agrees with any of his more talented, ambitious, laborious, or pretending predecessors. He indulges in no details about individuals, that can communicate the least offence, and seldom speaks of the daughters and sons among whom he sojourned so long, in any other capacity than as a great family of mankind. He justly claims the character of being guiltless of all scandalous innuendos or imaginary conversations.

It seems to us that he has outlined the character and condition of the people of the United States, though charitably yet justly, when he says that they are "clear-headed, energetic, frank, and hospitable; a community suited to, and labouring for, their country's advancement, rather than for their own present comfort." With these convictions and views ever before him, and knowing that America is not only young and healthy, but possessed of boundless scope for farther growth, Mr. Power has not sought out; but

rather avoided the national follies and blots which more bitter or probing spirits would not have passed over; adding little to the reader's knowledge, but enhancing considerably the vividness of his conceptions, while the author's active humanity and cheerful temperament are every where infectious, these volumes are really engaging and profitable, their character being improved by the easy and conversational style in which his impressions of men, opinions, and scenery, are conveyed. In short, they are what might be expected, in style, sentiment, and information, from an accomplished and amiable man of the world, whose profession is that of the stage, which Mr. Power adorns.

The author's account of his voyage from England to New York, of the packet by which he sailed, of the comforts therein enjoyed, and the manner in which he spent his time, is excellent, and enough to tempt the sound head, heart, or stomach, of any man who can afford time and means to take a summer trip across the Atlantic. A breakfast aboard the Europe packet, would not outdo, though it might rival, such as we have oft partaken of in Caledonia. Let all strangers be forewarned, who patronise this steaming and savoury meal of the North, when travelling in that bleak but hospitable country, to be on the look-out for market-town or road-side inn, where jolly horse-dealers, or English bagmen, give their custom.

" 'Oh! tis a goodly sight to see,' the show which here presents itself;—covers of all sizes glisten under the flickering rays of the morning sun, stealing in through the open deck-light, and dancing about to the heave of the ship over a well-laid cloth flanked by ready plates and the weapons of attack.

" The signal is made, the covers drawn; and, appetite or no appetite, here is temptation for all. If the incipient voyager will benefit by my experience, as he might well have done by my example had we been happy enough to have possessed his amiable society on board the Europe, he will develop his main battle against the mutton chops *au naturel*; then gossip over a slice of broiled *Virginy* ham, with an egg or twain, while his souchong is getting pleasantly cool; then, having emptied his cup, flirt with a couple of delicate morsels raised from the thin part of a salted shad-fish, the which shad, for richness and flavour is surpassing.

" To his second cup he will dedicate the upper crust of a well-baked roll with cold butter; and, after having duly paused a while, choose between Cognac and Schiedam for a *chasse*. If he will yet walk with me, I say unhesitatingly, try Schiedam, in the absence, reverently be it spoken, of Isla or Innishowen.

" Now, my pupil, if this breakfast would, which it could not fail to do, raise the bastard appetite of your close-curtained, feather-bedded coal-smoked, snivelling in-dweller of the city, judge of the influence it must exercise over a child of ocean, who inhales the breath of heaven freshly as generated beneath the blue sky that vaults his watery world, pure, uncorrupted, untainted by touch of anything more earthly."—vol. i, pp. 11—13.

On landing at New York, Mr. Power says, that instead of the dogged, sulky, bribe-demanding scowl, too commonly encountered from our own low-class officials of the Custom-house, who seem to look upon their situation as a means and opportunity rather of annoyance to the lieges, than a protection to trade, he was met by civility, respect, and prompt dispatch. There was no overhauling of the luggage, and therefore at the very outset, his Impressions were favourable, and of a nature to give agreeable colouring to succeeding matters.

The day after his arrival, our author rose early, for the purpose of bathing—two observances we have throughout these volumes been pleased to find him scarcely ever failing to announce, when any thing like an opportunity offers. For example, on his outward passage he never, excepting in very bad weather, neglected to run on deck about six o'clock in the morning, and, getting into the lee-scuppers, to give the word to a grim-looking seaman, previously engaged, who waited with a couple of buckets of sea water, ready, at a word, to pour the deluge on his oil-capped crown. No wonder that he is a good breakfast-man, and cheerful, and wholesome in his health, and a long-liver to be, as we hope and predict. But it is of the morning at New York that we are to hear, and of the bivouac of a Swiss family of emigrants. They were camping on the banks of the Hudson, in the same manner that he supposes their ancestors to have done in the time of Cæsar, by the Rhone and the Danube. They had been landed late on the preceding day, and not being able to depart immediately for their destination, had pitched their tents in the most orderly manner, in situations described, to be ready to start in the morning for their march into the wilderness.

“ Within a circular rampart, formed out of various articles of household gear—three or four antique-looking spinning-wheels, a pair of churns, a few clumsy chairs, a large chest, together with a couple of small heavy waggons not yet placed upon the wheels—were a few as lively recruits as any land desirous of population could wish to welcome.

“ The party consisted, first, of a right venerable-looking old man, the patriarch of the tribe, as he told me, seventy-four years old; six men, his sons and grandsons; seven lively boys, his great-grandchildren, and about an equal number of girls, the patriarch's wife, nearly as aged as himself, but with a shrill piercing voice and the activity of a girl of nineteen, with four other women, the wives of the ancient's sons.

“ This sight, striking in itself, was no less illustrative of the country and the time: these arrivals are of daily occurrence here during the season; every one of the northern nations of Europe is contributing her quota out of the most enterprising of her children to swell the numbers, and give additional pith and vigour to the population of this land of wonder.”—vol. i, pp. 49—52.

Three hours after this encounter, which though pictured with

bright and pleasing colours; is not to the reflecting mind, or him who knows any thing of the Swiss passionate love of country the less touching, the whole family passed the City Hotel, where the author lodged, *en route*.

"I observed that the old dame now carried in her hand a wicker-cage, containing a little captive of the goldfinch tribe, some home-bred favourite, whose simple notes will often call up the memory of father land, when this family of humble adventurers shall be located, happily I trust, on some wild stream of the far-west, for thither were they bound, and, with the appliances I have sketched, were cheerfully setting forth to perform a journey of some two thousand miles. These, however, are the sort of persons who may look most to benefit by such a change; after a few to them trifling privations, and an industrious struggle, they have the certain satisfaction of beholding their offspring surrounded by comfort, and their means yearly increasing. They presently exchange want for plenty, and cease to look upon the coming time with fear or doubt for even their children's children; since generations must rise and pass away before enterprise and honest industry will feel any lack of elbow-room here."—vol. i, p. 53.

In this sketchy and easy manner, and with this social and philanthropic spirit, does Mr. Power describe whatever engages his eye, his fancy, or his affections; and being unforced and quite natural, it is impossible for the reader not to sympathise, and feel bettered, as well as delighted, in going along with him.

Mr. Power does not amuse us at any great length with news of his transatlantic theatrical career; not that he affects to be above the profession to which he has with so much success devoted himself, but that he is a general observer; and having a very large field to describe, which his activity, his numerous acquaintance, and extensive journeys have afforded, he could not have done justice to his Impressions by any procedure in these pages of a more exclusive character.

Mr. Power's Impressions of American fashionable society, public as well as private, are decidedly favourable. After a second visit to Washington, and having attended several large assemblies, he enters his protest against the sweeping ridicule of some writers upon these doings there. He saw neither outrageously unrepresentable women, nor costly habited ungainly men.

"The ordinary observances of good society are, I should say, fully understood and fully practised at these public gatherings, and not more of the ridiculous presented than might be observed at any similar assemblage in England, if half so much; since here I have commonly found that persons who have no other claims to advance save money or a seat in the legislature, very wisely avoid *reunions*, where they could neither look to receive nor bestow pleasure.

"It is quite true that many of these members, all of whom are by rank eligible to society, may be met with, who are more rusty of learning than

most of those within St. Stephen's; but I will answer for this latter assembly outfacing them in samples of rudeness, ill-breeding, and true vulgarity: for it is a striking characteristic of the American, that, if not conventionally polished perhaps, you will rarely find him either rude or discourteous; whilst amongst those who, in the nature of the government, are elevated from a comparatively obscure condition to place and power, although refinement cannot be inserted as an addendum to the official diploma, the aspirant usually adopts with his appointment a quiet formal strain of ceremony, which protects himself, and can never give offence to any.

"In the absence of that ease and self-possession which can only be acquired by long habitual intercourse with well-bred persons, this surely is the wisest course that could be adopted, and a hundred degrees above that fidgety, jackdaw-like assumption of *nonchalance* with which the ill-bred amongst ourselves seek to cover their innate vulgarity.

"At all these assemblies, as elsewhere, great real attention is paid to women; and I vow I never have, in this respect, seen more ill-breeding, and selfish rudeness, at a fashionable rout in England, than could be met with, at any decent crush, from Natchetoches to Marble-head. Beyond these points within the States I speak not, since without them the land is strange to me."—vol. i, pp. 240—242.

He had not an opportunity of being at a levee of the President's; but as for private society, in Washington, for instance, although limited, he declares it can in no place be conducted in a more agreeable manner, or extended to the stranger with more unostentatious freedom. Once presented to a family, and the house is thenceforward open to you. Shame upon strangers, who, Willis-like, abuse the courtesy, by repeating unrestrained colloquies, even although in the repetition of every sentence there should be a flattering gloss. Mr. Power, with excellent feeling, recurs frequently to the acknowledgment and praise of American civility, and more than once to express his sense and admiration of the kind attention which officials of every rank in that country bestow upon strangers who visit any public place. One rarely, he says, returns from such places without profit as well as pleasure, since some anecdote or information connected with the object visited, is sure to be given in an off-hand and agreeable manner; so that sight-hunting there is neither attended with the fuss and form, nor with the tax levied upon pride, patience, and purse, that repel many an inquiring spirit in our own country. He does not pass over the unworthy condition of the American capital, however, nor the utter indifference with which senators and all regard such an anomaly. The subject is not a very serious one, but it is a good index of national character, as detailed by the author.

"During months of every session, the roads leading through the district of Columbia are all but impassable; independent of the discomfort and delay consequent upon their condition, hardly a season passes without some member or other being injured more or less by overturns, which

are things of common occurrence; yet, only let government insert one extra item in the budget to be applied to the service of this their common property, and all parties from all quarters of the Union unite to reject the supply.

"I heard of a curious instance of this jealousy of poor Columbia whilst on my last visit here. The great avenue, or principal street, leading from the President's house to the Capitol, had recently been redeemed from mud according to the plans of M'Adam; but the exposure of the situation, and the nature of the material employed, rendered the improvement rather questionable: every breeze that now blew filled the atmosphere with thick clouds of dust charged with particles of mica, which really made it a hazardous matter to venture forth on a gusty day, unless in a closed carriage, when tired of sitting at home, suffocated with heat, or smothered with dust by the wind, which ought to have borne health and comfort on its wings, instead of this eighth plague.

"Every one complained, all suffered; members, senators, the President, and the cabinet, all were having dust flung in their eyes, at a period when the commonwealth required that they should all be most especially keen and clear-sighted. The Potomac, meantime, swept by them, clear and cool, and the classic Tiber could with difficulty be kept out of their houses. The Romans would have made their Tiber useful on such an occasion, and the ready remedy at length suggested itself to the half-smothered senators. The sum of a few hundred dollars was promptly voted to abate the evil, in conjunction with the Tiber, whose contribution was here on demand. The bill was, however, rejected on its farther course: the dust continued to rise, the people saved their dollars, their representatives continued blind, and the banks of the Tiber remained undrawn on.

"If you venture an observation upon this obvious absence of all decent pride in their capital, as being somewhat singular in a people who seem wrapt in their country, and solicitous that it should show worthily in the world's eyes, the case is admitted, and accounted for readily enough, but by no means creditably, in my mind.

"The members from Louisiana or Maine will tell you that they cannot satisfactorily account to their constituents for voting sums of money to adorn or render convenient a city these may never see, and for whose very existence they have no care.

"The man from the great western valley will shrug up his shoulders at your observation, admit its truth, but add, that the idea of the continuance of Washington, as the metropolis of the Union, and seat of the general government, is a ridicule, since this ought clearly to wait upon the tide of population, and be situated west of the Alleghanies."—vol. i, pp. 265—267.

This grudging, and this weighing of pounds, shillings, and pence, when the city, which was the capital of their great Union is concerned, and which, whatever may be the future history of the States, should be regarded as the proud monument of their independence and of their mighty increase, is not paltry only in a financial view, but at utter variance with an exalted taste.

Mr. Power went several times to the senate chamber and the hall of the representatives, but was not fortunate enough to hear any very interesting debate. There was a slight discussion in which he heard Messrs. Clay and Forsyth; the former reminded him of Brougham, when the latter happens to be in his mildest moods; the same facility of words, and felicity of adaptation of them; the same confident air, and withal, a touch of the same caustic humour. There is an anecdote of Mr. Clay, which we have pleasure in citing, for it presents more of the man than a dozen of his speeches would do, or a chapter of description by any author.

"One afternoon, about dusk, being on my way to a family party at the house occupied by the late Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Southard, I thought I had run down my distance, and began an inspection of the outward appearance of the houses, all puzzlingly alike, when a couple of men, lounging round a corner, single file, smoking their cigars, chanced to cross my track. Addressing the rearmost, I inquired, 'Pray, sir, do you chance to know which of the houses opposite is Mr. Southard's, the senator from New Jersey?'

" 'I do know where Mr. Southard's house is,' replied the stranger, eyeing me as I fancied somewhat curiously; 'though it is not exactly opposite. But surely you and I have met before now—more than once too, or I am greatly mistaken?'

" 'That is more than probable, sir,' replied I, 'if you are fond of a play. My name is Power, Mr. Power of the theatre.'

" 'I thought so,' cried the stranger, holding out his hand; adding cordially, 'My name, sir, is Clay, Henry Clay, of the senate; and I am glad, Mr. Power, that we are now personally acquainted.'

"I need hardly say, I joined in expressing the pleasure I derived from any chance that had procured me this honour, begging that I might not detain him longer.

" 'But stop, Mr. Power,' said the orator; 'touching Mr. Southard's;—you observe yonder long-sided fellow propping up the post-office down below; only that he is waiting for me, I'd accompany you to the house; which, however, you can't miss if you'll observe it's the very last of the next square but one.'

"With many thanks for his politeness, I here parted from Mr. Clay, to pursue my way according to his instructions, whilst he passed forward to join the tall gentleman, who waited for him at some distance near the public building which he had humorously described him as propping.

"An accidental interview of this kind, however brief, will do more to prejudice the judgment for or against a man, than a much longer and more ceremonious intercourse. I confess my impressions on this occasion were all in Mr. Clay's favour; they were confirmatory of the *bonhomie* and playful humour ascribed to him by his friends and admirers, who are to be found throughout every part of the country."—vol. i, pp. 281—283.

We may observe, that the chief attraction to Mr. Power, in the senate house, was the assemblage of ladies, who were awarding well-pleased smiles to the speakers. But he never found that the fair

of that country thought the more, on account of this practice, of talking politics—which he fears would be the result of a similar attendance, were it fashionable in England. In America it is only a novelty, and enjoyed but once or twice, therefore soon forgotten: but in the crowded metropolis of our country, the case, he thinks, would be different—the ladies here most likely to monopolise the house, being in town for the whole session, eager for excitement, and prepared to die martyrs to any thing that may become the rage. There are many other as grave objections as these, it appears to us, to be urged against the innovation. There seems to be, however, little risk of its being seriously mooted again in our day; therefore let us just observe, regarding the other sex in the American senate and congress, that the tone assumed by the opposition to General Jackson's administration displays, according to our author's statement, a violence of language altogether startling to the ears of the subject of a monarchy, and in no respect flattering either to the taste of the speakers, or the dignity of the assembly, and any thing but an argument in behalf of democratic freedom. When speaking of the great dissensions on the subject of the "Bank Charter," Mr. Power informs his readers, as follows:—

"In every society, in all places, and at all times, this subject is all-absorbent amongst the men. Observing with pity a very intelligent friend arrested in the lobby of a drawing-room which was occupied by a whole bevy of beauty, and there undergo a buttoning of half an hour before he could shake off his worrier, I inquired with a compassionate air, just as he made his escape, 'whether he would not be glad when the present ferment was over, and this eternal spectre laid in the sea of oblivion?'

"'No, indeed,' replied my friend coolly; 'since it would only vanish to be succeeded by some other, in reality not quite so important perhaps, but which, for lack of a better, would be made to the full as absorbing of one's time and patience.'

"And this is strictly true: whatever subject may turn up is laid hold on, tooth and nail, by the *Ins* and *Outs* of the day, who, dividing upon it, lift banners, and under the chosen war-cry, be it 'Masonry,' 'Indian treaties,' or 'Bank charter,' fairly fight it out; a condition of turmoil, which, viewed on the surface, may appear anything but desirable to a man who loves his ease and quiet, and troubles himself with nothing less than with affairs of state, but which constitutes one of the personal taxes men must pay who look to govern themselves, or who desire to fancy that they do so."—vol. i, pp. 278, 279.

One need not fly to the United States of America, we all know, for an exemption from political virulence; it is not to be expected, from the very nature of the institutions, or of the blood that runs in the veins of that strong-headed people. But where shall we find elsewhere such a scene as we now approach? It is Niagara that is meant.

"It was at the moment we struck the foot of the hill leading up to the hotel that the rapid and the great horse-shoe fall became visible over the sunken trees to our right, almost on a level with us. I have heard people talk of having felt disappointed on a first view of this stupendous scene: by what process they arrived at this conclusion I profess myself utterly incapable of divining, since, even now that two years have almost gone by, I find on this point my feelings are not yet to be analyzed: I dare not trust myself to their guidance, and only know that my wildest imaginings were forgotten in contemplating this awful reality."—vol. i, pp. 394, 395.

Being released from the confinement of the coach, the author and his companions got themselves equipped in a suitable style for penetrating beneath the great fall. The scene, the guide, and the author, are all given in a manner worthy of Mr. Power, in the passage we now extract.

"The water-proof dress given to me I found still wet through; and, on the arrival of the experienced guide, I was not a little surprised to see the fellow, after a long stare in my face, exclaim,

"'Och, blur an' 'oons! Mr. Power, sure it's not yer honour that's come all this way from home!'

"An explanation took place; when I found that our guide, whom I had seen some two years before as a helper in the stable of my hospitable friend Smith Barry, at Foaty, was this summer promoted to the office of 'Conductor,' as he styled himself, under the waterfall.

"And a most whimsical 'conductor' he proved. His cautions, and 'devil a fears!' and 'not a hap'orth o' danger!' must have been mighty assuring to the timid or nervous, if any such ever make this experiment, which, although perfectly safe, is not a little startling.

"His directions—when we arrived at the point where the mist, pent in beneath the overhanging rock, makes it impossible to distinguish anything, and where the rush of air is so violent as to render respiration for a few seconds almost impracticable—were inimitable.

"'Now, yer honour!' he shouted in my ear—for we moved in Indian file—'whisper the next gintleman to follow you smart; and, for the love o' God, shoulder the rock close, stoop yer heads, and shut fast yer eyes, or you won't be able to see an inch!'

"I repeated my orders verbatim, though the cutting wind made it difficult to open one's mouth.

"'Now thin, yer honour,' he cried, cowering down as he spoke, 'do as ye see me do; hould yer breath, and scurry after like divils!'

"With the last word away he bolted, and was lost to view in an instant. I repeated his instructions however to the next in file, and, as directed, scurried after.

"This rather difficult point passed, I came upon my countryman waiting for us within the edge of the curve described by this falling ocean: he grasped my wrist firmly as I emerged from the dense drift, and shouted in my ear,

"'Luk up, sir, at the green sea that's rowlin' over uz! Murder! but iv it only was to take a shlope in on uz!'

"Here we could see and breathe with perfect ease; and even the ludicrous gestures and odd remarks of my poetical countryman could not wholly rob the scene of its striking grandeur.

"I next passed beyond my guide as he stood on tiptoe against the rock upon a ledge of which he trod, and under his direction attained that limit beyond which the foot of man never pressed. I sat for one moment on the Termination Rock, and then followed my guide back to my companions, when together we once more 'scurried' into day.

"'Isn't it illegant, sir?' began the 'Conductor,' as soon as we were well clear of the mist.

"'Isn't it a noble sight intirely? Caps the world for grandness any way, that 's sartain!'"—vol i, pp. 395—398.

The author has stronger nerves than we can boast of, otherwise he would neither have penetrated beneath the large fall, nor performed certain other observances which he duly went through on the verge, and within the domain of this awful display of the watery element.

He saw only three natives near the fall during his stay in that neighbourhood, and these he has effectively delineated. The group consisted of a squaw leaning against a tree; and on being saluted she turned away from farther notice, after having with a calm bend of the head answered the greeting. She also placed her fingers over her lips; and the motive for this token of silence was soon obvious.

"Coiled up, on the earth, by her feet lay an Indian, his head and shoulders wrapped close in his blanket; upon this motionless mass her eyes were calmly fixed: against the opposite side of the tree sat a very handsome lad, about eight or nine years old, who never lifted his head to look upon the intruder: near the boy crouched a half-starved hound of the lurcher kind, a red-coloured, wire-haired brute, with a keen cold Indian look, and as apparently incurious as the best-taught warrior of the tribe: there was no wagging of the tail in friendly recognition, as might be expected from a kindly European dog; neither was there the warning growl and spiteful show of bristled crest and angry teeth, nor any suspicious circling round the stranger, with tail tucked close and thievish scrutiny, so common amongst low-bred white curs; this hound of the Red-man, on the contrary, deported himself in a manner creditable to his race, and to the tribe of his adoption: I do not believe his eye was ever once raised to survey me; or, if it was, the movement was so well managed that I did not detect it.

"Supported against the tree stood a long rifle, over whose muzzle was hung a scarlet shoulder-belt and pouch, richly worked with an embroidery of blue and white beads; by a thong of hide was also suspended from the rifle a sheath of leather, through which protruded a couple of inches of the bright broad blade of a knife: these I readily conceived to be the appointments of the sleeping man; and the trio thus patiently watching his slumbers—his wife, child, and dog.

"I looked upon this savage group for some minutes, and no happier scene could have been found for such a rencontre:—the grassy knoll

which the family occupied; the rich foliage of the butter-nut tree that shaded them; the wooded heights above, and the deep-channelled river flowing by; together with a stillness made more thrilling by the sound of the cataract, for a moment rumbling like near-coming thunder, and then dying away into a continuous moan, soft and absolutely musical, whilst afar off its light vapoury masses gently rose and fell, converted by the morning sun into clouds of silvery tissue. I have often, amongst other vain wishes, sighed for the possession of the painter's power, but never more than at this moment; and as I silently looked upon the unchanging group, and called to mind the artists whom such a chance would have repaid for longer travel, I grieved to think it should have been given to one whose attempts by description to image it must prove so tame a record.

"After a long pause, pointing to the coiled-up sleeper, I ventured on a second inquiry, saying, 'Man—he sick?'

"The squaw fixed her fine eyes upon me, and comprehending my inquiry, nodded once or twice, articulating in a low musical voice, 'Man sick—whisky too much—make bad!'"—vol. i, pp. 402—404.

This picture, drawn obviously without exaggeration, guides the mind to reflect on the melancholy history, past and to come, of the Red man's race. Every traveller who visits their abodes, or meets with a stray group, speaks of their sullen pride, and prostrate hopes—of their extinction being hastened by the very contamination of the White man's intercourse; a passion for ardent spirits is one result, being one of the surest causes of extermination. Our author's sympathy for these tribes, whose destiny is so dark and speedily approaching its consummation, is in perfect accordance with every display of sentiment in his work; nor need we seek for more proofs of the good taste and agreeable character of the whole, than the above extracts, taken from his first volume, attest.

ART. II.—*The Life and Times of Rienzi.* London: Whittaker & Co. 1836.

UPON two or three grounds this biography is interesting. It contains a lively picture of the stormy and intriguing period of which it treats; the extraordinary qualities and fortunes of the man who is the subject of it, merit also the attention of all who study human character, and the waywardness of large communities during political convulsions; and, lastly, a real history of Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes, at present must naturally excite a more than usual degree of interest, seeing that a celebrated novelist has so lately made it the ground-work of one of his most eloquent and splendid works. It is not alone that this biography is as full of wonderful turns of fortune as any romancer can ever fancy, and that the reader will read it with avidity, but also because it affords him an opportunity for making it the occasion of some curious compari-

sons with Miss Mitford's tragedy, and still more, with Mr. Bulwer's lately published romance. It is nothing less than instructive, as well as entertaining, to find how a master-mind can mould, and a brilliant imagination colour and elevate, stern realities. There is, besides, a useful lesson to be derived from the biography before us, when compared with the fictions referred to, which novel-readers should bear in mind; they should hence learn how necessary it is to guard against or to correct the false impressions likely to be communicated of real history, by novels; and that, since what are called historical romances have become so numerous, how much more requisite it becomes that an acquaintance with authentic narratives be extended.

It appears that this work was written by Father Cerceau, a distinguished Jesuit of the early part of the eighteenth century, and that the manuscript was revised and published by Father Brumay, a still more celebrated man. As to its authority, it may be considered a sufficient attestation to know that Gibbon is said to have relied upon it. We do not rank its literary character very high, yet it must be allowed to be spirited and plain; which, when facts are to be narrated, is of much greater importance than elegance of composition, or mere beauty of sentiment. We are of opinion, however, that the work bears incontestable traces of strong prejudices respecting the hero of the story, in so far as the comments of the writer go; and that, with all Gabrini's (Rienzi's patronymic) errors and vices, he was not merely a man of great genius, but of much more elevated principles than are here attributed to him, taking our impressions from the narrative itself. We shall shortly glance at Rienzi's career, especially his rapid and extraordinary rise.

The author sets out with remarking, that conspiracies in general bear an exact resemblance to one another, in origin, in form, and in particular actions. Boldness, ambition, and malecontent, occasion enterprises of deep and secret design; rage and surprise unite these beginnings, and, it may be, separated principles, while fortuitous circumstances ripen them. But the conspiracy of Rienzi proceeded openly; neither, at first, did he stand on a broad foundation; and at length, when the most extraordinary and brilliant results attended his measures, it was as if a chimera had suddenly become a reality, if we compare the means which accomplished that reality with those ordinarily exhibited. Yet the means used by Rienzi, though weak and inadequate, it may be thought, by those who look chiefly to the physical instruments of power—money and arms—are in all cases, when employed with judgment and their natural force, more resistless than any other. These means were eloquence and happy appeals to the strongest and noblest passions of the human breast.

Rienzi was born at Rome, but of mean parentage; his father was a vinther, his mother a laundress; but he formed not his sentiments according to his birth—which is one evidence of his exalted mind. The mere fact that he was held in esteem by Petrarch, goes far to the honour of his nature. He appears to have become, at an early age, an excellent scholar; which, considering his birth, is no slight testimony in his favour.

“As soon as he had learned grammar and rhetoric, which improved his natural eloquence, he studied antiquity with an uncommon assiduity. Every thing he read he compared with similar passages, that occurred within his own observation, from whence he made reflections, by which he regulated his whole conduct. To all this he added a great knowledge in the laws and customs of nations. He had a vast memory; he retained all Cicero, Valerius Maximus, Livy, the two Senecas, and Cæsar’s Commentaries, especially, which he read continually, and often quoted by application to the events of his own time. This fund of learning proved the basis and foundation of his rise. The desire he had to distinguish himself in the knowledge of monumental history drew him to another sort of science, which few men at that time exerted themselves in. He passed whole days among the inscriptions which are to be found at Rome, and acquired soon the reputation of a great antiquary in that way. But his views were not to be confined to the empty name of scholar. Arrived at an age when the ways of the world make some part of our reflection, he began to form ideas of reanimating the Romans with a love of liberty. Young as he yet was, he had an air of gravity, which obtained him a kind of veneration, and which gave weight to the most minute of his speeches. Whenever he walked amongst the ruins of ancient Rome, he affected an extacy over some bust or remains of a statue, and pretending that he perceived not the crowd who were round him, ‘Where,’ said he, ‘are the old Romans?—Where is all their grandeur? Why lived I not in those good times?’ Sometimes he expressed himself in riddles, half sentences, and intricate phrases, and all without appearance of design; he discovered not the least notice he took of the impression which his speeches made on the people who followed him: his advantageous stature, his countenance, and that air of a man of importance, which he well knew how to assume, deeply imprinted all he said in the minds of his audience.”—pp. 3—5.

Such were the weapons with which Rienzi chiefly obtained the sovereignty of Rome, a mighty influence over Italy, and the respect and consideration of the potentates of Europe. What a compliment to scholarship and eloquence!

The transactions detailed in this volume took place between the years 1347 and 1354. At that time the pontificate was held by Clement VI., whose see was fixed at Avignon, to the great chagrin and displeasure of the Romans, who had more than once sent a deputation to engage his holiness to re-establish the court at the Queen of Cities. Rienzi had a brother who had been assassinated; and as satisfaction had not been given for his death, the young orator resolved to apply to his holiness on the subject—the

real motive perhaps being to gain that confidence and admiration which he was conscious of being able to command. But that he might be the better recommended, he contrived to get himself appointed deputy to solicit the pope on the subject of establishing his pontifical see at Rome.

“ At his first audience he charmed the court of Avignon with his eloquence and the sprightliness of his conversation; encouraged by success, he one day took the liberty to tell the pope, that the grandees of Rome were avowed robbers, public thieves, infamous adulterers, and illustrious profligates, who by their example authorized the most horrid crimes. To them he attributed the desolation of Rome, of which he drew so lively a picture, that the holy father was moved and exceedingly incensed against the Roman nobility.”—p. 15.

This freedom of speech led to his temporary disgrace; but he was soon restored to favour, and appointed apostolic notary at Rome, where he executed his duties with an extreme show of honour and probity, exclaiming at the same time loudly and fiercely against the enormities of the great; while by his civility and affable carriage he obtained a remarkable popularity. While he himself was most punctual in the administration of justice, he was constantly exhorting the counsellors and others in power to observe equity and to study peace, as well as to respect the holy see. One day at the council-board, he suddenly pronounced the senators, to their face, to be bad citizens, and suckers of the blood of the people. For such freedoms he was displaced from office. He then, by various devices, such as emblematic pictures, publicly exhibited, aroused the feelings of the people, and kept them in an excited state, till they looked upon him as the man capable of taking their interests into his hands, and restoring the tottering state. On one occasion, having raised an alcove and amphitheatre, which were handsomely adorned, and having invited the attendance of the nobility, he explained certain enigmatical representations that had been previously exhibited, and that had greatly attracted the attention of the citizens.

“ He demanded silence; he expatiated with great energy on the grandeur of the empire, and the liberty of Rome, comparing its ancient splendour with its present decline. He represented Rome as overwhelmed, and blind to such a degree as to be unable to see the source of her evils; ‘because,’ saith he, ‘she hath plucked out both her eyes, to know the Pope and the Emperor.’ He alluded to the absence of Clement VI.; the troubles occasioned by the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria, not acknowledged by the Popes: and to the miseries which were the consequence thereof. ‘Behold,’ added he, turning himself toward the plate of brass, ‘behold the glory of the senate at the time the Emperors held their authority of the Romans!’ Afterwards, making a sign to a man prepared on purpose, he made him read a sheet of paper which contained a plain explication of the unknown characters; they were the articles agreed upon

between the senate and Vespaſian. 1. The power of enacting laws and making alliances. 2. The liberty of adding to or diminishing from the garden of Rome (meaning Italy*). 3. The right to make counts, dukes, and kings, and to depose them; to build or depopulate cities; to turn the course of rivers; and to levy or take off taxes, as should be judged most necessary."

"Such, my Lords,' continued Rienzi, 'was your ancient majesty to bestow sovereignty on emperors—on the Tiberiuses and Vespasians; and such the power you have now lost.'

"This harangue, far from prejudicing, gained the speaker great applause. He showed himself boldly at the palaces of the great, where he was well received. John Colonna and other grandees of Rome made an entertainment to divert their respective companies. He spoke as a man inspired, and in an enthusiastic manner plainly foretold his future grandeur, his restoring a good establishment at Rome, and the glory of his administration. 'If I am king or emperor,' added he, 'I shall proceed against all the grandees, who now hear me. I shall hang this, and behead that.' He spared not one, and declared all in their presence. They looked upon him as a buffoon, and laughed at his prediction; by his buffoonery, however, he afterwards deceived the most sensible men of Rome. Pleased with his success among the great, who diverted themselves with his flights, he acted his part so well before the people, who really esteemed him, that nothing was talked of among them but the Roman Grandeur, the good establishment, and Nicholas Gabrini, its restorer. As the chimerical sights of Rienzi amused the populace, and the nobility, far from taking umbrage, diverted themselves with them, that their spirits might not sink, he had recourse again to his emblems."—pp. 21—24.

He painted the nobility under the figure of falcons, the Holy Ghost under that of a dove, and his own person under that of a little bird, who crowned Rome. Some esteemed his emblems as idle fancies, and ridiculed them, while others pretended to find in them profound meaning, and took them for oracles. His last label, which he stuck up in the porch of St. George, presented these words:—"In a short time the Romans shall be restored to their ancient good establishment." This prophecy was promulgated the first day of Lent, 1347, and in a very short time afterwards realized, through the instrumentality of the man whom many still regarded as crazed or mad. The minds of the people, however, were inflamed, and many of the higher ranks began to come into his views. To the gentry, the merchants, and men of every condition whom he believed to be malecontents, he cautiously opened his mind. But the conspirators held only one secret assembly, Rienzi

* According to Gibbon, the *Lex Regia* empowers Vespaſian to enlarge the *Pomærium*—a spot of ground which the augurs at the first building of the city solemnly consecrated, and on which no edifice was permitted to be raised; Rienzi and others have confounded the word with *Pomarium*."

affording them, however, no time to reflect on what they came about. He harangued, on this occasion, with much art; sometimes with great power, at other times by tears, groans, or exclamations, he affected them. They looked upon themselves as unfortunate, and in no state for bettering their condition.

"Rienzi resumed his speech, and assured them that he had in his power means both efficacious and lawful. As a necessary foundation for the enterprise, he gave them an insight into the immense revenues of the apostolic chamber, which he was as well acquainted with as the pope's vicar, and which he flattered himself to render still more extensive than in these troublesome times. Having again by this detail cast a mist before the eyes of the company, he made a calculation, and demonstrated that the pope could at the rate of four pence raise a hundred thousand florins by firing, as much by salt, and as much more by the customs and other duties. 'As for the rest,' said he, 'I would not have you imagine, that it is without the pope's consent I lay hands on the revenues. Alas! how many others in this city plunder the effects of the church contrary to his will.'

"The execution was as odd as the project and measures had been. Rienzi judged it necessary to gain the pope's vicar, and bring him into his confidence. History is silent in regard to the means he made use of to effect it. But by the following it appears that he attempted and succeeded. Raymond, the pope's vicar, was a most proper person to fall into the snares of a man even of less craft than Rienzi. It is probable Rienzi discovered no more of the conspiracy than was necessary to bring him into his designs, and talked to him only of the public welfare of Rome, particularly that of the apostolic chamber. As much in the dark as we are in relation to this affair, it appears that the Bishop of Orvieto either despised his undertaking, or rather, underhand, seconded it. Rienzi effected an exploit which, without his knowledge or consent, was actually impossible. On the 18th of May, a few days after the secret meeting, he caused it to be proclaimed through the streets of Rome by sound of trumpet, that every man on the 19th, at night, should, at the sound of the bell, be at the church of the castle of St. Angelo, in order to procure a good establishment.

"The same night he ordered thirty masses to be said, at which he assisted in person till near nine o'clock next morning. The 20th of May (being Whitsunday), he fixed upon to sanctify in some sort his enterprise, and pretended that all he had acted was by particular inspiration of the Holy Ghost. About nine he came out of the church bareheaded accompanied by the Pope's vicar (a mark of deceit voluntary or forced) and surrounded by an hundred armed men. A vast crowd followed him with shouts and acclamations. Rienzi set his march in all possible order. The gentlemen conspirators carried three standards before him. Nicholas Gualiato, surnamed the good speaker, carried the first, which was red, and much finer than the others; upon it, in gold, was the figure of a woman, sitting upon two lions, holding in one hand the globe of the world, and in the other a branch of palm representing Rome. The second white, with St. Paul holding in his right hand a naked sword, and in his left the crown of justice, was carried by Stephen Magnaccusia, apostolic notary. On the

third was St. Peter, holding the keys of concord and peace. All these insinuated the design of Rienzi to re-establish liberty, justice, and peace."—pp. 28—31.

They marched directly to the capitol ; Rienzi entered the palace, mounted the rostrum, and harangued the multitude with more energy and boldness than ever. He declared that the happy hour of their deliverance had arrived, and that he had come to be their deliverer ; he also ordered a string of laws to be read, which he had drawn up, to be in future observed with the utmost strictness, and he thereby engaged to re-establish in a short time the ancient Roman grandeur. These laws were called those of the Good Establishment, and are really succinct, plain, and just ; nor did they fail of at once proving agreeable to the ears, as they afterwards did to the interests of the people—two leading features in them being a promise of plenty and security, and also the depression of the nobility, who had so long grinded all that were under them.

"Enraptured with the pleasing ideas of a liberty they at present were strangers to, and the hope of gain, they came most zealously into all the fanaticism of Rienzi. They treated him in the same manner the senate had formerly treated Vespasian ; they resumed the pretended authority of the Romans ; they declared him sovereign of Rome, and granted him the power of life and death, of rewards and punishments, of enacting and repealing the laws, of treating with foreign powers ; in a word, they gave him the full and supreme authority over all the extensive territories of the Romans. Rienzi, arrived at the summit of his wishes, kept at a great distance his artifice ; he pretended to be very unwilling to accept of their offers, but upon two conditions ; the first, that they should nominate the pope's vicar his co-partner ; the second, that the pope's consent should be granted him, which (he told them) he flattered himself he should obtain. These pretences were masterly strokes of his policy ; for on the one hand he hazarded nothing in thus making his court to the holy father ; and on the other he well knew that the bishop of Orvieto would carry a title only and no authority. The people granted his request, but paid all their honours to him ; he possessed the authority without restriction : the good bishop appeared a mere shadow and veil to his enterprises. Rienzi was seated in his triumphal chariot, like an idol, to triumph with the greater splendour. He dismissed the people replete with joy and hope : he seized upon the palace, where he continued after he had turned out the senate, and the same day began to dictate his laws in the capitol."—pp. 34, 35.

He followed up this bold and bloodless step, by other politic and rapid measures. He issued an order that all the nobility should follow Stephen Colonna, the governor of the city, who had made his escape from it. He made himself master of the avenues of the city ; he established officers to execute justice in his name ; he imprisoned, hanged, or beheaded the greatest criminals, without distinction, thus gaining the hearts of the people at large, and thus finding himself, in a few days, more master of Rome, by the esteem and

reverence which was shown for his person, than by all the other measures he had adopted to obtain power. He even succeeded in obtaining the pope's ostensible authority for his conduct. Nor did he neglect to assume a title becoming the power now secured.

"Nothing was more plausible than the title he fixed upon, which was that of tribune of the people. Versed in the Roman history, he knew the extensiveness of that charge in ancient Rome, that from a small beginning the tribunes brought it to a power almost despotic, to which the greatest of the republic, the senate, the consuls were compelled to submit. After the extinction of the republic it appeared of such importance, that the emperors thought themselves not invested with power sufficient, unless they annexed to their dignity the charge of tribune, which afterward became inseparable; a charge which, at its origin, was regarded only as the most proper means of securing the liberty of the Romans, yet falling into the hands of the emperors, became the instrument of oppression, and the destruction of that very liberty itself.

"Extraordinary as this title appeared, which had long since remained unknown at Rome, it required nothing more than a little fawning upon the people, to call to their remembrance their ancient grandeur, and those happy times wherein the masters of the universe were obliged to make court to the meanest citizens for their suffrages. Rienzi assembled the people, and having fed them as usual with his chimerical ideas of the re-establishment of a republic, he told them he had two favours to beg of them, the first was to ratify all that he had done to that time, the banishment of the nobles, the punishment of the criminals he had executed, the regulations he had made, and the order he had dispersed over the city; the second was to confer upon him a title independent of any other than that which he should receive from the people, and which might happen to stand in need of such a regulation as he at that time required of them."—pp. 42, 43.

The principal nobility, who had been compelled to retire to their country seats, began to consult how they might best destroy the power of the tribune. But he was prepared for them; for ere they had time to mature their measures, he summoned them to his tribunal, to take their oaths to the Republic, upon penalty of being declared rebels and traitors, in case of default. They dared not to refuse. The oath he imposed was a strong and ensnaring one, such as would render the persons who took it odious in the highest degree, if it should be violated.

Let us now turn to take a glance at some traits in the administration of the tribune, and at the manner in which he was regarded by other powers.

"In regard to crimes which concerned the safety and tranquillity of the public, there was no mitigation, no remission to be expected. The tribune looked upon impunity to have been the source of all the late enormities; he kept a strict hand over the judges whom he had established for that purpose, that criminals might be tried with all the rigour of his new laws. The same was observed in civil affairs: justice was executed with such

expedition, that no cause, however intricate, exceeded the term of fifteen days, as he had ordained in his second law.

"This close attention to reform justice, to watch even the judges themselves, and to prosecute without exception delinquents of every condition, soon purged Rome of murderers, adulterers, thieves, and all suspected persons. They took so hastily the alarm, that they imagined themselves every moment discovered, as if the tribune had read their crimes on their foreheads. In perpetual fear of being dragged out to punishment, they lay concealed in the city, watching an opportunity to escape; they flew, in effect, by night; they abandoned their houses, wives, and children, believing there was no place of security for them until they had passed the territories of Rome. The woods and great roads, long infested by robbers, became entirely free; lands, which the labourers had forsaken, began to be cultivated; foreigners went and came without danger; the merchants renewed their commerce; every thing in general put on a new face. Petrarch, in his letter to Charles, King of the Romans, gives this short account of the change of affairs:—

"Not long since, a most remarkable man, of the plebeian race, a person whom neither titles or virtues had distinguished, until he presumed to set himself up for the restorer of the Roman liberty, has obtained the highest authority at Rome. So sudden, so great his success, that this man has won Tuscany and all Italy. Already Europe and the whole world are in motion;—to speak the whole in one word, I protest to you, not as a reader, but as an eye-witness, that he has restored to us the justice, peace, integrity, safety, and every other token of the golden age."

"The unfortunate, who had banished themselves Rome to escape justice, and were dispersed over all parts of Italy, trembled at the name of Rienzi; they persuaded themselves a man of his character could not confine his ambition, supported by the zeal of public good, within the walls of Rome; it was reasonable, therefore, to apprehend that he would soon be upon the backs of them. The tribune confirmed them in their apprehensions. The facility he found in making himself master of Rome, and the affection shown him by the people, extended his views over the rest of Italy, which he noways despaired of reducing to his obedience.

"He had the boldness about the same time to write to all the crowned heads and potentates of Europe, to desire their friendship, upon condition of granting them his. His secretaries sat up night and day in drawing up his letters. His couriers set out unarmed, having a little silver wand only in their hands. As soon as this mark of their commission was observed, they were in all places received with the greatest respect. Nothing demonstrated plainer the high idea conceived of the tribune than the report of the courier who returned from Avignon. He published aloud, that with his wand he had not only passed without danger the roads and woods so lately cried out against for robberies, but further, that thousands of passengers came to kneel before him, and kiss the wand with tears of joy and acknowledgments to the tribune, who had procured for them the liberty and security of the roads. All Italy indeed now rang with his praises; the poets celebrated him; but the most pleasing commendation to Rienzi was the general satisfaction which he read in the eyes of the people, and which gave him the assurance of the undoubted homage of all their hearts."

—pp. 52—55.

As yet the tribune had contented himself with humbling the nobility, and preventing them making any stir. At length an opportunity presented itself of resorting to more decided measures. He laid hands on a young man, who had been a senator of Rome, who was nephew to two cardinals, and descended of an illustrious line, but who was notorious for great crimes and scandalous vices. This nobleman was executed, without the least regard to his rank, or the station and influence of his kindred.

"In this manner the tribune governed Rome, and made it tremble by many other similar examples of a rigour which nothing could soften. The people, who till their late fury had always preserved a due respect to the grandees, and had hitherto been strangers to this kind of execution, could not refrain from shedding tears at the fate of this nobleman, whom, guilty as he was, they accounted unfortunate; but their transitory pity was soon changed into encomiums and blessings upon the tribune, who in all his conduct until that time appeared to have nothing in view but the extirpation of tyrants and tyranny. As to those noblemen who were equally criminal in their own conscience, they were of different opinions; some kept themselves in readiness to move off, others determined so to behave for the future as to give no offence. No person dared to carry arms or to give the least insult; even masters feared to strike their servants, lest the severe tribune should bring them to his tribunal, where he heard all, and took cognizance of the least disputes with a care and capacity inconceivable. Public vows and prayers were put up for him, that God would fortify him in the vast design he had proposed of purging Italy of robbers, and making the capital of the world glorious in being the asyle and refuge of all nations. He had succeeded in part, and was near accomplishing an undertaking like that which Tamerlane once effected, who made his dominions so secure for travellers, that a man might go through them without danger, with a vessel of gold upon his head. Thus without fear they now passed day and night the territories of Rome."—pp. 56, 57.

The tribune continued to extend his power, and the veneration with which he was already regarded—attracting even the admiration of all Europe, and causing the pope himself in a manner to sanction his usurpation. Over Italy especially, his upright and vigorous administration established such a renown, that all the principalities appealed to him as universal judge—a character which he supported with uncommon dignity. His decrees were looked upon as oracles, and plaintiff, as well as defendant, left their estates at his first summons, to throw themselves at his feet. Splendid embassies were sent to him by independent powers; and, what was more substantial, merchants, traders, as well as unfortunate exiles, flocked to Rome, to its great aggrandizement, during this his potent and upright government. Still he made himself especially formidable to the nobility of his native city.

"He made all the grandees of Rome tremble. He placed them at certain hours in their ranks at his court, where they appeared in his presence with an humility that drew pity even from the people, who some

months before had felt the severe effects of their pride and cruelty. He built a magnificent chapel in the capitol, encompassed with iron rails; he kept a numerous clergy, who celebrated mass with the utmost pomp and solemnity. Rienzi in this chapel was seated on a throne, with the Roman nobility before him, always standing with their arms crossed upon their breasts. Fear and interest made them all cringe to him, and attend at the appointed times his levee. Even those whose places kept them at a distance from Rome, were not less earnest in making their court to him. The governor of Viterbo, for whom the tribune had shown so little regard, to convince him of his respect and attachment, sent his son with a superb equipage to live near his person as a pledge of his fidelity.

“ Women, whose husbands are elevated to a superior rank in the world, generally assume an air of grandeur even superior to them. The consort of Rienzi, whose youth and beauty, added to the splendour of her fortune, on her part maintained with more magnificence the rank in which the elevation of her husband had fixed her. Whenever she appeared in public, if she went no farther than St. Peter’s church, she was attended by a court more brilliant than that of Rienzi. A train of ladies of the first quality followed her, as her ladies of honour; a troop of young gentlemen in arms escorted her, and a number of young ladies walked before her with fans in their hands, to prevent the heat and the flies discommoding her. The whole family of Rienzi partook of his fortune. He had an uncle, named Barbieri, who was in reality a barber both by name and profession; to blot out the ignominy of his profession, he changed his name to John Roscio, and he was raised to the highest places in the government. He always appeared in public on horseback, accompanied by the chiefs of Rome, who were in hopes of obtaining favours of the nephew, by their respects shown to the uncle. Rienzi had also a sister, a widow, whom the lord of Castella thought not unworthy to espouse. He advanced all his relations in general according to their degrees of proximity, and made them lords, without any regard to their capacity or merit.”—pp. 82, 83.

Most of our readers are, of course, aware of the general features in Rienzi’s rise and fall. Our purpose in the several passages cited, has chiefly been to excite in the readers of Mr. Bulwer’s celebrated novel—wherein the tribune is the hero—a desire to study and compare with it this authentic narrative; nor can any one fail, even from the extracts given, to perceive, however different the biography may be from the fiction, that it is not much less romantic and stirring. It is not necessary for us to pursue the farther history of such an extraordinary man. Rienzi’s increased sway—his ambition, after being for a time flushed with glory—his errors—his despotism and cruel deeds—his exile, imprisonment, and return to power—and lastly, his ignominious death, furnish materials which are as marvellous, events as rapid in change, and lessons as rife with instruction, as any thing which we have seen described in the foregoing extracts. We add an account of the last moments of his life, and the author’s sketch of his character.

“ The ringleaders of the insurrection becoming thus appeased, took

the senator by the arms, and made him go down without any molestation to the Lion's Steps, where he had pronounced so many sentences of death. There he was exposed to public show; posterity will scarce believe (what is however true), that he remained in that situation almost the space of an hour, bareheaded; his face blacked in a frightful manner; his arms across; covered with a peasant's cloak, under which appeared a green silk waistcoat girt with a golden belt: a strange contrast, and capable of augmenting contempt and rage; yet not a mutineer lifted up a hand against him, or so much as insulted him with words. It is amazing that Rienzi, who had so often triumphed by his fine speeches, stood at this time speechless, and had neither power nor courage to open his lips in his own defence. He spoke only with his eyes, which he turned from right to left, to see if any motion was making in his favour. The people on their side were equally as dumb and motionless, not daring to accuse or acquit him.

"A considerable time was already spent in this strange perplexity; and the senator between life and death was waiting the fate which Heaven should ordain for him, when one of the principal conspirators, named Cecco de lo Vecchio, suddenly broke the charm and enchantment which the sight of their tribune's humble deportment had set upon the people in general. He imagined, that if he suffered the fury of the populace to abate much longer, Rienzi would not only escape, but punish those who had spared him. On a sudden he drew his sword, and without staying for the consent of the rest of the conspirators, he run him through the body. This first stroke was a signal that the charm was broken. The wrath of the populace, upon the point of extinguishing, rekindled in a moment in all their hearts: the sight of the vanquished tyrant filled their vile souls with more base and mean vengeance than ever. All their respect for the senator was lost as he was. The notary Treio gave him a great cut across the head with his sabre; he was stabbed afterwards in several places, and every man strove to outvie each other in insulting an enemy, who was now no more sensible of their barbarity. Rienzi died by the first stroke, without speaking one word, or making the least groan. The mob, not satisfied by washing themselves in his blood, dragged his disfigured corpse by the feet through the streets, from the capitol to St. Mark's with loud huzzas. His head and arms they stuck upon the roads; his shapeless body they hung by the feet on a stake before the palace of the Colonnas, whom he had so constantly persecuted: it remained above two days exposed to the insolence of the dregs of the people, until Jugurtha and Sciaretta Colonna, who returned to Rome upon the first news of his death, ordered it to be carried to the Jew's quarter, with whom they left it.

"Such was the end of Nicholas Rienzi, one of the most renowned men of his age: who, after forming a conspiracy full of extravagance, and executing it in the sight almost of the whole world, with such success that he became sovereign of Rome; after causing plenty, justice, and liberty to flourish among the Romans; after protecting potentates and terrifying sovereign princes; after being arbiter of crowned heads; after re-establishing the ancient majesty and power of the Roman republic, and filling all Europe with his fame during the seven months of his first

reign; after having compelled his masters themselves to confirm him in the authority he had usurped against their interests; fell at length at the end of the second, which lasted not four months, a sacrifice to the nobility whose ruin he had vowed, and to those vast projects which his death prevented him from putting in execution. Had his judgment and conduct been answerable to his genius and eloquence, Rienzi might have been set in competition with the greatest of monarchs. At some critical junctures he was a profound politician, at others weak and almost stupid. This inequality in talents, temper, and conduct was the cause of his rise, and the cause of his ruin. Like comets, these phantoms of sovereignty are no more than the plaything of a day. After his death a steel mirror was found in his cabinet, in such characters and figures as confirmed the populace in their opinion of his being a magician."—pp. 282—286.

ART. III.—Observations on the Advantages of Classical Learning, viewed as the Means of Cultivating the Youthful Mind, and more especially as compared with the Studies which it has been proposed to substitute in its stead. By the REV. M. RUSSELL, LL. D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1836.

WE are of that number who think that great improvements have been of late years, and that others may still be made, in the system of educating youth. From the revival of learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, down to nearly the present period, the Greek and Roman classical writers were alone considered the source of sound information in philosophy, poetry, history, rhetoric, medicine, and law, and believed to supply the best materials for conducting a complete education. In short, as Dr. Russell continues, philologists were looked upon as the only truly learned men. An opinion, however, has arisen, and is gaining ground, that the study of nature or of *things*, instead of, or rather along with *words*, is the most rational method of expanding and enlightening the mind. The teachers and advocates of the former system, maintaining that the classics of Greece and Rome contained the finest examples of elevated sentiment and refined style that secular learning had ever presented, claimed for the study of them the proud title of *Humanity*, on account of their powerful influence in humanizing the mind; while those who attached themselves to the latter opinion, and argued that useful and real knowledge might not only be made the vehicle, but the end chiefly contemplated, in elementary education, were called Philanthropists and the advocates of *Knowledge-schools*. It is upon the comparative merits of these two systems that the author of this pamphlet has employed his pen. We shall hastily run over his statements and arguments, and afterwards give our reasons for differing from him, or rather for finding fault with his representation of the question at issue.

Dr. Russell is a man of well known literary merits and acquirements; nor can it surprise any one, when it is mentioned that he is of the old school—a Humanity disciple on the subject of education and learning, as compared with the patrons of what are called Knowledge-schools. He commences his argument by stating, that we sometimes hear the study of ancient authors derided as nothing better than the committing to memory a certain number of *words*, while the other method is decorated with the honourable distinction of conveying a real knowledge of *things*, but that to pronounce on their comparative merits, various views must be taken of the subject. Accordingly, regard must be had, in the first place, to their effects in cultivating the mental powers. In this respect he insists that the study of the ancient classical writers is better fitted than any other which could be substituted in their places, especially at the early age when mental training is pursued as a primary object.

“With this view let it be observed, that the study of language, as embodying the names of things and the processes of thought, is the one to which the minds of children are most familiar, because it has engaged their attention from the first dawn of reason. The infant displays its first efforts, as an intellectual creature, in attempting to form a vocabulary, to associate words with the qualities and relations of things, and, when a little more advanced, to class the forms of expression, and to refer them to general rules. In this way a child, after completing his second year, is seen connecting the outward visible world with those operations of the immaterial principle within him, on which are ultimately founded the philosophy of language and the doctrines of general grammar. This process, which advances by gradual, and often insensible steps, ends in a result which would be utterly amazing, if it were not one of those ordinary phenomena which fail to excite wonder merely because they are under our eyes every day; I mean the application of verbal signs, whereby the most metaphysical workings of the mind are clothed, as it were, with a material form, presented to the eye or the ear, and again made to the mind itself the subject of new thoughts and profound speculations. This may be described as the *Education of Nature*; the means by which, through the instrumentality of language, the mental energies of the human being are evolved and improved; the hidden chemistry by whose operation, in the very spring of our days, intellect is so closely combined with the elements of speech that they are ever afterwards inseparable; and whence those winged words which bear sentiment and knowledge from soul to soul acquire their mystic power.”—p. 10.

He argues that the study of language ought to precede, for instance, that of natural history; and that afterwards all other studies become comparatively easy, while they are pursued with far greater profit than at an earlier period. To those who think that the pursuit of ancient literature may be beneficially superseded at our public schools, by introducing the study of botany, zoology, and mineralogy, he submits, that as these sciences must either be taught systematically or in outline, the former method is by far too labo-

rious for early youth, and that the latter is useless for the purpose of improving the mind, or worse than useless, because it leads to loose and inaccurate habits of thought, as well as to an arrant dissipation of time and talent.

"Hardly any thing, for example, could be more oppressive or painful, considered as a task for a child, than the attempt to lay up in the memory the long catalogue of names descriptive of the Linnæan Botany—the classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties; and yet if this is not done, the pupil learns nothing which can improve his understanding, or prepare it for those severe exercises of reflection which belong to the pursuits of maturer life, and without which no professional eminence can possibly be attained. Merely to know one shrub or tree from another is not science: the student must be able to refer every specimen to its place in the system; he must know the grounds on which the arrangement is established, and be qualified to explain the principles on which the classification proceeds. If mental activity and cultivation be the object in view, it is not enough that a boy shall be so far instructed as to tell that a plant is composed of a stem, branches, leaves, and bark, and that there are within it vessels which convey nourishment from the soil in which it grows to the several parts of which it consists. This knowledge every peasant possesses, and uses it, too, as the guide of his practical operations; but such acquaintance with nature does not constitute that science which ought to be communicated at any school which professes to enlarge as well as to stock the mind."—pp. 12, 13.

He applies the same remarks to zoology and mineralogy, and insists that a study of these and other branches of natural science and experimental philosophy, to such as he terms the amateur student, may even at a more advanced age be useless and unimportant; but that at twelve years old or so, they would be positively injurious. And he concludes again, that literature is on all accounts the most suitable subject on which the memory, the judgment, and the taste of youth can be exercised; and that it has been the basis of all the establishments of education which have formed the most able men throughout Europe. We quote another passage, to show the style of the author's reasoning on this point.

"It is observed by a practical guide, that 'the study of the classics, from the first application to the tenses and declensions of their language to the last perusal of their sublimest poetry, is admirably calculated to employ, to enlarge, and to improve all the faculties of the human mind.' To analyze the grammatical construction, and to investigate the meaning of a difficult passage; to trace its various figures and allusions, and to detect its deficiencies or display its beauties; this is the employment which every teacher enjoins, and of which every student finds the benefit. When I see a youth exploring his grammar, his dictionary, his notes, every resource within his reach, in order to ascertain the sense of his author, and to appear with credit at the lesson; when I see his sagacity quickened by practice, and his confidence in his own powers increased by successful exertion, I look forward with pleasure to the period when his talents and his industry, in some liberal profession, shall

be honourable to himself, and beneficial to the society in which Providence has placed him. The habits of application, indeed, which these studies require, are valuable in every point of view. They equally prepare the youth for the immediate acquisition of science and the future transactions of life ; for the pursuit of wisdom and the practice of virtue."

—pp. 20, 21.

Dr. Russell attempts to support these theoretical and perhaps plausible views, by an appeal to facts and to history, ancient as well as modern, which he maintains satisfactorily proves that the literature of Greece and Rome has enlightened the understanding, purified the taste, and enlarged the conceptions of successive generations ; that it has been recognised by those who derived benefit from it as the immediate cause of their improvement, and that the learning and polish of the most cultivated nations in our day, can be distinctly traced to its operations. After giving a sketch of European history from the classical age of Greece, the author asks—

"Is it an illusion created by the enthusiasm of literary historians, to suppose that the taste and genius of one people should have so great an influence on the character and pursuits of whole nations, separated from them by thousands of miles, and by the interval of twenty centuries? We are called to contemplate the most astonishing results in connexion with certain occurrences which are said to have procured them ; but must they be necessarily regarded in the relation of cause and effect? Our answer is, that they were so regarded by the respective generations who witnessed the change and profited by it ; and we have the best reason to believe, that as models of arrangement and examples of fine writing, the works of the ancients are calculated to produce similar fruits in our own days. 'Be assured,' says Lord Brougham, 'that the works of the English chisel fall not more short of the wonders of the Acropolis, than the best productions of modern pens fall short of the chaste, finished, nervous, and over whelming compositions of the Greeks.'" —p. 31.

In addition to the arguments drawn from the nature of the human mind, and the evidence of history, Dr. Russell appeals to a number of authorities who have urged the advantages of classical learning in early life, and whose individual cases are illustrations of their doctrine. He next argues that classical learning is even a highly valuable acquisition, as containing a stock of knowledge, and a fund of enlightened and rational enjoyment. For example, a youth obtains, in learning Greek and Latin, access to the source whence have sprung, more or less immediately, not only the languages of modern Europe, but also the greatest portion of the literature, the fine arts, and even the sciences, which at present adorn the most civilized parts of the world. Besides, literature in its highest and most valuable qualities, is unlike most branches of ancient knowledge, or kinds of ancient works, in this, that it cannot be copied or transferred from one tongue to another. For instance,

Homer has never been read but in Greek ; and who^d would talk of giving the works of Shakspeare or Burns in a version ? Many other unquestionable advantages are mentioned as consequent on the study of the refined languages in question, and various objections replied to that have been urged against the author's views. We shall only present one other extract from this pamphlet, which does not indeed pretend to be anything more than a condensation of certain arguments that have often and long been made use of, on the same side of the question, and then offer some general observations as to the author's conclusions.

“ It cannot be too frequently inculcated, that the study of language is the study of mind, and that he who analyzes human speech enjoys the best means of becoming acquainted with the various faculties which the human soul puts forth in connexion with the bodily frame. If to know one's self be more important than to be able to class stones, plants, or animals, it follows that the principles of grammar are more useful as an instrument of education than the elements of any physical science. In fact, all knowledge of matter, except as a lumpsish inert substance occupying a certain portion of space, is destined to come to us through the medium of our mental operations, which enable us to mark its properties and arrange them into orders, according as they affect the reason or the senses. Anatomy, for instance, can reveal nothing as to the nature of life, sensation, or thought, in animals ; chemistry cannot bring any thing to light with regard to the ultimate principles of adhesion or combination in the substances to which its researches are directed ; nor could the mere observations of the astronomer ever have detected the source of those simple laws which guide the planets in their courses, and maintain the stability of the whole mundane system. These triumphs, so far as they have been gained, are due to mind—to the power of reflection and generalization—to the habit of comparing results and seeking for analogies in natural phenomena—to that sagacity, in short, which intellectual improvement is usually found to generate in an inquiring age, when man is seen gradually advancing to the mastery of those powerful agents by which he is every where surrounded.

“ May we not, then, assert with confidence, that if we improve mind we shall thereby most effectually promote the furtherance of knowledge in every other department ? If the soil be carefully cultivated, almost every crop may be successfully raised upon it ; and if the instrument be well sharpened, it will cut the hardest substances, and may be employed to adorn the polished corners of the temple. If the sciences be valuable, it must be satisfactory to receive the assurance that they will be learned most easily and most effectually by the student whose faculties have been previously trained by classical learning to the habit of reflection.”—pp. 45, 46.

That there is a great deal of truth in Dr. Russell's statements and reasonings will not be denied, but that it is the whole truth, or the truth as it exists, which he urges, we positively deny. In the first place, we never heard any man argue or assert, whose opinion was of the slightest value, that classical learning was either

useless or other than of very high moment. But we have often listened to these doctrines (and we yield perfect acquiescence in them), that the acquisition of language, and an acquaintance with the results of inductive philosophy, or with the works of nature, in other words, that a knowledge of things and a knowledge of words—of classical words—writings and beauties, may go together in the sweetest harmony; nay, that they reciprocally aid one another, and should therefore never, if it can be avoided, be disjoined, as was the fashion in former times, and is still too prevalently the case. It seems just as unfair and absurd to laugh or rail at every thing belonging to natural and experimental philosophy, or a close observation of the phenomena around us, in reference to early education, as it is to deny that the Greek and Roman writers have bequeathed us the finest specimens of poetry and rhetoric. Why should a youth not be taught the two kinds of knowledge at the same time? The truth is, that in many schools they are now so united, and with the happiest and most promising results. Dr. Russell ought to know that such is the case, and not come forward with a piece of special pleading, as he has done in his pamphlet; for that his argument is nothing better is most manifest to us, both as respects the paucity of his data, and the exaggeration of his illustrations!

The author's illustrations, drawn from the sciences of botany, zoology, and mineralogy, seem to amount to no more than that, unless all scientific knowledge be clothed in the language of the schools, it is good for nothing; and that unless a person be made perfect in his youth in each branch, he should not be allowed to acquire any knowledge of it whatever. And here, let it be observed, that he seems to fall into the common, the old-fashioned, and yet glaring error, which presumes that education is something that only concerns youth; whereas, the rudiments of knowledge, and a taste for it, to be during after life cultivated, is what can alone be expected of our early years. Now, is a youth who has spent five or six years hammering at the classics, to the neglect of all experimental knowledge in philosophy, and study of the external works of creation, likely by such a dry and repulsive career to be so charmed into habits of reflection and observation, as he who has been allowed to follow the natural bent of every young mind—that is, to have his curiosity assisted and guided to the beauties of nature, and the wonders teeming around him? The question is not so much, what is acquired in youth, as whether what is acquired is an inducement and help to self-cultivation, guiding the inquirer to every sort of knowledge that may exist in all time coming.

Dr. Russell has instanced a variety of eras, nations, and men of celebrity, to support and illustrate his opinions and arguments. But without seeking to undervalue such examples and authorities, it seems reasonable to require, before these can be triumphantly cited,

that it should be proven, had another, and as we think a more natural system of education been opened to them, that such examples must have been less numerous, and less illustrious.

No person will be so bold as to say, that to certain professional characters, such as divines, lawyers, and medical gentlemen, the study of the classics can be dispensed with. Latin and Greek may be called a set of tools with which they have to work throughout their lives. But the whole of the community do not belong to the learned professions; and when discussing the merits of different systems of tuition, one was entitled to expect that the author would have addressed himself to a broader and more important view of the subject, and shown us the wonderful benefits to be derived from four or five years' hammering at the classics, to the neglect of many other branches, which, to the mass even of the respectable members of society, are apparently of far more practical and real value. We have also yet to learn that the generality of boys who have received a classical education, during the number of years named, derive any thing like a real and afterwards practical perception of the literary beauties which they have so long been tasked to translate. For the most part, it is by an assiduous study throughout many after years, that a true relish is acquired for the immortal authors of Greece and Rome, which few have either time or opportunities for cultivating.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Don Manuel de Godoy, Prince of the Peace, &c. &c. Written by Himself.* Edited, under the Superintendence of His Highness, by Lieut.-Colonel J. B. D'Esménard. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1836.

THIS Spaniard has long lain under certain heavy imputations. It has hitherto generally believed that he betrayed his country to foreigners, by calling in Napoleon to take possession of it, and that his intrigues had for their object the obtaining of the principality of Algarves. His administration has for the most part been considered weak, selfish, and wicked, and the length of time that has elapsed before this attempted vindication of his conduct makes its appearance, is a circumstance that does not weaken the prevailing opinion. The Prince, however, labours hard, and not altogether without success, to show that his public career was pure and enlightened, in so far as these volumes bring his history down, this being merely to the close of the last century. We do not anticipate, however, that he will be equally successful concerning what took place in Spain, from 1801, when he was appointed Generalissimo, and for the next seven years, where the burden of the charges brought against him rest. The work really does not promise to be

of much value. Its disclosures regarding an intriguing and weak court are not important, the style is artificial and bombastic, the chief feature of the whole being an exaggeration of various trifling circumstances brought forward in vindication of the autobiographer, and rendered more extravagant by the style and spirit of a panegyric translator, who deals constantly in superlatives.

Godoy begins his memoirs by explaining the motives for his past silence. These consist of his extremely loyal feelings towards his sovereign, Charles IV., and other members of the royal family, and a philosophy that could bear with foul calumnies till a more disinterested race would weigh with candour his statements, than the contemporaries of his power were likely to be. There are some things more apparent than the truth of these reasons for silence, in this part of the vindication, such as the degraded condition of Spain during the period described, the feebleness of the king, and the minion spirit that pervades the author's conduct.

The Prince proceeds to give details of his birth, his ancestors, and the first years of his life. He was born, he tells us, in 1767, and not in 1764, as asserted by biographers. His parents were of noble families. But his rapid elevation in royal favour is not particularly accounted for, although, according to the translator, it afforded matter for the lively gossiping of the gentlemen of the bedchamber, and the ladies of the palace. "All posthumous research on the subject," continues the same authority, "would be superfluous at the present day." And the Prince himself states that "as to the private motives which induced the king to place in my hands the reins of government, and to grant me his full confidence, an impartial and conscientious historian, though at a loss for the exact clue to unravel this mystery, would abstain nevertheless from adopting reports as vulgar as they are equivocal in their nature." He vindicates his birth, his education, and his elevation, in some most puerile paragraphs, from which we take the following:—

"Sufficiently well-born to present myself openly at the court of my sovereigns, and become their ally, because such was their pleasure, and they obtained the consent of their august family to the alliance, what inconceivable aberration of mind could have induced me to seek a nearly fabulous, or semi-barbarian origin? None laughed more heartily than I did at the pretended discoveries with which my patience was exhausted by those arrant visionaries, those frivolous and needy professors of the science—or rather the art—of heraldry, in their attempt to flatter my vanity. I entertained no less a feeling of contempt, and with difficulty could I disguise it, when certain high personages—whose family had a connexion with mine, except the common origin of *Adam*, from whom we are all descended—impelled by motives of base adulation, by an insatiable thirst for court favours, came to converse with me respecting their ancient or modern ties of relationship with my family—ties hitherto

unknown on either side. If an occasional blush betrayed but slightly the emotion I could scarcely suppress—if I felt reluctant to repel with rudeness those who thus came to make trial of my patience—is it, therefore, to be inferred that I set any great value on such acts of meanness? Where is the man who, having attained the summit of power, has not found himself surrounded with flatterers, and greedy, insipid men? Oh! I knew them well: many have afterwards attempted to revenge upon my head their former cringing, to belie which they have eagerly sought to place themselves in the foremost ranks of my enemies.

"I shall add little to what I have stated respecting the means of existence of my family. It no doubt possessed but a moderate fortune; my detractors in Spain, and foreign biographers after them, have stigmatised it with being poor. Strange contradiction of those writers, who boast for the greater part of their liberal sentiments, and yet pause to examine empty titles of nobility and the income enjoyed by my family! Yes, my family was poor, if you understand by that term a decent mediocrity of fortune. Our predecessors in life bequeathed honour, and even illustrious titles, but no riches, to their children: however we were not *poor* in the strict sense of the word. The house in which I was born was found sufficiently commodious to become the residence of the royal family on their journey to Seville in February 1796. They passed a few days at Badajos, and condescended to occupy it. My father's means of existence, though very moderate, enabled him to live without being a burden to any one; they also allowed of his rearing his children according to their rank, and even with a degree of extravagance in the choice of the private tutors who were entrusted with our education.

"I pause here for a moment.

"Those who have taken pleasure in depreciating and vilifying me by ludicrous imputations, have represented me as an adventurer devoid of all education, with no other talent except that of playing the guitar and singing national airs. A modern Orpheus, allege Messrs. Jay, Jouy, and Arnault, respectable members of the French Academy; a great flute-player am I called by General Foy. What is the effect of this rage for making assertions without attempting to inquire into their truth? it leads to the compilation of ridiculous falsehoods, and to the assumption of the responsible editorship of the most silly impostures, of every species of nonsense. It is quite certain that I never played any instrument, that I am wholly a stranger to music—an ignorance which I very sincerely regret."—vol. i, pp. 99—102.

It was in the year 1792 that Godoy was named prime minister by Charles IV., from which period, down to the same king's abdication in 1808, he declares that his life has been calumniated. By his own showing, however, it is pretty clear that he had constant resort to intrigues, that he was also without talent, and altogether unequal to what the country and the times required. He, for instance, hurried his country into the revolutionary war with France, at a time when nothing but disasters and disgrace could result from the measure; but he obtained from the peace that closed it, at least his

title of Prince of the Peace, which, we doubt not, was a jewel in his estimation, and something like an equivalent.

It is amusing, and not uninteresting, to observe the animosity which Godoy entertains against England, or at least the manner in which he stigmatises parts of her conduct. In reference to the treaty of Bale, he says France neither required nor proposed any thing that could prove injurious to the commerce of Spain, or expose her colonies "to the ambitious cupidity of England." It has been on the other hand generally believed, that the moderation of France on that occasion was a piece of deep policy, viz. in order that Spain might afterwards be obliged to turn her fleet against England. He declares, however, that the war, undertaken at first under the auspices of morality, in the name of justice and social order, was for England nothing more than a matter of calculation and a means of gratifying her animosity, whereas the conduct of Spain was generous and disinterested. His rancour and abuse find not a few high-sounding epithets wherein the perfidy of this country is boldly alleged.

"Disdainful, indifferent, and acting moreover with bad faith towards us, as she had always done when the opportunity offered, how could we expect her to appreciate the friendly dispositions which, even after the peace concluded with the republic, Spain had always eagerly evinced towards England as far as the laws of neutrality left us at liberty to act.

"How can I describe the new struggle I had to carry on with the British cabinet? It insisted on our again plunging into the embarrassments of a fatal war, in which other states had embarked. Promises, threats, flattery, insults, supplications, intrigues, all kinds of attempts and allurements—gold, in short, in as great abundance as I might demand—nothing was left untried; the most persevering efforts were made to deprive us of a peace inoffensive to all the belligerent powers.

"I have spoken of the bad faith of England in her character of an ally. I am far from accusing the whole nation; the English people and their cabinet are in perfect contrast with each other. Solely and exclusively attending to the advantage of the country, the administration openly manifested the object it aimed at obtaining. Once mistress of the seas, England would sway the continent; she would command the monopoly of industry and commerce. A system favourable, no doubt, to British interests, but unjust in the highest degree towards every other nation. Should she succeed in her views, there would be an end to fraternal intercourse between nations: friends, enemies, all were alike condemned to bend to the exclusive principle set up by England. She claimed supremacy over all; she claimed the first consideration; again she stepped in under another character: she was everywhere to be found. Other nations were to rest contented with the crumbs that might fall, if she allowed any to fall, from her table.

"Unquestionably the complaints of Spain were not vain subtleties, or pretexts invented in order to break off with England. How many

insults did we not endure without remonstrance? How many acts of ingratitude and treachery had we not to complain of, even at a time when we were her allies! The expedition to Toulon, the deplorable result of which is so well known, and which, had it been properly directed and supported in accordance with the plan originally adopted, would have altered the aspect of affairs, at least in the south of France; that expedition alone, I repeat it, furnished a sufficient ground for breaking off with England. Spain, assuredly, would never have taken part in it for the object of setting fire to a harbour and ransacking the arsenals of the French navy. We suffered as much as France by this proceeding; our honour was compromised; Castilian loyalty had to blush at an act of infamy in which she appeared to be an accomplice."—vol. i, pp. 453—455.

Has the blood and the treasure which England left in the Peninsula no better reward than the invectives and distorted statements of this weak and worthless egotist? But he is not deserving of a serious refutation. He afterwards speaks of an anonymous pamphlet which found its way to the king's hands, having for its title "War with the whole World; peace with England," the object of which was, he asserts, to ruin him in the king's good opinion, and evidently instigated by the cabinet of St. James's. In a note he continues to say, that well-founded conjectures ascribe the production in question to the Duke D'Infantado, whose Anglomania is sneered at. But the high-minded Prince assures his readers that he evinced nothing but contempt for its author. In this rabid and feeble style the autobiographer fills up his pages, without scarcely ever furnishing documents or reference to authorities possessed of any weight. It would indeed be a profitless labour to go through these volumes in search of striking or valuable disclosures as to matters of state, national events, or even the intriguing period embraced. There is no occasion to traverse the pages of any part of the work for readable matter. A great part of it is taken up with an enumeration of the Prince's services to literature and the arts, although it is almost entirely upon his *ipse dixit* that the reader must rely. We may copy his summing up of his patriotic deeds, after he had been at the helm of affairs for about six years. "I almost regenerated Spain, without tumult or confusion; by degrees—at a slow pace, it is true, nevertheless, at a sure one. I prepared all the means of success; I created others; I neglected none that were in existence. It was in this progressive state that I left Spain when I resigned the ministry. She was free from revolutions, respected by France; sciences, arts, literature, were flourishing; agriculture was making wonderful strides; the great Spanish family of both hemispheres indulged the hopes of a happy future, and cherished all the virtues which constituted the glory and the prosperity of nations. Nothing can tear from me these recollections, which to this day console my solitary old age." How wondrously modest is the garrulous Prince!

We shall only repeat, that though these volumes, in so far as they go, set in a fairer light the early years of Godoy than we were previously led to view them, they do not increase our general knowledge of history in any thing like what is commensurate with their bulk and pretensions, nor have they reached the era when the author's fame is most at stake.

ART. V.—*The American in England.* By the author of "A Year in Spain." 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1836.

POWER'S Impressions of America may very well be placed alongside of the present work. Both writers are spirited and sketchy; there being more piquancy and caricature in the latter than in the former, and decidedly more of national prepossessions. It appears to us, indeed, that though both are honest and liberal tourists, Mr. Power is much less apt to speak confidently of that on which his information is defective than the American, and that he is more a man of the world than his brother Jonathan. He has also a finer relish for the beautiful, but not such a perception of the ridiculous. At the same time, the two works inculcate tolerance, social affections, and a reproof of those jealousies which many of the travellers from both sides of the Atlantic have either wilfully or virtually laboured to engender. There is a passage in the preface to the volumes before us, that eminently bespeaks our favour, and which we recommend to Mr. Willis's study, when next he gives Pencilings by the Way. It is in these terms:—"There are two ways in which one might write of a country like England; in the first place, instructively, by the collection of materials and facts of a statistical nature, reasoning upon the results they present, and indulging in comparisons; in the second place, amusingly, by describing whatever characters or events of a private nature passed under the observation of the writer, and by serving up, for the public's money, details of conversations, incidents, and opinions which had been furnished to him without price, through the hospitality of his entertainers. For the first method the author found himself unqualified by actual knowledge and by the taste to acquire it; for the second, which has been so successfully used by English writers on his own country, and with scarce inferior profit by others on England, he felt that he had no vocation." His simple attempt seems merely to have been, to give what he considered a faithful account of whatever particularly engaged his attention in a country which has so many things in common with his native land, that, as he says, one is perpetually prompted to inquire wherein consists the difference. This closeness of affinity, where there are still distinct shades, perhaps renders the people of these two countries the least capable of

doing justice to the merits of one another's peculiarities. This observation has by no means unfrequently pressed itself upon our notice in going over these pages. But still, though often finding the author at fault, we neither blame him for a dull nor illiberal eye; he is lively, acute, and rapid, and hence mistakes have arisen which fuller study must have generally corrected. When we find him characterizing people and scenes that have only come under his glance as he traversed the crowded streets of London, and in other instances when whirled along at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, and after the sun had gone down, we must be excused for saying, that a more sober judgment, and careful observer, could not resist a conclusion that is not so complimentary to our American's wisdom as to his quickness.

Mention has been made of the name of Mr. Willis, author of the *Pencilings by the Way*. The following passage bears such a strong resemblance to one to be found in that gentleman's work, in reference to his admiration of the English stage-coach by which he travelled to London from the port where he landed, that the present author must have had it in his head, when he penned such a second edition as the example to be given presents. The original, however, has not been mended.

"The neat, graceful, compact form of the pretty toy, the mettled and impatient air of the shining and well-groomed horses, the high polish of the harness, and admirable order and neatness of the whole affair, together with the stately and consequential air of the portly and well-muffled coachman, as he ascended to his box with the mien of a monarch seating himself upon his throne, all delighted me while yet the vehicle was in repose. When, however, the guard mounting behind, called forth the characteristic 'All right!' and the stable-boys who held the horses had released and abandoned them to their impatience, the whip cracked, the wheels began to spin round, and the pavements to rattle, while the veils of the fair occupants of the top of the coach streamed out from the rapid motion, and the whole presented an array of excited and happy faces, I thought the scene one of the most spirited and striking that it was possible to behold; and the sensation with which I contemplated it worth all the musings of sublimity with which for want of something better, I had fed imagination on the outward voyage."—vol. i, pp. 60, 61.

When speaking of what he calls the *invisible* dock-yard of Portsmouth, in so far as foreigners are concerned, unless they have a specific order from the Admiralty, and disapproving of the regulation as ineffectual, he uses, in the true Yankie style, the term *waning*, in reference to England's dominion on the ocean. This means, we suppose, that America is to rule the waves at no distant day—an experiment which, for the weal of both countries, it is to be hoped is never to be attempted. But why should such unfounded prognostications be indulged in by any friend to peace and brotherly affection? We like his comparisons better of the fashion of American

Steamers intended for circumscribed seas, and river navigation, with those of England, that traverse the wide ocean, and skirt dangerous coasts ; and when we find him speaking with the warmth of a good man, of an interesting group which he had met with in the cabin of one of these English vessels, we enter with still more kindliness into the spirit of his sentiments. The group in question is described as consisting of a young gentleman, a lady of great beauty and elegance, who was evidently his wife, and a good-looking nurse with a pretty boy of two or three years old. The author had just arrived in England, and was an entire stranger to this family, and the circumstance he particularly dwells on, and combines with observations of more extensive bearing, is, their cordially inviting him to partake with them of some sandwiches and other substantial comforts which they produced from a basket which they carried.

“ An act of courtsey like this would have been obvious enough on the continent ; and in Spain would surely, under like circumstances, have been practised by the humblest peasant or muleteer ; but I certainly was not prepared for such civility by a slight intercourse with various repulsive specimens of English people in my own country and elsewhere. As I had not, however, come to this country armed, in imitation of the amiable example of its travellers in my own, with a set of opinions to which facts were by some means to be accommodated, I very willingly stored up the circumstance in my memory as a pleasing incident, which I am happy to record. Perhaps the attention may have been unusual, and owing to my removing my hat and bowing as I entered an apartment, of which, though public for all the passengers, they were the only occupants, having rendered it probable that I was a foreigner. At any rate, I learned on this occasion one lesson of national manners, which was confirmed by all my subsequent experience. This was, the sensible custom of English people, of going always armed with eatables to sustain their energies, and keep alive their enthusiasm. The pleasures and excitement of a journey, the rapture which is enkindled by the contemplation of fine scenery, or the ecstasy with which the soul is moved by the triumphs of music at a festival or an oratorio, are never in England allowed to be diminished by the inward discomfort of an empty stomach. There is a sympathy of feeling on this subject throughout the land ; and never shall I forget the loud and enthusiastic burst of loyalty with which I once saw King William greeted by an overflowing house at Drury-lane, as he accompanied his cup of tea by the customary bread and butter, eating, as one remarked beside me, exactly like a common person.”—vol. i, pp. 81, 82.

There are abundance of complimentary tributes paid to England, with some strictures of an opposite nature, gathered from inadequate authority, ere the American reaches old Father Thames. For instance, he learned that of the French fishermen who visit the English coast, should a gale drive them ashore, they are plundered and maltreated without mercy by our people, who are rivals in the same trade ; and that our Gallic neighbours on this account sel-

dom land even to make a few necessary purchases. On the other hand, after describing some of the numerous shoals to be found with in the estuary of the Thames, he thus breaks forth in his admiration of English enterprise.

"Through these the mariner has to make his way, the channel leading him not unfrequently over places which are naked, and become land at ebb. Such almost every where is the coast of England; and the weekly lists of wrecks and tales of perished crews during the season of storms, testify to the reality of the dangers which beset her seamen. I am particularly anxious to impress these facts forcibly upon my countrymen, in order that they may appreciate that feeling of admiration, not unaccompanied with wonder and with awe, with which I was approaching the metropolis of a country which, though inconsiderable in extent, with a climate healthful indeed, but unsuited to rich productions, and, on the whole, unpropitious; its coasts, destitute of natural harbours, exposed to the inconvenience of excessive tides, and devastated by frequent and frightful storms, has yet risen by commerce to an eminence of wealth, power, and consideration, of which the world had hitherto known no example."—pp.122, 123.

He was sadly offended, however, in passing one large black ship which lay in the river, whose open ports displayed gratings of stout iron bars, and which was bound with convicts to Botany Bay. Is he right when he says, she was filled with criminals of a dye of guilt and depth of depravity such as England only can produce? And does he not speak like the native of a young country, who has not studied the complicated nature of our institutions, resting as they do on the foundations of a thousand years, when he says, these criminals might be looked on as prisoners of war, captured in the battles of that perpetual contest which is kept up between property and poverty? A wiser man than the American in England would approach the mighty edifice in question with more reverence; an American of more remarkable modesty would remember that oppression and crime are carried to their utmost verge in the slave states of his own country, and threaten a more direful contest than any thing which a person acquainted thoroughly with England need at present dream of.

The author coaches it from Gravesend to London. On arriving at the Elephant and Castle, night had set in, but yet he hesitates not to treat us with a rather minute, and in too many particulars, an accurate account of what he saw, heard, and thought. There is a sufficient quantity of exaggeration, however, in it, and such as is characteristic of the writer.

"Who can realize the uproar, the deafening din, the rush, the vast movement in various and conflicting directions; the confusion, which yet seemed strangely enough to result in order; and the pervading bustle of that scene, so teeming with activity and life? I was stunned, confused, overpowered, heart-sick, at the sight of so immense an assem-

blaze of my fellow-creatures with whom I had no feeling of sympathy. There was a dazzling blaze of light from shops and lamp-posts to aid the obstructed efforts of the moon, and unbounded animation in the scene, yet there was nothing that was cheering.

"The dark masses of dwelling houses had a confined, narrow, gloomy and lugubrious aspect. They were of brick, without window-sills of marble or other coloured stone; unpainted, and unenlivened by blinds. They were closely shut, and the glimpses of cheerfulness and domestic comfort exhibited in our streets were here unseen. All the shops were open to the weather; many of them having the whole front removed, and gas-lights blazing and streaming like torches, rather than with the puny and flickering illumination seen in ours. The articles were completely exposed to view at the side of the street: clothing, provisions, crockery, hardware; whatever is necessary to the wants of man: The druggists, with their variegated vases, as with us, cast the iris hues of their nauseous mixtures into the street. Sellers of cheap goods exposed them in the windows, with their prices labelled. The butchers hung out beef, pork, sausages, and enormous coarse sheep, in a nearly whole state, with sometimes the price affixed to the inferior portions, in order that the poor might judge whether the price they had received for their day's labour might compass a meal of meat; or whether they should seek a diet more suited to their means, of a neighbouring potato-merchant; or whether to turn in despair, as many of the most wretched seemed to do, to accept the flattering invitation of the magnificent gin-palace at the corner.

"It was the most splendid building of the neighbourhood; built with some little architectural elegance, whose effect was magnified by the unadorned character and gloomy air of the surrounding edifices. A beautiful gas light, in a richly ornamented lamp, stood as an inviting beacon, visible in many diverging directions. The windows were glazed with costly plate-glass, bearing inscribed, in illuminated letters, the words—'Gin at threepence—generous wines—hot spiced;' and the door surrounded by stained panes of rich dye, having rosettes, bunches of grapes, and gay devices. The art which once was reserved for the ornament of temples, and was made to idealize on Gothic windows the lives of saints and martyrs, is here no longer the attribute of religion alone, but serves to lure the poor and the vicious of England to greater poverty and more abject vice. There was a singular moral in the contrast between the magnificence of this temple of misery and the wan and tattered aspect of its votaries. It was an obvious example of the connexion of cause and effect, and seemed intended as a ludicrous illustration and mockery of their fate. And yet they entered; men and women; the last, moreover, in numbers not inferior to the men; sometimes, too, with children by the hand; sometimes pressed, in the helpless stage of infancy, to their polluted bosoms."—vol i, pp. 158—162.

For the sake of dramatic effect, we presume our American has crowded into that one night's passing glance, all the knowledge he afterwards acquired of the densely populated districts of the metropolis. We wonder, therefore, that he did not modify his statement,

in various particulars—such as when he afterwards says, “all seemed in search of food, of the means of intemperance, and of gratifying low and brutal passions.” At the hour he speaks of, and when whirled along from the Elephant and Castle towards Westminster Bridge, there must have been many sober, industrious, and enlightened members of the community passing on either hand; and though not a few married couples might be proceeding to market, we cannot allow that they presented a picture of intemperance or grossness on that account, but rather proofs of comfort and virtuous principles. He who was so well pleased with the genteel and beautiful group, and their sandwiches in the steamer, should have reserved some of his admiration for honest tradesmen, who after their day’s hard toil was over, escorted their wives or daughters to make their purchases for the morrow or a longer period, which, we are sure, was the case with not a few of those, indecently declared by the author to have been in search of the means of gratifying low and brutal passions. Other hasty and erroneous views are not scarce in these volumes. For example—

“Regent-street terminates at this extremity in a flight of steps, descending into St. James’s Park, whose naked trees here intercepted the prospect; while from among them might be seen, rising nobly in the distance, the lofty roof of Westminster Abbey, flanked by its Gothic towers. In this fine situation, at the extremity of the street, overlooking the Park, the Abbey, and the surrounding palaces, stands a lofty column of stone, which I learned with wonder was intended to receive the statue of Frederick, late Duke of York. I could not help asking myself what the Duke of York had done for England, that she should thus commemorate him. Will not posterity be disposed to ask the same question, and to wonder to what achievement of his inglorious career, conspicuous only for ignominious failure as a general, for base and infamous collusion as a commander-in-chief—to what act of a life passed in dishonourable neglect of the common honesty which enjoins the scrupulous payment of one’s debts, and in low debauchery as a man, he is indebted for this honour, hitherto reserved as the noblest meed of heroes and patriots? Will it not at least be admitted that he has won his column at a cheaper rate than Trajan in ancient times, or Napoleon in our own?”—vol. i, pp. 202, 203.

We are given to understand that the Duke of York’s debts will be paid to the uttermost farthing. At any rate, it is well known that on his death-bed he expressed not only an ardent hope, but a confident conviction, that such a result would attend the settlement of his affairs; and if there has been a distressing delay about the matter, his survivors have been to blame. But, independent of all these circumstances, had the American taken the trouble to read the history of the late European war, or even to question any veteran in the British service, or pensioner upon a military fund, he could not have remained a single moment ignorant of what the Duke of York had done for England. “The Soldiers’ Friend” is a designation that requires no amplification for English ears.

But still, our author finds much to praise and admire in London. Take some of his notices of Regent Park, and Regent Street.

"Hanover Terrace, with the charming lodges near it, next awakened my admiration, and presently I stood bewildered, yet not displeased, before the fantastic structures of Sussex Place. This is a curious group of buildings, in a Chinese taste, having a singular collection of octagonal towers, surmounted by cupolas and minarets. The effect of it is very odd; and though I felt no disposition to envy those who lived there, and whose ideas, as it struck me, were like to receive an eccentric and fantastic bent from the obliquity of their habitations, it served to give an air of variety to the whole scene, and greatly to enhance, by the effect of contrast, the more regular and undeniable beauties of the surrounding terrace.

"From this point the grounds of the Park are seen with all their beauty. They present a great variety of agreeable objects, groves, gardens, sheets of water, the indentation of whose shores imitate the graceful caprice of nature, interspersed with villas, lodges, and airy bridges, and the view being closed in the distance by the nave and towers of St. Catherine's, the dome of the Coliseum, and the colonnades of the adjoining terraces. The inhabitants of these mansions enjoy, in the heart of a great city, the sight of whatever is pleasing in the aspect of the most highly-ornamented scenes of rural life—for even sheep and cattle were not wanting to complete the picture of pleasing rusticity. Nor is it only in the sight of these objects that they found gratification. While many rolled over the smooth avenues in luxurious equipages, others of either sex ambled on beautiful and highly mettled horses, followed by neatly-dressed and equally well-mounted grooms; while others, with an air of not inferior enjoyment, rambled on foot over the gravelled walks of the enclosures, or, seated on rustic benches at the sunny side of a grove, or by the margin of the water, pored over the pages of some attractive author;—haply a Thomson, a Cowper, or some one of those descriptive poets of the land, who have sung so sweetly of rural scenes to a people formed by their tastes to appreciate their descriptions, and to sympathize in their ecstasies. The laugh and lively prattle of children, too, gave to the scene its most pleasing character of animation. Some were ferried over the water in pretty wherries, while others, hanging over the railings of the airy bridges which spanned the stream, seemed delighted to divide their luncheon with the majestic swans which sailed proudly below, and which for a moment forgot their stateliness and dignity in their eager efforts to catch the descending morsels.

"I re-entered Portland Place by the Park Crescent, and bent my steps homewards. As I passed along this noble avenue, from its origin in the Regent's to its close in St. James's Park, I had leisure again to admire its magnificence, and to appreciate the absurdity of comparing Broadway, or any street in America, to it. In the brilliancy derived from our transparent atmosphere, and unclouded deep-blue skies, and the dazzling splendour with which the sun shines through, revealing, gladdening, and vivifying every thing with the magnificence of an unimpeded and tropical illumination, we possess, indeed, an advantage to which London and England are equally and for ever strangers. In the single particular of

unbounded movement and life, Broadway is moreover equal, from the simple circumstance of its immense length, and its being almost the only outlet to a great city, to Regent-street, or any other that I am acquainted with. But in all else its attractions are not such as to entitle it to enter into the comparison.

"In the first place, it is greatly inferior in spaciousness and width. In Broadway there is a perpetual and most displeasing variety in the height and fashion of the houses : each is a complete republican, that has grown up independently and in its own way. A giant of four stories, with a flat roof, looks down upon its next neighbour, a big-headed dwarf of one story, with a most ambitious attic. Here is a dwelling-house, there a shop. The windows and doors are scattered up and down, in defiance of symmetry, and in contempt of right lines, and the variety of colours is infinite. In Regent-street, on the contrary, there are continuous ranges of edifices, erected on a series of uniform plans, decorated with architectural ornaments, and coated with plaster of one uniform complexion. Perhaps the churches and public buildings that one passes in a walk in Broadway are in better style than those in Regent-street, though this, after all, is not saying much. With us there is a disposition to keep to classic tastes and approved models, while here the taste is to mingle beauties, however discordant, producing what is original and eccentric ; something which has had no precedent, and is likely to be followed by no imitation. In both places there is the same nuisance of omnibusses, and the same sufficiency of dust, though we excel wonderfully in noise, owing to the circumstance of our pavement being made of round pebble-stones."—vol. i, pp. 238—244.

Then, as to the street population of the two cities, he thinks the comparison is in favour of London, where there is an air of greater health, more fulness of muscle, and freshness of complexion, than in his own country. In London, he declares that the races are most distinctly marked—which is carrying his critical acumen somewhat too far, but not so far or so offensively and gratuitously as he pushes it. He not only asserts that the gentleman was easily distinguishable from the labouring classes, whose "mouth and jaws announced bull-dog capacity to tear and masticate their hard-earned food," and among whom "there was often a preposterous development of the neck, the shoulders, the arms, and hands ;" but even "the trader had a very different air" when compared with the gentleman. "There was a blending of haughtiness and humiliation, a versatility held in preparation for contact with inferiors or the great ; a look which could catch the expression of contempt and scorn, or soften at once into a complacent simper and cringing obsequiousness." There is in all this far too much of dogmatic precision, and something more disgustingly aristocratic than any thing we ever heard muttered by any Englishman. But we have less patience with him when he comes to the fair.

"The women whom I saw were nearly all plump and comely, and their complexions were universally good, even in this dingy atmosphere. To be

sure, their faces were nearly all dirty, at which I was the less disposed to wonder when I found, on getting to my lodgings, that my own was in the same condition. I had several times used my handkerchief in removing objects which had fastened on my face; these proved to be sooty particles, detached from the chimneys and furnaces of the mighty Babylon; and I found, on consulting my mirror, that I was, and had probably been so for some time, the proud possessor of an exceedingly well-defined coal-black whisker on the left cheek, together with a very promising mustache on the opposite side.

"But to return from my own face to the more pleasing study of those of the women: I have to remark that they were almost all expressive, and many of them very beautiful. Moreover, they generally surmounted well-formed and often swan-like necks, reposing on nobly-expanding bosoms. In descending, the analysis became less satisfactory, for their forms were, almost universally, bad; the upper part of the bodies was too large for the lower; the foundation seemed crushed by the weight of the superstructure. There was of course a limit to the observations one might make in the street; but to a man of any observation, or at all knowing in matters of this nature, used to induction, or capable, from the habit of ratiocination, of remounting from things seen and real to things hidden and unseen, there was little risk of injustice, in noticing the awkward bending of the ankle, to infer malformation above. The feet were, for the most part, ponderous and flat, indicating both an inherent ugliness and defective shoeing. They were often crooked and full of excrescences; nor did they always correspond exactly, and seem to be mates. Sometimes both had a leaning one way; the right foot out and the left in, for instance. I was more than once reminded of a stout double-decker, with high poop and heavy counter, lying down in strong breezes under double-reefed topsails.

"The gait, of course, of women thus formed was shuffling, heavy, and lumbering, destitute alike of harmony and ease.

"In general, the women were not well dressed: there was abundant evidence of defective taste, and an ignorance of the effect of colours. Indeed, it seemed that there were few ladies in the street; and that it was not the fashion for them to appear there, still less to look out of the window. The character of most of these females seemed to account for this restriction; it was only occasionally I saw a modest woman, followed closely by a servant in livery. I was particularly struck with an immense variety in the size of the females; the extreme height of some, and the equally wonderful smallness of others; when, occasionally, they came beside each other, the contrast was most preposterous. I could only account for this decrepancy by supposing that the big ones were fresh from the country; and I found, on inquiry, that they were probably from Yorkshire, while the 'little uns' were unquestionably the dwindlings and depreciations of the race, through long successive generations of a London existence; condensed, constrained, pinched up, and breathing and feeding unwholesomely."—vol. i, pp. 251—256.

The American must be "knowing in matters of this nature" indeed, when he can tell a Yorkshire from a London female. But his heresy or haste may be estimated on such subtle points as difference

of birth-place or station in life, when we find him declaring that in London "the poor made way for the well-dressed with a cringing air." "Rural justice, with its stocks and whipping-post, had inculcated a lesson of experience which they were not likely to forget." "There were none (boys) to drive hoops against one's shins." "Such as carried burdens abandoned the side-walk, and kept to the middle of the street." These, and many other equally confident statements, contain much that is new to us, and new, we believe, to most people who are intimately acquainted with the thronged thoroughfares of the English metropolis. Upon the whole, it seems that the author, in consequence of certain hastily formed opinions of a sweeping nature regarding the working classes in England, and by a rigid trial of their condition, according to democratic prejudices, has fortified himself in many of those prejudices, unintentionally it is believed, by some chance circumstances or inaccurate information, and that he has by no means uniformly drawn his pictures so as to strike another stranger as happy, although they may be spirited enough, or honestly intended. After part of a walk with him in the City, we must part.

"Beyond Temple Bar the road assumed the name of Fleet-street. It was of more ancient date and less well built than the Strand; but not less abounding in population, activity, and the multiplied emblems of wealth. I was much struck with the brilliancy of the shops the whole way to the heart of the City. Many of them, instead of the ordinary panes of glass, had, for the better exhibition of their goods, large plates, of the most costly description, such as are used for mirrors, each of them being worth some pounds sterling. The goods were opened out, and tastefully and temptingly exposed to view. There was a much greater subdivision of business and classification of pursuits than with us. A splendidly fitted building would be devoted exclusively to the exposition and sale of the single article of shawls, and the same with every thing else. My friend told me that so great is the extent of business here, and so enormous the transactions, that though dealers are satisfied with much less profit than with us, they yet realize the most colossal fortunes. They do not change their mode of living and begin to incur extravagant expense so soon as with us; but live on in a quiet and comfortable way, training up their children, though often inheritors of a princely fortune, to the same occupation with themselves, and keeping up well-known establishments in the same family from father to son.

"In the course of our walk he pointed out the establishment of a man who had become a millionaire by the sale of linen; told me of another who was a hosier, and at the same time the possessor of the finest stud of horses in the world, and who thought nothing of giving five or six thousand guineas for a great winner at Epsom or Doncaster, in order to improve his breeding stock. He had sold stockings by the pair all the days of his life, and was bringing up his son to sell stockings when he should be no more. A gloomy-looking shop, without show or external ornament of any sort, was pointed out to me as the establishment of the jewellers

and silversmiths to the King. Here are perpetually deposited enormous quantities of plate, either their own, or on which they have advanced money, or else for safe keeping during the absence of the owners from their mansions. It was through some advance of money or mortgage that this house came in possession of extensive and valuable coal-mines in New-Brunswick, of which the mere agencies are making people rich in some of our Atlantic cities."—vol. i, pp. 279—281.

ART. VI.—*Chapters of Contemporary History.* By Sir JOHN WALSH, Bart.
London: Murray. 1836.

THIS is a strongly political publication, containing the doctrines and statements of high conservatism, and issued, we presume, at the suggestion of the Carlton Club, at a time when the party whose integrity and wisdom it proclaims, perceive that their power is in imminent jeopardy. It seems to present the entire creed of the toryism of the day, which has been forced to take Sir Robert Peel as its high priest; and while it evinces much talent and ingenuity, no one who is not wedded to the party whose interests and views it advocates, can possibly be blind to the fact, that many of its plausibilities in statement and argument are extremely erroneous. We have often been struck with the contradictions which are not unfrequent in the reasonings and allegations of these chapters, and still more so with the reiteration of many assertions which have again and again been refuted. The spirit of special pleading, too, which pervades the work from beginning to end—the partial statement of facts, or the neglect of a recognition of many influential circumstances that ought to be fully beheld and understood, and which occurred before the commencement of the period embraced by this *Contemporary History*, can only mislead those who are ignorant of the mind of this country, and of the progress of public opinion during the last twenty years. Indeed, it will astonish us if Sir John Walsh accomplish more than show the zeal of a forlorn hope by this effort; for, admitting its ability and subtlety, no chimaera more extravagant surely can be entertained at this time of day, than that the doctrines of high toryism should maintain their ancient ground, or than that the age, which has outgrown so many antique usages and institutions, should not demand their renovation. We need not do more than glance very summarily at some of the statements and arguments brought forward in this *Contemporary History*, to prove that it deals largely in the most commonly alleged, and equally commonly refuted doctrines of bye-gone days, and of a rapidly declining school of statesmen.

The first chapter treats of the "Administration of Lord Grey, from the opening of the first reformed parliament to his retirement." Here the author professes to give a just view of the history and fate of that administration. His statement is this:—

"It was the declared purpose, and I have no doubt the sincere intention of Lord Grey's government, to satisfy the desires of the body of the people for a more active and direct participation in political power, by the extensive changes introduced by the Reform Bill. It was their favourite position that the nation contained within its bosom no elements of hostility to our institutions, to the mixed character of our constitution, or to the framework of our society. They considered that the popular demand for parliamentary reform was a just and a reasonable one, and that its concession was imperatively required by the wants of an age of increased intelligence and civilization. They argued that the public mind, satisfied in this respect by a wide and liberal extension of the basis of representation, would be placed far more in harmony with the other branches of the constitution. They contended that the security of the whole fabric would be confirmed by this timely and proper concession. They believed, in short, that the spirit of democracy in England was a mild, moderate, mitigated feeling; that it usurped no preponderance over the opinions of any class; that it was regulated and counterbalanced by attachment to our constitution, and by a sentiment of respect for the higher orders of our society. They conceived that it would be abundantly contented with what it had acquired; that it contained no germ of increase—no principle of encroachment; and that appeased by what it had obtained, there would be no reviving appetite to satisfy by fresh concessions. They therefore proclaimed that organic change should cease with the Reform Bill, (if, indeed, they admitted that measure to possess such a character); they calculated that the materials of resistance to further organic changes, would be greatly augmented by its passing; and they held out as the practical result of it, no fresh attacks upon the great landmarks of our constitution, but a variety of useful ameliorations in the details of our ecclesiastical, legal, financial, and commercial establishments."—pp. 2, 3.

He goes on to say, that "Lord Grey's policy was almost identical with that traced out by Sir Robert Peel in his late short administration." If this last assertion be a true account of the facts, may we not ask, why did not Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues, when formerly in power, anticipate the whigs by a wholesome measure of reform, when a comparatively mild act would have been gladly accepted by the people? or why such stern opposition was maintained by the tories to the whigs, when the latter did that which no ministry, (after the Duke of Wellington's famous declaration on the subject of reform, which was so fatal to his party), could resist introducing? If the tories had done that which it was their duty to do, and at the proper season, the whigs would not have come into power. It is no boast for Sir Robert Peel to do that at last, which he did reluctantly, and when he could no longer help it. This is a view which seems of itself sufficient to make the people of this country jealous of his honesty. But to return to the author's account of what was Lord Grey's policy—his argument is, that it was essentially conservative, and that after the great measure of parliamentary reform had been carried, the whigs thought that

nothing more than "a variety of useful ameliorations in the details of our ecclesiastical, legal, financial, and commercial establishments," was necessary. The term *useful* is too vague for any distinct announcement; but if Lord Grey or Sir Robert Peel looked upon the reform in parliament as a final and full measure, that was not to be practically followed out by other great changes, such as corporation reform, they were surely very ignorant of the voice of the country, and were long enough in office when their places were taken by others.

The great faults we find with the chapter now under consideration are, that it leaves out of view the necessity—which high tory policy long relentlessly pursued—created for sweeping and organic reforms; and that while it breathes hatred of the whigs, it yet argues that Lord Grey's administration was essentially conservative. There is much more matter in this chapter that admits of refutation or explanation, as it appears to us. The author's own statement of part of his creed, however, will, without a word of commentary, enable the reader to judge, with no small degree of accuracy, what are its weak and its strong points. He has been asking, with an air of triumph, where and when was the misgovernment of the tories detected—where the corruptions—where the prodigality? And having added that Lord Grey's cabinet was dissolved through internal differences, without having been able to make any disclosures that blacken the character of the tories, or that support the oft reiterated assertion of their century of misrule, he says—

"It is not with the sole view of undertaking the defence or the panegyric of former administrations that I would wish to point attention to these facts. It is not to justify Mr. Pitt, or to exculpate Lord Castlereagh, or to eulogize Lord Liverpool or Mr. Canning, that I appeal to this tacit yet convincing refutation of the attacks upon their political conduct. My object is to vindicate the form of government under which they acted, lived, and died, from the charges which are so ceaselessly urged against it. If the Constitution under which we were born, and the system under which we have passed the larger portion of our lives, were in reality but one mass of abuses, but one vast conspiracy against the interest and happiness of the community, how does it arise that so complete a reform, that so entire a change of men has thrown no light upon the concealed iniquities? I do not speak the language of party; my connexion with party has been short, and of recent date; but I revert to the opinions and feelings I have entertained from my childhood upwards. I loved the English constitution, not because I considered it a mere machine in the hands of party, but because I thought that I saw in it the union of stability and order, with rational freedom—that I found an active, enlightened, and efficient control over the conduct of public men, without faction or turbulence—because it was liberty without the preponderance of democracy. I disbelieved in the existence of gross abuses, because I considered that they could neither have remained concealed, nor have been maintained openly under such a system. Had the recent changes drawn the curtain aside

which veiled political profligacy and corruption, I should have experienced the mortification of discovering myself the most egregious of dupes; I should have felt the most depressing of all sensations, that of discovering the worthlessness and deceit of what had been the cherished object of my earliest veneration, which had long commanded the homage rendered to excellence and virtue."—pp. 32—34.

This is all very self-complacent in you, Sir John; but how many persons are there in this country who will be of one mind with you? Few, we hope and believe.

The second chapter contains "Remarks on the composition and character of the first Reformed Parliament," and along with much truth, of course presents not a few party views. To be a full length picture, it should let the reader perceive the condition to which tory mismanagement in times past, and their contemporaneous intrigues, reduced the whigs. These things, together with an intractable Stanley and Graham, the increased power and demands of the movement party, and the timid and vacillating conduct of the whigs themselves, were more than sufficient to destroy the first reformed parliament.

When characterizing the different parties of this parliament, it is worth while to notice what the author, in his unmeasured admiration of Sir Robert Peel says of him, as the leader of the conservatives.

"A description of the feelings and conduct of the party at this period, which should omit all mention of the leader, who was the regulating spirit of the whole, would be imperfect indeed. The national interest, awakened by his more recent and splendid exertions at the head of his short-lived administration, may withdraw attention from this less marked period of his career. The future may have in store for him a long, brilliant, and successful course, which may throw into deeper shade this brief time of less prosperous fortune. Yet the biographer of the life of Sir Robert Peel will not pass with a hasty step over this portion of his political existence. It was no common trial for the former leader of the House of Commons to look round upon the thin train of dejected followers, from whose front ranks so many of his best supporters, of his most confidential friends, and most efficient coadjutors in debate, had disappeared. It was some provocation even to find himself jostled from that place which the prescriptive courtesies of other times would have spontaneously yielded to him, by the rude and novel intrusion of a hostile faction."—pp. 50, 51.

The panegyrist understands, we daresay, some of the Right Honourable Baronet's provocations to a nicety, and has expressed with great exactness a portion of the conservatory theory of sentiments, when he speaks of what are called prescriptive courtesies, and the rude intrusion of a hostile faction. But now that this intrusion and provocation has been repeated, and threaten to be permanent, why should we wonder at the misrepresentations and rage which grievous disappointments and misuseage naturally engender, or wonder at

the loud and great pretensions set up in the author's third chapter, which is "On the Conservative Party?" Now, let us see what is his definition of the meaning of the title.

"I have sometimes heard it asked, what is a conservative—what does the word mean? I think that I can give a short and clear definition. A conservative is a man attached upon principle to the English constitution, to the established church, to our mixed institutions. Well, but so is, or at least so was, a whig of the old school. There is another characteristic—a conservative is one who, having this loyalty to the constitution, believes it is threatened with subversion by the encroachments of democracy, and is prepared to defend it against that danger. The conservative party, therefore, includes all those shades and degrees of political opinion, from the disciple of moderate whig principles to the most devoted champion of ancient usages, who agree in these two points—attachment to King, Lords, Commons, Church, and State, and a belief that there is a pressing danger of these institutions being overborne by the weight of the democracy.

"I have cited the two extremes embraced by the conservative party, but it takes its prevailing colour from the bulk of the main body, who have been formed from the materials I have described, and who adhere to the opinions they have always maintained. When, therefore, all the charges of bigotry and selfishness, which I have repeated in the beginning of this chapter, are preferred against us, we repel them as originating in the grossest misconception, or the most wilful perversion of the truth. We are no reluctant, tardy, insincere converts to the cause of practical reform—we do not yield a constrained and interested acquiescence to an overpowering necessity. We are not inconsistent with ourselves. The great body of the conservatives in the empire would have supported as heartily all Sir Robert Peel's proposed measures of last session ten years ago as they would now. We are not inconsistent, and we are in a position which enables us to receive recruits, who are guilty of no inconsistency in coming to us. Wherever the ministry or the movement enter upon a new stage of their progress—wherever, one object having been accomplished, they start a new game—wherever they direct their engines against some institution which they had hitherto spared, or assail openly some point which they had only before covertly attacked—a portion of their adherents are justified in breaking away from them. They who are perpetually taking fresh strides in a new and hazardous path have no right to brand those of their followers who pause as deserters, unless they are prepared to assert that fidelity to party is a more imperative duty than attachment to principle."—pp. 77—79.

Here is conservative morals and principles with a vengeance, only to be balanced by the boldness of some of the inaccuracies in point of fact, which the cited passage contains. But to confine ourselves to the avowed conservative principle, which runs in these terms, "wherever the ministry or the movement enter upon a new stage of their progress," and so on, "a portion of their adherents are justified in breaking away from them." Why, what a motley group are the conservatives willing to become, in order that they

may oust a liberal or movement ministry, and this too without inquiring whether the proposed innovation be an improvement or no ! Nay, the author declares roundly, that his party maintains " that innovation is always in its nature opposed to improvement ;" and this he illustrates by comparing physical phenomena and laws which are constant and uniform, with moral causes and developments, which are as various and changeable as are the stages of knowledge and the habits, customs, and creeds of distant nations or of different eras.

" Let us take the discoveries of Newton for example, which shed undying glory on the country which gave him birth, and which raise human nature itself to a higher scale in the creation, to a more intimate knowledge of the scheme and the attributes of its mighty Author. When by the great law of gravity, the immortal philosopher explained all the wonderful mechanism of planetary motion, certain slight irregularities caught his attention, trifling vacillations which he was unable to account for upon his system, and which he was disposed to consider as exceptions attributable to the little caprices of nature.

" The later observations of the eminent French mathematicians, and their use of new and refined methods of calculation, proved those apparent deviations to be strict results of an extended application of his principles. They discovered that these disturbances, as they are called, were the effects of the reciprocal action of the gravity of the different planetary bodies upon each other, and farther, that by a beautiful nicety in the adjustment, they balanced each other, so as never to introduce any permanent irregularity into the system. Here, then, is progress, wholesome, sound, indisputable progress—a principle satisfactorily explaining new facts, and the new facts corroborating the truth of the principle. Suppose now that we had found in La Place or La Grange a radical reformer in astronomical science—that their ingenuity had detected a flaw in the reasoning of the *Principia*—that the immortal discoveries of Newton had been reduced to the level of the whirlpools of Des Cartes, or any other fanciful and exploded theory, would this have been advance ? How we should have regretted the overthrow of that noble and lucid system—how we should have mourned that our mental vision, which had been extended almost to embrace infinity, should have again been contracted to a narrow span ! How painfully and reluctantly should we have surrendered the high and pure thoughts, the splendid prospect of the economy of the universe, which this proudest achievement of human intellect had spread before us ! and with what a cold scepticism as to the reality of truth in anything—with what a mortified sense of the fallibility of our powers should we have recalled our absolute belief in a theory, which, while it enables the imagination to wing its loftiest flight, rests upon reason's firmest basis."—pp. 74—76.

The doctrines of conservatism are then, we are to believe, as sure, invariable, and demonstrably just and true, as Newton's *Principia*. Is there any thing like begging of the question in this outrageous comparison ? But, to let Sir John's logic pass, we must

admire the consistency of the conservative *Principia*, which are to receive and sustain the admixture lent by every recruit that may desert the reformers at any one stage of their march. Truly such an accommodating spirit as pervades the leaders of the Carlton Club, must in a few years entice and enlist myriads of troops, and swallow up every opposing party.

The author attempts to put a meaning upon the term *innovation*, in the course of his argument, which is neither just nor the one usually understood. He uses it, he says, as meaning "the substitution of a new and untried system for an old one." But, instead of an uprooting process, why may not the term be explained as our reformers do, viz. as meaning that something is added where age, neglect, or misuse has occasioned defects, and which is in such perfect keeping with the character of the original, as to give it all the freshness and strength of youth, and be in truth the only means by which its virtual existence can be preserved? Or, why may not innovation be used as meaning something that introduces an entirely new object, without deranging any institutions that are old and found good, according to the demands of new exigencies? In what other way has that undefined creature, the British constitution, grown up? It had a beginning, an infancy, a youth, a manhood, and, as we believe, a frail age that was susceptible of improvement; that for this purpose innovations were required, several of which have already been introduced, and of such a wholesome and healthy nature as are perfectly delightful to think of and behold.

The author admits and laments, that two of what he calls the essential portions of the British constitution—the Church and the House of Peers—are in imminent danger. But who are the great promoters of this danger? The conservatives blame the movement party, and these in return accuse the conservatives. Between them, what can be said which every one who is not infatuated, and who watches the signs of the times, does not readily answer? We therefore rather call the attention of the reader to some passages which we cite, in conclusion, from the work before us, in which the whole strength of conservatism is put forward with more than ordinary ability, and which yet cannot disguise the despair of the party, inasmuch as the author at one time beholds monsters in the path, at other times he boasts, and again he spins a fine theory which is at open war with justice, common sense, and experience. All these, and other symptoms of weakness and error, are to be found in the three last chapters of his work, viz. that "On the House of Lords," that "On the objects of the Movement or Radical Party," and that wire-spun one "On the State of Ireland."

The author entertains hopes of the House of Peers, if it will follow his advice.

"The conservative body in the House of Lords possesses, in the highest

degree, the requisites of talent, firmness of purpose, elevation, and integrity of character. It appears to me, that there is a much more methodical and practical mode of transacting public business there, than in the House of Commons. They are less overlaid with second-rate speeches, debates on insignificant subjects, petitions, and all the cumbrous impediments which clog every step of the Commons. I think that they may avail themselves of these advantages, to come more prominently forward to divide the attention of the public, and to contrast themselves advantageously with the popular assembly. As it is, the lower House profits by its own defects.

“After the session has commenced, and one or two debates upon motions for papers, or upon the address, have taken place, the House of Lords has nothing to do. Bills upon all sorts of important matters are introduced into the Commons, and drag their weary length along amidst every sort of tedious procrastination and delay. It is seldom that any pass before three-fourths of the session have elapsed, and, just at the very close, after the public have become thoroughly wearied with their names, and the long wordy debates which have marked their progress, they are sent up in a mass to the lords. All this time the upper House has had no real business of any kind. In its legislative capacity it has been quite unemployed.

“We have the masculine understanding and energy of the Duke of Wellington—we have the profound legal acquirements and lucid eloquence of Lord Lyndhurst—we have received the important accessions of Lords Canterbury, Ashburton, and Abinger—we have the statesmanlike abilities of Lords Aberdeen, Wharcliffe, and Harrowby. We want no means of producing an impression upon the public mind, and of enabling the House of Lords to take that prominent place in the eyes of the nation to which its station entitles it. It places itself in an unnecessarily subordinate and disadvantageous situation, when it consents to wait upon the dilatoriness of the Commons, and when it restricts its labours to the correction and revision of theirs. It is thus thrown into the shade, its existence is almost forgotten, and it only comes into action at the very end of the session; and is only known as rejecting, postponing, or modifying the measures of the lower House.”—pp. 90—93.

Yes, make the Lords bring forward good measures of their own, and not obstruct the wise and necessary ones sent up to them, and they are safe. But they neither do the one thing nor the other, and are therefore in danger. What says Sir John of the movement party?

“With the movement everything is built upon sand; they have no fixed principles of conduct; they have no opinions of their own. They owe allegiance to what they call the will of the people, and they are prepared to follow this guide wherever it pleases to lead them. To-day they may uphold the throne, or the peerage, or the church, next week half-a-dozen articles in a leading journal may have changed their purposes, and they may assail these institutions as condemned by the spirit of the age, and the voice of the public.

“One is always tempted to exclaim with the French conventionalist, ‘Depuis qu’on nous rassassie de principes, comment est ce qu’on ne se

souvient jamais que la stabilité est aussi un principe.' When a party adopt as their device the infallibility of the popular opinion of the hour, and prescribe as a duty implicit obedience to its mandates, it must appear evident that social institutions are built upon a basis fleeting and unsubstantial as the wind. Nothing is certain except that to-morrow will bring forth something totally different from to-day. This code of the movement is in some respects exceedingly convenient. It absolves them from the necessity of any elaborate explanation of their views, principles, or objects. It releases them from the obligation of consistency, or of adherence to any opinions.

"I believe that the majority of them have never sought or wished any great changes in our social system, but live from hand to mouth, caring very little about that future which they would render so uncertain, but just occupied with the immediate object, and seeking to recommend themselves to their constituents, or to make a sensation in the public eye by their advocacy of vote by ballot, triennial parliaments, or any other popular questions. They are borne along, drifting down the rapid current of events, making frequent splashes in the water to persuade others, and perhaps to delude themselves, that they are really swimming towards a fixed point.

"Since the nation has unhappily, of late years, been so much habituated to political excitement, channels have been formed through which the restless part of the community have been accustomed to be acted upon, and they respond easily when the chord is touched by the well-known hand. The whole machinery of agitation is matured. The newspaper editor has his hint—the getter-up of petitions makes his usual circuit—the signatures which are given one year for reform, or for Mr. and Mrs. Deacle, are given the next in favour of the municipal corporations bill, or whatever is the clap-trap of the day; and what appears to be a great, simultaneous, unpremeditated movement of the public mind, is traceable to the activity and bustle of a few individuals, who know how to give an impulse.

"I conceive that the present leaders of the English movement party in parliament act upon no definite plan—that they have no outline for the future clearly traced. They perceive that there is a current setting strongly in the democratic direction, and they embark upon it, adventurers in a voyage of discovery. Where it is to waft them they do not distinctly see; and few of them seem to have thrown off, at least ostensibly, all attachment to the English constitution. I imagine that, just at this moment, they would be quite puzzled, were the government actually in their hands, to know what use to make of it, or to what extent they should go in realizing the visions they have indulged in. As yet there is something so little practical in their schemes, that I almost regretted, when Lord Melbourne's government was formed, that a due proportion of them had not been included in the cabinet."—pp. 99—104.

Just so—the press, and numerous petitions, are inconvenient customers for the conservative interest. But yet, why should that interest be at stake, since the movement party are so unstable, so unsystematic? Because the mass of the people of England, and of the whole empire, think otherwise than the author does. Then

mark Sir John's charitable construction of radical motives ; surely they can do no harm.

On the state of Ireland—after stating that he has never “been able, in the speeches of Lord John Russell, to trace the slightest indication that his mind had caught the distinguishing features of the case,” a criticism which, though intended to mystify the subject, is after all complimentary to the people, since the great body of them understand Lord John perfectly, because the dictates of justice are plain and forcible—our author gives what he conceives to be a fair epitome of the opinions of the ministerial party, and next, an epitome of what his answer would be to them, which we can alone now find room for. It runs thus :—

“I would appeal to any unprejudiced mind if such a state of things is not in its nature most delicate to deal with?—if the difficulties be not great?—if the claims on both sides do not demand our best attention?—and if those of the Protestants have not a deep foundation in justice and policy? They may urge with truth—‘We acknowledge our disparity of numbers ; but do not, in the name of reason and of equity, put our claims upon your support and protection on that sole basis. We hold all the property of the country, not by the conquest of yesterday, not by spoliation, but by a title of centuries ;—we comprise a large proportion of the intelligence, acquirement, and civilization of the nation ;—we have established ourselves, or our forefathers have, under the wing of British protection ;—we have maintained an unshaken loyalty to you, of which you have the best guarantee in the strong necessity which we have of your support ;—we profess the same pure religious faith (the religion of freedom and independence) with yourselves. Do not sacrifice us, and all the high national interests which are linked to us, to the artful machinations and insidious encroachments of our irreconcilable foes. In them England will ever have the hollowest friends, or the most formidable concealed enemies : they have never relinquished or abandoned their final objects ; they have never even condescended to deceive you, by agreeing to a nominal compromise ; they continue, step by step, to pursue their aims, which are—the entire overthrow of the established church, the confiscation of our property, and the separation of the two countries.’

“No British statesman can entirely shut his ears to the truth and the force of such an appeal. No one can deny that however much, in some cases, the violence, party spirit, and arrogant demeanor of the orangemen may require to be repressed and discountenanced, yet that, as a whole, the protestant portion of the Irish nation have, on the grounds of expediency, of generous feeling, and of rigid justice, the most imperative claims upon the sympathy and support of England.”—pp. 126—128.

If our readers wish to have a fuller service of rank toryism than our extracts from these “Chapters of Contemporary History” offer, they will find abundance, by recurring to the work itself. Although it has put forth in the ablest manner, as we believe, the doctrines, the pretensions, and the prognostications of the tory party, there surely can be but few in the realm that can be won or awed thereby.

There are certain great principles of justice and human action, which sophistry or misrepresentation cannot hide or distract. And whatever be the name of our political parties, we believe there are not amongst the most radical of them, many of them who have not at heart improvement, instead of revolution. It will take far more than Sir John Walsh's strictures and eloquence to convince candid and cool minds that we are now upon a precipice, or half so near it, as before the passing of the Parliamentary Reform Bill—nay, than we should soon be, were the conservatives again in power.

ART. VII.—*Sketches by "Boz," illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People.* 2 vols. London: Macrone. 1836.

THE author's professed object in these "Sketches," is to present little pictures of life and manners as they really exist—and, we may add, as they exist in London. But writers who attempt this style of representation, however much they may desire to abide by reality, ever find, that unless they call in the aid of imagination, both to dispose of facts and real scenes in a picturesque order, and to colour these with strikingly contrasted tints, they fail in producing anything that is at all equal with the effect experienced by their own sensibilities when eye-witnesses of such realities. Strong relief is required in the picture, to make up for the want of a number of nameless touches, movements, and influences, which the actual objects and scenes sought to be represented necessarily possess and are surrounded by. A landscape painter, although he must introduce trees, fields, and water in his picture, must, to attract notice and excite delight, produce some leading definable sentiment; and, to do so, an artful composition of the component elements or parts must be observed. His field is limited, in so far as the picture goes; but it requires all the knowledge gained by the most extended observation and study, and all the generalization of correct taste, to point out to him how that field can be most effectively filled. In like manner, he who endeavours by narrative to place the words and actions that prevail in real life arrestingly before his readers, whether these belong to domestic scenes, or the comic and tragic events that are every day and every where crowding human history, must, with an artist's selecting, disposing, and colouring power, exert his judgment, fancy, and taste; otherwise he will be tame, destitute of pointed sentiment, and in reality not a painter or describer of life and manners as they actually are observed and felt in man's daily intercourse with the world. The only matters, therefore, in which such writers as the one before us differ from novelists and romancers, are that their subjects are more simple groups, rapidly outlined, and that they are confined to more familiar and undignified subjects. On these accounts it seems to us that they re-

quire more highly-wrought colouring, more powerful contrasts, more sudden transitions—in short, more relief, and more dramatic art, than the extended and complicated plots of a regular novel. Our author, it appears to us, is not possessed of these requisites in a high degree, as regards short and effective sketches of ordinary life and manners. His knowledge is extensive, his observation acute, and his sentiments sound and instructive; but yet, we do not generally find that he has made the most of his subject, or come up to what might be expected from his head and his pen. We admit that he paints gloomy scenes with great power, and with a severe truth; but even in these instances he has somehow rather made his pictures repulsive than pathetic or elevating; which, we think, is owing to the want of the most advantageous subordination or *keeping* in the parts.

The choice of the subjects, too, as well as the treatment of them, gives these volumes rather an unattractive character. The tales, for the most part, are gloomy and sombre, or somewhat misanthropic and scornful. Though illustrated by George Cruikshank's pencil, the narrative is generally serious in its spirit—which may seem an incongruity. One thing is certain, that Cruikshank's humour, wedded to humorous tales, can produce as much tender sentiment and forcible instruction as most solemn attempts either in pulpit or closet can do.

The sketches in these volumes are numerous, and there is not one of them in which a considerable degree of ability and knowledge of human nature are not apparent. There is, however, a somewhat tiresome sameness of style and thought felt, as one proceeds from chapter to chapter. Several of the characters and incidents are exaggerations and caricatures, rather than strong and felicitous outlines. Still, the work is talented, and superior to a vast number of those light efforts that are constantly teeming from the press. The tales proceed with spirit, the language is easy and polished, and the dialogues are particularly well managed; so that we are neither astonished to learn that several of the sketches were very favourably received on their original appearance in different periodicals, nor any thing but pleased to hear, that, should these volumes be approved of, the author hopes to repeat his efforts on a more extensive scale. We are sure he is able to deal with more elevated subjects, and treat them with a more joyous spirit than he has here exhibited. But more than enough of vague criticism and fault-finding has been set down. We will therefore do better by letting our readers have a few specimens of the work, that they may judge independently of us, and for themselves. Our first extract shall be the very first paragraph of the work, under the title of "The Parish."

"How much is conveyed in those two short words—'The parish!' And with how many tales of distress and misery, of broken fortune, and

ruined hopes, too often of unrelieved wretchedness and successful knavery, are they associated! A poor man, with small earnings, and a large family, just manages to live on from hand to mouth, and to procure food from day to day; he has barely sufficient to satisfy the present cravings of nature, and can take no heed of the future: his taxes are in arrear; quarter day passes by; another quarter day arrives: he can procure no more quarter for himself, and is summoned by—the parish. His goods are distrained, his children are crying with cold and hunger, and the very bed on which his sick wife is lying is dragged from beneath her. What can he do? To whom is he to apply for relief? To private charity? To benevolent individuals? Certainly not—there is his parish. There are the parish vestry, the parish infirmary, the parish surgeon, the parish officers, the parish beadle. Excellent institutions, and gentle, kind-hearted men. The woman dies—she is buried by the parish. The children have no protector—they are taken care of by the parish. The man first neglects, and afterwards cannot obtain work—he is relieved by the parish; and when distress and drunkenness have done their work upon him, he is maintained a harmless babbling idiot in the parish asylum."—vol. i, pp. 1, 2.

This is a picture which is too frequently realized; and yet it is, we believe, the exception rather than the rule, in so far as industrious families are concerned—shewing the tendency of our author to look at the uncheering side of things. In the sketch called "Thoughts about People," London apprentices—whom the author compliments by saying he admires them for their cool impudence and perfect self-possession, next to hackney-coachmen, cabmen, and cads—are thus delineated:—

"They are no longer an organized body, bound down by solemn compact to terrify his majesty's subjects whenever it pleases them to take offence in their heads and staves in their hands. They are only bound now by indentures; and as to their valour, it is easily restrained by the wholesome dread of the New Police, and a perspective view of a damp station-house, terminating in a police-office and a reprimand. They are still, however, a peculiar class, and not the less pleasant for being inoffensive. Can any one fail to have noticed them in the streets on Sunday? And were there ever such beautiful attempts at the grand and magnificent as they display in their own proper persons! We walked down the Strand a Sunday or two ago behind a little group; and they furnished food for our amusement the whole way. They had come out of some part of the city; it was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and they were on their way to the Park. There were four of them, all arm-in-arm, white kid gloves like so many bridegrooms, light oh-no-we-never-mention-ems, of unprecedented patterns, and coats for which the English language has as yet no name—a kind of cross between a great-coat and a surtout, with the collar of the one, the skirts of the other, and pockets peculiar to themselves.

"Each of the gentlemen carried a thick stick with a large tassel at the top, which he occasionally twirled gracefully round, and the whole four, by way of looking easy and unconcerned, were walking with a sort of paralytic swagger irresistibly ludicrous. One of the party had got a watch about the size and shape of a Ribston pippin, jammed into his waistcoat-pocket, which

he carefully compared with the clocks at St. Clement's and the New Church, the illuminated clock at Exeter 'Change, St Martin's Church, and the Horse Guards, and when they at last arrived in Saint James's Park, the member of the party who had the best-made boots on, hired a second chair expressly for his feet, and flung himself on this two-pennyworth of sylvan luxury with an air which levelled all distinctions between Brooks's and Snooks's Crockford's and Bagnigge Wells.

"We may smile at such people as these, but they can never excite our anger. They are usually on the best terms with themselves, and it follows almost as a matter of course, in good humour with every one about them. And if they do display a little occasional foolery in their own proper persons, it is surely more tolerable than the precocious puppyism of the Quadrant, the whiskered dandyism of Regent-street and Pall-mall, or gallantry in its dotage any where."—vol. i, pp. 104—106.

"A Visit to Newgate"—which, by-the-bye, forms a very long chapter, but one that must necessarily be gloomy and forbidding—affords abundant scope for serious reflection, in a style which the author is partial to. It begins in these terms:—

"The force of habit' is a trite phrase in every body's mouth; and it is not a little remarkable that those who use it most as applied to others, unconsciously afford in their own persons singular examples of the power which habit and custom exercise over the minds of men, and of the little reflection they are apt to bestow on subjects with which every day's experience has rendered them familiar. If Bedlam could be suddenly removed like another Aladdin's palace, and set down on the space now occupied by Newgate, scarcely one man out of a hundred, whose road to business every morning lies through Newgate-street or the Old Bailey, would pass the building without bestowing a hasty glance on its small, grated windows, and a transient thought at least upon the condition of the unhappy beings immured in its dismal cells; and yet these same men, day by day, and hour by hour, pass and repass this gloomy depository of the guilt and misery of London, in one perpetual stream of life and bustle, utterly unmindful of the throng of wretched creatures pent up within it—nay not even knowing, or if they do, not heeding the fact, that as they pass one particular angle of the massive wall with a light laugh, or a merry whistle, they stand within one yard of a fellow-creature, bound and helpless, whose hours are numbered, from whom the last feeble ray of hope has fled for ever, and whose miserable career will shortly terminate in a violent and shameful death. Contact with death even in its least terrible shape is solemn and appalling. How much more awful is it to reflect on this near vicinity to the dying—to men in full health and vigour, in the flower of youth or the prime of life, with all their faculties and perceptions as acute and perfect as your own; but dying, nevertheless—dying as surely—with the hand of death imprinted upon them as indelibly—as if mortal disease had wasted their frames to shadows, and loathsome corruption had already begun!"—vol. i, pp. 107, 108.

We do not believe that Bedlam would draw more attention, and excite more pain in the passers by, than does the gloomy edifice, which is described with distressing minuteness after this solemn introduction. But what would our moralist expect people to do

throughout the remainder of the day, were they to indulge in the same sort of dismal and dreadful reflections as he has here presented, when they happened to traverse Newgate Street and the Old Bailey. It would not make a man better, though it made him far more unhappy, were he uniformly to say to himself, when in the vicinity mentioned, "Now I am within one yard of a fellow creature whose hours are numbered, but the hand of death is imprinted upon me just as indelibly, as if mortal disease had already loathsomely corrupted me." Not to speak of the error in point of fact of such a statement, the whole of the passers by referred to, would in the course of time, from "the force of habit," become as callous as the turnkeys or Jack Ketch himself. What would become of the happiness and the sensibilities of these fine and promising youths, the Blue Coat Boys? They would be living in the neighbourhood of a house that was a pest to their peace and their beautiful and precious joyancy. We therefore object to all such morbid moralizings.

The author's power of description, as well as his lingering upon repulsive themes, may be illustrated by what he says of the prison chapel.

"Whether the associations connected with the place—the knowledge that here a portion of the burial service is, on some dreadful occasions, performed over the quick and not upon the dead—cast over it a still more gloomy and sombre air than art has imparted to it, we know not, but its appearance is very striking. There is something in a silent and deserted place of worship highly solemn and impressive at any time; and the very dissimilarity of this one from any we have been accustomed to, only enhances the impression. The meanness of its appointments—the bare and scanty pulpit, with the paltry painted pillars on either side—the women's gallery with its great heavy curtain, the men's with its unpainted benches and dingy front—the tottering little table at the altar, with the commandments on the wall above it, scarcely legible through lack of paint and dust and damp—so unlike the rich velvet and gilding, the stately marble and polished wood of a modern church—are the more striking from their powerful contrast. There is one subject, too, which rivets the attention and fascinates the gaze, and from which we may turn disgusted and horror-stricken in vain, for the recollection of it will haunt us, waking and sleeping, for months afterwards. Immediately below the reading-desk, on the floor of the chapel, and forming the most conspicuous object in its little area, is *the condemned pew*—a huge black pen, in which the wretched men who are singled out for death, are placed, on the Sunday preceding their execution, in sight of all their fellow-prisoners, from many of whom they may have been separated but a week before, to hear prayers for their own souls, to join in the responses of their own burial service, and to listen to an address, warning their recent companions to take example by their fate, and urging themselves, while there is yet time—nearly four-and-twenty hours—to 'turn and flee from the wrath to come!' Imagine what have been the feelings of the men whom that fearful pew has enclosed, and of

whom, between the gallows and the knife, no mortal remnant may now remain; think of the hopeless clinging to life to the last, and the wild despair, far exceeding in anguish the felon's death itself by which they have heard the certainty of their speedy transmission to another world, with all their crimes upon their heads, rung into their ears by the officiating clergyman!

"At one time—and at no distant period either—the coffins of the men about to be executed, were placed in that pew, upon the seat by their side, during the whole service. It may seem incredible, but it is strictly true. Let us hope that the increased spirit of civilization and humanity which, abolished this frightful and degrading custom, may extend itself to other usages equally barbarous; usages which have not even the plea of utility in their defence, as every year's experience has shown them to be more and more inefficacious."—vol. i, pp. 122—125.

We presume this is a faithful picture of the scene in question. There is nothing short of urgent duty or physical force that ever will induce us to visit prisons or madhouses; and certainly such details as we have now quoted will increase the repugnance.

In "*London Recreations*" we have not any one picture wherein taste, intellect, and comfort, are described as being found amongst the citizens, and therefore we believe that it gives not a fair view of life and manners as they really are to be seen in London and its environs. Here is a specimen.

"If the regular City man, who leaves Lloyd's at five o'clock, and drives home to Hackney, Clapton, Stamford-hill, or elsewhere, can be said to have any daily recreations beyond his dinner, it is his garden. He never does any thing to it with his own hands; but he takes a great pride in it notwithstanding; and if you are desirous of paying your addresses to the youngest daughter, be sure to be in raptures with every flower and shrub it contains. If your poverty of expression compel you to make any distinction between the two, we would certainly recommend your bestowing more admiration on his garden than his wine. He always takes a walk round it before he starts for town in the morning, and is particularly anxious that the fish-pond should be kept specially neat. If you call on him on Sunday in summer time, about an hour before dinner, you will find him sitting in an arm-chair, on the lawn behind the house, with a straw hat on, reading a Sunday paper. A short distance from him you will most likely observe a handsome paroquet in a large brass-wire cage; ten to one but the two eldest girls are loitering in one of the side walks, accompanied by a couple of young fellows, who are holding parasols over them—of course only to keep the sun off—while the younger children, with the under nursery-maid, are strolling listlessly about in the shade. Beyond these occasions, his delight in his garden appears to arise more from the consciousness of possession than actual enjoyment of it. When he drives you down to dinner on a week day, he is rather fatigued with the occupations of the morning, and tolerably cross into the bargain; but when the cloth is removed, and he has drank three or four glasses of his favourite port, he orders the French windows of his dining-room (which of course look into the garden) to be opened, and throwing a silk handkerchief over his head, and leaning back

in his arm-chair, descants at considerable length upon its beauty, and the cost of maintaining it. This is to impress you—who are a young friend of the family—with a due sense of the excellence of the garden, and the wealth of its owner; and when he has exhausted the subject he goes to sleep."—vol. i. pp. 137—139.

"Shabby-genteel people" are depicted by Mr. "Boz" as minutely as if he were one of them himself. Here is a part of his sketch.

"If you see hurrying along a by street, keeping as close as he can to the area-railings, a man of about forty or fifty, clad in an old rusty suit of threadbare black cloth, which shines with constant wear, as if it had been bees-waxed, the trousers tightly strapped down, partly for the look of the thing, and partly to keep his old shoes from slipping off at the heels, if you observe too, that his yellowish-white neckerchief is carefully pinned down, and his waistcoat as carefully pinned up, to conceal the tattered garment underneath, and that his hands are encased in the remains of an old pair of beaver gloves, you may set him down as a shabby-genteel man. A glance at that depressed face, and timorous air of conscious poverty, will make your heart ache—always supposing that you are neither a philosopher nor a political economist.

"We were once haunted by a shabby-genteel man; he was bodily present to our senses all day, and he was in our mind's eye all night. The man of whom Walter Scott speaks in his *Demonology*, did not suffer half the persecution from his imaginary gentleman-usher in black velvet, that we sustained from our friend in quondam black cloth. He first attracted our notice by sitting opposite to us in the reading-room at the British Museum, and what made the man more remarkable was, that he had always got before him a couple of shabby-genteel books—two old dogs'-eared folios, in mouldy worm-eaten covers, which had once been smart. He was in his chair every morning just as the clock struck ten; he was always the last to leave the room in the afternoon; and when he did, he quitted it with the air of a man who knew not where else to go for warmth and quiet. There he used to sit all day, as close to the table as possible, in order to conceal the lack of buttons on his coat, with his old hat carefully deposited at his feet, where he evidently flattered himself it escaped observation.

"About two o'clock you would see him munching a French roll or a penny loaf; not taking it boldly out of his pocket at once, like a man who knew he was only making a lunch, but breaking off little bits in his pocket, and eating them by stealth. He knew too well it was his dinner.

"When we first saw this poor object, we thought it quite impossible that his attire could ever become worse. We even went so far as to speculate on the possibility of his shortly appearing in a decent second-hand suit. We knew nothing about the matter, he grew more and more shabby-genteel every day. The buttons dropped off his waistcoat one by one, then he buttoned his coat; and when one side of the coat was reduced to the same condition as the waistcoat, he buttoned it over on the other side. He looked somewhat better at the beginning of the week than at the conclusion, because the neckerchief, though yellow, was not quite so dingy, and in the midst of all his wretchedness he never

appeared without gloves and straps. He remained in this state for a week or two ; at length one of the buttons on the back of the coat fell off, and then the man himself disappeared, and we thought he was dead."—vol. i, pp. 103—105.

The poor man who afforded "Boz" so much speculation and employment, afterwards appears upon his accustomed chair, having got himself "revived ;" but as the reviving liquid is not proof against wear and rain, it entirely vanished again, and the shabby-genteel man never afterwards attempted to improve his outer appearance.

In conclusion, we must without reserve say, that besides the undignified character of his subjects, and the gloomy contemptuous disparaging tone of his descriptions, the author exhibits a vulgarity of sentiment too often, which is more displeasing still ; all which, from the use which he makes of his eyes, and the readiness with which he handles his pen, he might avoid, and must do, if he intends to give a faithful portraiture of real life, even although he may never have been twenty miles from Temple Bar, which indeed is not unlikely, if one is to judge from these "Sketches."

ART. VIII.—*The Bar-Sinister, or Memoirs of an Illegitimate.* 2 vols. London : Smith, Elder and Co. 1836.

"THE Bar-Sinister," dear reader, is written by a lady—her first essay in the arena of literature. It depends on *you* if it be the last," are words which occur in a postscript to this novel, and crave, from our hands a double indulgence. Nevertheless, by whomsoever it may have been written, there is a power exhibited in its execution, and a boldness in its conception, which give promise even of better things to come ; and therefore we heartily welcome this new candidate for fame from among the fair. Not that the work is by any means a faultless monster—for it abounds with blemishes, and some of them of a grave nature ;—those, for instance, to be detected in the inequality of the execution spoken of, and the inability to sustain the general conception of the tale, being the slightest, because these may be atoned for by greater experience and the results of future study. But let us first of all glance at the current of the story, inserting a few specimens, on which to ground the opinions which we have to offer, at the close of our notice of the work.

The hero of these imaginary memoirs is the illegitimate son of Lord Glenmore ; and though during his early boyhood this stain upon his name be kept a secret from him by his father, it is cruelly disclosed while at school, by Augustus Percival a schoolfellow, who is the presumptive heir to the Glenmore estates and title, through a female line, failing the lawful issue of Lord Glenmore, who never marries. From the moment of the disclosure a deadly feud

arises between the two boys, which is never allayed, and which leads to many adventures and changes of fortune. At Eton and at Cambridge, they come frequently into collision, where unluckily they are also fellow students—a duel at last causing them both to be expelled from the University. Harcourt is sent to London under the auspices of his father, whose attachment to him is constant and strong. Here the Illegitimate enters upon the study of law, and for a time moves among the first ranks of society. We introduce a passage, which affords a fair specimen of the writer's style.

"I was soon set afloat amongst the ball-giving set. A young man, not very plain, nor very awkward, nor very unfashionable—who can keep a cab, a groom, and a 'tiger,'—who can enter a room without blundering, walk through a quadrille with military nonchalance, and turn a girl's head with the mazy intricacies of a waltz, gallopade, or the more 'auto-cratic' mazurkha, is pretty sure of being received with 'open arms' by the fair sex at least, and with a considerable degree of indulgence and comparative cordiality by those persons who might happen to boast a more numerous female progeny than they find expedient to provide for.

"Let me caution inexperienced beginners starting a season in London, previously to ascertain the exact number of daughters each matron is likely to produce before the admiring gaze of the assembled multitude, consisting of those already out, and those yet to appear. Nothing like being prepared for the danger to come. Should a man really feel inclined to dance (never a very advisable *move*), let him beware of encountering sisterhoods. Dancing may serve for an introduction, but it is in general a plan not to be pursued; as, with the best possible intentions, (if once he allows himself to be enlisted as a dancer), the most indefatigable cavalier can never fathom the extent of misery he is thus entailing on himself. When a man is permanently calculated upon as a partner, he becomes public property: he loses all independence of action. The very faculties of the mind are regulated by the arduous task imposed by that social despot misnamed Politeness. All liberty of choice must be relinquished, and the blessings of free will are defied and annulled by the fetters of courtesy; the very better qualities of the heart bind more strongly to the trammels of *bienseance*: he is a slave. . . . a slave to the very gratitude of an expansive nature. By dancing, he is compelled to display thankfulness for invitations received and invitations expected. At the same assembly he is obliged to show both memory and foresight—to blend the recollection of the past, the pleasures of the present and the hopes for the future. He becomes the *pis-aller* of beauties, the stop-gap of heiresses, the dowager's trump-card, the chaperon's double, the victim of the young, the speculation for the old, a peg for shawls, a flapper of fans, a plate-holder at supper, and seldom escapes acting footman when the confusion of the *fête* prevents the real attendants from answering the reiterated call vainly transmitted from mouth to mouth."—vol. i, pp. 92—94.

Lord Glenmore dies, and the Illegitimate is left penniless. He betakes himself to the ungracious drudgery of private teaching; from this he rises to the situation of a copying-clerk, along with

which he figures as an author in Magazines, obtaining for his contributions thanks, and in return ejaculating curses. Our authoress makes her hero say, "there is a system of chicanery kept up between authors and publishers, that I never discovered until I had endeavoured to enlist among the former. I have not quite decided as to the respective faults and merits of either party; but this I know, that the public are the sufferers." He has his eye also upon the *Row*, we presume, when he says, "a poor man contending with pecuniary difficulties should endeavour to impose on strangers by an outward appearance of opulence and fashion. A man condemns himself by the texture of his coat; in the estimation of some, a shabby-looking fellow and a roguish-looking fellow are almost synonymous terms."

While on a subject that bears reference to books, we may notice a use to which they may be put, that has been much more frequently practised than avowed. Harcourt, before he becomes author, and while dancing attendance upon the fair, begins to fall in love with a Viscountess, the Lady St. Elme, whose husband was dissipated and unloving.

"We exchanged books; my library was copious and well chosen, whilst her ladyship possessed all the most desirable modern authors in their respective languages. Perhaps there is nothing more seductive to a young and fervent imagination, than the communication and mutual participation of ideas resulting from the perusal of each other's favourite works; it is like reading the inmost recesses of the heart—it is penetrating the hallowed sanctuary of feeling which every delicate mind endeavours to veil even from the observation of friendship. Intellectual chastity is violated, the thoughts and impressions of the soul are discovered, not even as they actually exist in the wild succession and undefined waywardness of fancy, but clothed and adorned in the witchery of poetry, brought tangibly to the understanding by the power of genius; it is not that which is expressed, but that which is implied. To crown all, Lady St. Elme was not satisfied with books alone, but constantly requested me to read aloud the most effective passages, and my voice grew tremulous with emotion as I frequently gave utterance to the accents of my own boundless passion. Sometimes I believed that she could not misunderstand me, and conscious of my own aspirings, I shrank abashed from the languid glance that captivated mine."—vol. i, pp. 120, 121.

After a short literary career the hero's circumstances mend greatly through the kind offices of an old schoolfellow, and he is enabled to repair to Hastings for a season, where he again meets with the Viscountess; again their intimacy is renewed, and their mutual attachment, in the absence of her worthless lord, rapidly gathers strength.

"In the evening of the same day, I accompanied the viscountess to her customary walk by the sea-shore; the sun was setting in crimson majesty, and streaked the sky with those bright hues that prognosticate a con-

tinuation of good weather, whilst the wave reflecting the heavenly 'cameleon,' fell with soothing murmurs on the pebbly strand. Anastasia's arm was linked in mine. Our conversation wandered from general subjects to themes of more personal interest; the poetry of the morning was alluded to, and the sentiment which had dictated the composition analysed. Lady St. Elme certainly was uneasy as to the impression Emily's youth, innocence, and talents might produce, especially as an appearance of partiality on her part was more than likely to flatter the vanity, if not win the lasting affection, of a man just twenty-two. There was something indescribably delicious in Anastasia's tone of pique, and languid replies, which soon assumed the language of poetry and romance, till she actually verged on the regions of metaphysics. Endeavouring to define the intricacies of her own feelings, she unconsciously said more than could possibly be intended. My own hitherto concentrated passion burst forth in wild and hurried accents; we spoke of love and its delirium until we started at the sound of our own voices; and sinking gradually into silence, we indulged the sweet reverie of doubt resolving itself into the conviction of mutual attachment. The lonely hour, the secluded spot, to which we had unintentionally prolonged our walk, the deepening gloom of twilight, all contributed their softening influence. I pressed Anastasia nearer to me; she leant on my bosom with delicious tremor! Did she tremble with love? or did the chill fast-falling dews of evening penetrate the clear tissue of her muslin robe? I twined her sable boa a second time around her yielding form; her silken ringlets saturated with damp, fell dishevelled, and swept her bended neck in waving playfulness. I whispered word after word of affectionate solicitude: I told her again and again of my fondest aspirations. She listened to the ardent language of passion without dismay, and I collected sufficient encouragement from the trembling half-articulated avowals which answered mine, to hope or rather to *fear* my wild dreams would at last be realised in all their glowing intensity. I pressed her to my palpitating heart, covered her fair forehead, her parted lips with burning kisses, drank deep of the intoxicating sweetness of her love, and quitted her with the maddening assurance that another day would seal my fate, and in conferring the long-desired possession of Anastasia, doom me to the unutterable pangs of eternal remorse."—vol. i. pp. 250—252.

This is something free for a lady authoress and for her *débüt*; but it is by no means the only instance in which she approaches ground that the mind almost fears to contemplate. Well, an elopement is planned; the time is appointed for carrying it into execution; nay the hour is fixed. But the hero says, "I was not a practised seducer; I was not a libertine; I was not corrupt." In the meantime there were a few long hours to elapse before the fatal step was to be taken, and to get rid of them he repairs to the cottage of an interesting and recluse lady, who is considerably advanced in years, with whom he had lately formed, fortuitously as he thought, an acquaintanceship. The conversation between him and Mrs. Seymour (such is the lady's name) at length turned upon the character and condition of the Viscountess.

" 'You appear on terms of intimacy with the viscountess: perhaps you know something of Lord St. Elme,' added she, fixing her mild hazel eyes full upon me.

" 'A little,' returned I with slight hesitation; 'but he is not at Hastings now.'

"The face of the recluse assumed a more serious expression. 'She is too young and too fascinating to be left thus with impunity. Does she lament her husband's absence?'

"The treacherous glow of consciousness mantled on my cheek as I endeavoured to reply with sincerity, 'that Anastasia *was* mortified by St. Elme's neglect.'

" 'Should you ever marry, Mr. Harcourt,' pursued my friend gravely, 'be attentive to your wife: it is a false shame, a false principle, to think that a pretty inexperienced woman can be treated carelessly. If you love your wife, you must show it; frequent absences, and constant heedlessness, estrange the heart. Confidence between married people is delightful; but it should not amount to blindness. A man knows more of the world, is more alive to consequences, hears more, sees more, understands more, than even a clever female. It is his duty to watch, to guard, to direct, perhaps to command, if necessity should require it.'

" 'Ladies do not easily forgive neglect,' said I, trying to be cheerful.

" 'It is not that they are unwilling to forgive it, and many worse offences,' replied the invalid sorrowfully, 'but such conduct exposes them to additional temptation—to the approach of others: to their commiseration. It is dangerous for a forsaken wife to excite the pity of men.'

" 'I quailed under Mrs. Seymour's scrutinizing glance: she perceived her advantage and continued. 'I may be mistaken, but Lady St. Elme does not appear very happy in her domestic circle.'

" 'Indeed,' cried I, 'she has been peculiarly unfortunate in her selection. The viscount is totally unfitted for her; he is dissipated, profligate to a degree, divested of every refinement either of sentiment or pursuits.'

"My companion dropped a tear, and proceeded. 'I thought *they* had married for love!'

" 'Yes, such was the case,' said I; 'but he is unworthy of such a woman; she certainly *did* love him, most devotedly at one time.'

" 'Poor thing!' murmured Mrs. Seymour; 'she is thrown away. Do you believe he has any affection for *her*?'

" 'Deeds, not words,' answered I; 'at all events, he shows none.'

" 'The silver links are broken then,' said my friend; 'she is disappointed; the hopes of her youth have faded; bitter, bitter reality is all that awaits her!'—pp. 263—266.

Mrs. Seymour continues her interrogatories, which are of a scrutinizing nature. She asks if the viscountess is religious. Harcourt answers simply enough, "not particularly, but she might become so." She continues to probe him more deeply, and conjure him by stronger and tenderer appeals not to ruin himself and the object of his criminal affections, for she has penetrated his conduct.

" 'Speak, madam,' cried I, seizing her hand with impetuosity; 'it is not too late!'

"The eyes of my companion filled with tears as she resumed. 'Thank God for that blessed assurance! Heaven has heard my prayer.—Oh, Harcourt! has not the example of your parents proved a beacon to guide you from the danger in which you are going to plunge? Charles, you had once a mother!'

"'Yes! yes, Mrs. Seymour,' cried I, in breathless agitation, 'I had a mother; her recollection, like a bright vision, still hovers near me.'

"'Did you ever hear her tale of error?' inquired the invalid, in a voice of concentrated emotion.

"'Torture me not,' exclaimed I. 'Who are you? What know you of my mother? Does she yet live!'

"'Oh God, give me strength to complete the sacrifice!' interrupted my companion, falling on her knees before me, producing a bracelet similar to that which Anastasia wore.

"I leant for support against the couch, without venturing to raise my eyes to the contrite weeping form of Mrs. Seymour. A thousand wild thoughts, nameless conjectures, dim reminiscences, crowded on me. I waited in speechless expectation for the conclusion of this astounding scene.

"'You have seen this ornament before?' inquired the recluse, in faltering accents.

"'Often, very often.... the viscountess'—My hesitating reply was suspended by Mrs. Seymour, who rejoined—

"'Did you never see this bracelet previous to your acquaintance with Anastasia? Many, years ago?' continued she, touching a spring and displaying a very striking and highly finished portrait of my father, not as I had last seen him, but in all the beauty and vigour of manhood.

"'Heavens!' exclaimed I, 'And are you....'

"'Your mother!' interrupted she. In another moment, the long-lost parent was clasped in the arms of her son."—vol. i, pp. 270—272.

Mrs. Seymour had been the wife of another, and seduced by Harcourt's father; and the viscountess was also her daughter—the child of her lawful husband. And now for the hour of the elopement, instead of which Harcourt has a mystery to unfold.

"She was already prepared for the journey; her features were kindled with excitement; her eyes beamed expectancy; the chord of virtuous resistance was evidently snapped asunder. Anastasia was perfectly composed, nerved for the fearful step which would at once precipitate her from the place she now occupied, to the low condition of a perjured wife.

"'You are not punctual Charles,' cried she, bounding forward with vivacity at my entrance. 'It is past twelve.'

"'I regret that any delay should have inconvenienced you,' said I, endeavouring to conquer the horror which assailed me.

"'I have been so agitated,' answered she; 'but it is over now;—the die is cast; I had to contend with many lingering scruples since we parted this morning—but no matter, let us think no more of past suspense: we will live for each other; the future—the boundless future is before us.'

"I stood speechless, as she spoke, and writhed with instinctive terror, as she threw her beautifully rounded arm over my shoulder; for I felt as

if a serpent was twining itself about me. The very searching intensity of her gaze made me recoil from the bewildering influence of her charms. I pressed my mother's bracelet concealed in my bosom with a convulsive movement: it seemed a talisman against the witchery surrounding me. I knew that procrastination would be attended with the worst consequences—that it was time to undeceive the frail and lovely creature before me, and accordingly produced it suddenly, to her unutterable astonishment. Her flushed cheek lost its damask hue, and her bright eyes were suffused with tears; the spell was broken!

“‘What does this mean?’ inquired she, putting forth her ivory wrist encircled by a similar ornament. ‘Whence do you possess that precious relic of a mother whom I never saw?’”

“‘Anastasia,’ replied I, ‘your bracelet contains a miniature, and so does this. Have you never examined the features there delineated?’”

“‘Often, most often,’ answered the viscountess, displaying an elegant portrait of our mutual parent in her pristine youth and loveliness. ‘You cannot know how dear this picture is to me—how fondly I have examined it from year to year, and conjectured with pleased fancy, the being to whom such exquisite features once belonged. I have wept over her untimely fate, and thought with grief on my own early bereavement. I deeply felt my orphaned condition. My father died when I was yet unconscious of the loss then sustained, and my mother did not long survive my birth. This little memorial has been the mute companion of my solitary hours. Oh, how I longed to have known that mother!—that beautiful gentle mother, snatched from my very cradle. How I could have repaid her love had she been spared to bless and guide my infancy and youth. Had *she* lived, Charles! . . .’”

“‘Your mother, Lady St. Elme,’ interrupted I, with energy—‘Your mother, Anastasia, was also . . . mine!!!’”

“‘This is the unnatural conception of a hideous dream!—I am *not* your sister . . .’ cried she, unwilling to admit the frightful supposition.

“‘Alas, dear sister!’ said I, endeavouring to soothe as well as convince, ‘this is a sad reality; but the crisis of our fate is past. Providence has interposed a pitying arm: our ignorance is at least untainted by crime. We are saved, almost through a miracle; still pure, we have escaped the danger that encompassed us, and let us hope, that the awful lesson of this night may not prove fruitless.’”—pp. 300—305.

We have given a fair specimen of the writer's powers, though we have not advanced far into the plot. This, therefore, we shall glance at, before introducing the few observations which the two or three last extracts suggest, and which might be farther illustrated and substantiated by other parts of the novel.

Augustus Percival, now Lord Glenmore, pursues a reckless race of selfish profligacy. For example, he ruins Lord St. Elme at play, and seduces the viscountess. The reader is transported to the Continent, which affords many scenes and adventures, those of Paris in particular becoming themes of description. Harcourt returns to London, and through a communication from a cast off mistress of

Augustus Percival, learns that a will of the late Lord Glenmore had been suppressed, thereby depriving the Illegitimate of a large amount of personal property. The young Lord Glenmore is murdered; Harcourt is suspected and tried for it, and about to be condemned, when the real criminal is apprehended, who happens to be Lord St. Elme, whose revenge has thus been taken. Harcourt marries the heiress of the noble house of Glenmore, and succeeds to his father's house, though, on account of the Bar-Sinister, he is denied its titles.

There is within the scope of the plot, which we have so cursorily outlined, much that is interesting and well managed, but we must protest against the practice of ladies dealing so freely in description with the indulgence of illicit passions. There are passages in these volumes which a father would not wish his young daughter to peruse; and if so, can it be proper in one of the fair to indict and to publish them? Not that the plot of the tale tempts, by giving vice a sweet reward, but that there are vices which cannot with propriety and consideration for delicate minds be broadly named, or particularly traced. The intoxicating scene, as it is meant to be understood, which we have quoted, when Harcourt and the viscountess took their evening walk, is an example. But even the reflections which some of the characters are made to indulge in, upon their own conduct, are not always unobjectionable.

We observe that on the subject of duelling the fair writer discovers more difficulties than we could have expected from one who has a mind so strong and clear as these pages prove. She says, "Duelling is a bad remedy for a worse disease; what would become of that complicated machine called society, if there was no check on the spiteful virulence, and gossiping detraction of man to man? I am however advocating a bad cause; but those who would extirpate duelling, must suggest some other and more efficient mode of obtaining redress." We see no such difficulty as the authoress alludes to; and we look upon this half sort of exculpatory tone as more dangerous than positive defence. But this is not the time for an argument on the subject; we shall however be glad to meet the writer again, and soon.

ART. IX.—*Six Months of a Newfoundland Missionary's Journal, from February to August, 1835.* London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1836.

THE author of this journal, we believe, is one of the most simple-minded, pious, and laborious Archdeacons that ever existed, and probably the least skilled of all his class in the art of writing. We wonder that the editor through whose hands these pages have passed, did not prune them of some glaring errors in point of

grammar, and polish or correct some of the sentences; which the reader could not have conceived it possible for a dignitary of the Church of England to indite. Here is a specimen taken from the dedicatory letter, which is addressed to his wife.

“To whom, lastly, could I more fitly dedicate it, than to one who so deeply sympathized with me when I was prevented, in the visit which I was obliged to undertake, two years ago, to England, for the restoration of my shattered health—from urging upon the members of the church at home, the need which there is for some larger provision for the accommodation of the poor protestant emigrant, with the means of protestant worship in the capital of the island—and who are now so deeply concerned at witnessing the same want, that you have resolved to forego, for a time, all the comforts of your home—to rend yourself from the sphere of your interesting duties here, and to expose yourself to the discomforts of a voyage across the Atlantic, at this most inclement season, that you may lend your aid to sueprintend the urgent appeal which I am about to make from hence, before it be too late, through the public press in England, for aid in the erection of the new church, which, after having painfully witnessed the want of it for more than five years, I feel it, at length, my imperative duty to undertake, in faith, for the protestants of St. John's, who, to a greater number than 3,000, are without any means whatever of assembling to worship G^{od}, after the manner of their fathers?”—pp. 7, 8.

The whole of this dedication is remarkable, however, for its sincerity, and serves as a very good explanatory introduction to the succeeding journal, which possesses an interest and an excellence we never dreamt of finding in a volume of this character.

This journal contains an account of the reverend author's visitation tour to the scattered members of the episcopal church in Newfoundland, which includes many notices of matters beyond the immediate field of the Missionary's office, the whole being so artlessly, faithfully, and sincerely communicated, as to afford the reader a valuable treat. The information given, and the simple and natural style in which it is given, are not the only grounds of delight derived from this volume; perhaps the unstudied and full exposure of the author's pure and zealous heart and character affords the most pleasing object to which the work introduces us. We shall at once proceed therefore to present a pretty ample account of its contents.

It appears that the settlements in the interior of Newfoundland, and remote from St. John's, are so difficult of access to the inhabitants of that capital, that many who have been all their lives resident in it, have not so much knowledge of them as they have of the more distant provinces of North America. It also appears, that travelling over the snow in the month of March is less difficult than walking on land at any other season of the year. The author, therefore, in fulfilment of an intention long entertained of an extensive visitation tour, set out about the middle of February of last year, with a guide who had at one time lived for four years among

the Micmac Indians, which it was natural to be concluded must have given him an acquaintance with the best mode of travelling in what the author calls an *untractable* island. He also informs us that a greater quantity of snow had fallen there last winter than had been remembered for twenty years, which led him to expect a more easy journey than is usual in winter. But the most favourable season would be found to offer inconveniences and labour enough to most archdeacons, as we shall soon learn.

Our author carried a knapsack, in which were 14lbs. weight of luggage, to which his guide had restricted him. They were not long, after leaving a regular road, in missing their way, but some time after dark regained it, by observing the inclination of the top-most branches of the juniper trees, which always, he says, point to the east. After many falls, owing to the slippery wood-path, they reached, on the night of the 17th February, the house of a Mr. Miller, a respectable planter on the south shore of Conception Bay. The man had retired to bed; but, says the author, "I assembled the females of the family, and read and explained a chapter of the Bible, and offered up prayers with them before I retired to bed; and the next morning the men, before their work, joined us in the same employment." This was a portion of the journalist's labour which he seems never to have overlooked, wherever and whenever he entered a house or a hut in the course of his tour. But he never fatigues his readers with any attempt at magnifying exertions; on the contrary, he passes from one thing to another, when the circumstances would afford some tourists matter for a long chapter, with a rapidity and a cheerfulness of manner that is perfectly delightful as well as unusual. For example, after being prevented by a snow-storm for one day from travelling, on the morning of

"*Friday, 20*—We took a heavy mallet, with a long handle, which the people called an ice-pounder, and escaped some hours of very laborious walking, by crossing in a boat to Bay Roberts. I regretted to find that Mr. Joyce, an exceedingly kind friend to the church and clergy, whom I had found here on former visits, had paid the debt to nature. Mr Blackman had been engaged to attend a funeral at Bay Roberts yesterday; but the storm had made all close prisoners to their houses. It may give some idea of the difficulty of communication in the winter, even in the neighbourhood of St John's, if I state here that gentlemen at Port de Grave had not seen a St. John's newspaper for a month, when I arrived amongst them; and that in Trinity Bay, I found that the sum of forty shillings had been, on a late occasion, demanded, and twenty-five shillings actually paid, for the casual conveyance of a single letter, overland, by one of the cross-country guides. I found that Ridout, a respectable young man, who had been used to keep a congregation together upon the south shore of Conception Bay, had died last spring, from the exertion and exposure consequent on going round the head of the bay at that inclement season on foot; and ——— Hodge, the packet-man of Killigrews, was just recover-

ing from a most severe cold caught a few days before, from his having been washed overboard in a gale. The Reverend John Burt, the Protestant episcopal missionary at St. Paul's, Harbour Grace, was dangerously ill, and I wished much to go to see him; but as the Reverend William Nisbet, of St. Mary's Church, Heart's Content, Trinity Bay, was with him, assisting him in his duties, I did not delay my journey to visit him. Mr. Blackman kindly accompanied me to Spaniards' Bay Beech. Here my guide and I struck into the woods at eleven, A.M., and crossed the neck which divides Conception from Trinity Bay. I broke into the ice of one brook on my way, and by half-past seven, P.M., reached the house of Mr. Charles Nieuhook, jun., of New Harbour, a late worthy parishioner of the Reverend William Bullock, at St. Paul's Church, Trinity, whose father is of French Huguenot extraction. The distance is not more than fifteen miles by my compass, but the necessarily circuitous course which we were obliged to take to avoid a steep hill in one direction, a running brook, or a thick wood, in another, made it at least twenty. The distance which persons, liable to serve on petty juries, may be obliged to travel that they may meet the circuit judges in this island, is, from these circumstances, not very easily defined. I have met with places in Fortune Bay, two or three miles only from each other, to visit which by land in winter, it might be necessary to make a circuit of fifteen miles, to get round the deep precipitous chasms or 'gulshes' and ravines, which cross from the coast into the interior. 'Why, it is but seven miles, my friend, as the crow flies,' observed a judge to a remonstrant petty jurymen, who pleaded the difficulty and the distance.—'That may be,' replied he; 'but as I cannot go as the crow goes, I make the distance fifteen or sixteen.'—pp. 16—19.

About two or three days afterwards—

"Assembled two dozen people, all who had not gone into the woods for their work before our arrival, for full service, at the tilt of William Pollett. As we passed a point in our boat, I got sight of a black fox close to the water's edge, and was informed by the people, that I might expect shortly to see an otter, which I soon did; and, on going to the spot, found several holes which the otter had made on the slob-ice when diving for fish, which the fox, at this period of scarcity of other provisions, would monopolize on his bringing it up, or share with him. The otter and the fox, consequently, at this season, are generally to be found very near each other. I had a cliff pointed out to me at Norman's Cove, not far from hence, a part of which, from its losing the power of cohesion, (no uncommon event here after our long winter) had fallen down a few springs since, and had buried several men, friends of my present guides, in its fall. The 'barber,' a vapour so called from its cutting qualities, was distinctly visible upon the water this morning. It arises, I believe, from the air's being colder than the water. I was glad, on the approach of day, to turn myself towards the sun, which rose most brilliantly this cold morning. No description can convey an idea of the beauty of the overfalling stalacuties of ice, some white through, some transparent, which hung down from the rugged cliffs on the side of this fine arm of the sea, till they nearly touched the water."—pp. 23—25.

Where do our readers suppose, did the reverend gentleman pass

the night? He does not inform us; but we shall soon hear of other nights, which were, no doubt, got over in a similar and extraordinary manner for dignified churchmen. For a scene of splendour, and one felicitously delineated, where yet, there is only a plain enumeration of facts, followed by a pious reflection we cite the following example.

"The country at this time presented an appearance quite different from that presented by the vegetation when affected by a moistness of the atmosphere which is afterwards operated upon by sudden frosts, and is improperly denominated here, a silver *thaw*. The present appearance was much more beautiful, although that cannot but be much admired. The under current of air had been sufficiently cold to freeze rain upon its reaching the earth, or alighting upon any exposed vegetable object, although the upper media, through which it had passed, permitted it still to fall as rain. As soon as this transparent liquid had alighted upon a branch of evergreen, or on a blade of grass, which projected above the snow, it had congealed; giving, through its transparent covering, a brighter tint to every colour of the objects which it enveloped. As the rain had continued to fall very fast for several hours while the lower air was in this state, this bright incrustation had collected on every object, even on those which were most minute, and offered the least firm support to such a weighty girdle, to the depth of at least an inch. The splendour of the spectacle which was presented by woods, shrubs, and under-brush, thus brilliantly illuminated in a morning of unclouded sunshine, was greater than any effort of art could come near to imitate. It left all the spectacles of scenic illusion, or the imaginative creations of fairy descriptions, far, far behind the reality of the natural phenomenon, which, though it was calculated most surely to fix the gaze of admiring crowds, only called forth now the grateful admiration of one fond admirer of the gospel of nature. Yet this profusion of sparkling beauty was not lost:—'O ye frost and cold! O ye ice and snow! bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever!'"—pp. 24—27.

Thursday, 26th February, on conversing with J. G. an Englishman, who had been twenty-one years in the country, the author found that he was still pennyless, the poor servant of another Englishman who was scarcely less poor. The man himself could trace all his misfortunes to his fondness for ardent spirits. The Archdeacon entered his tilt, and prayed with and for him.

At Great Placentia, which at one time was the seat of French government, but now much decayed, the author found only nine persons of his communion, whom he assembled. He there saw a valuable service of communion plate, which was given by His Royal Highness Prince William Henry, in 1787, and also a splendid folio Prayer Book and Bible, and a new version of the Psalms, which were presented by a Roman Catholic, O. F. Sweetman Esq. This gentleman entertained the author kindly; and indeed a good feeling exists generally, he continues to say, on the part of Roman Catholics in that part of Newfoundland, towards the English church

—being of a very different character from what he gives to the more recent Irish settlers in the vicinity of St. John's. A Roman Catholic aged widow expressed to him a hearty wish that the silver plate, above alluded to, would be used monthly.

In many of the settlements, the author found not a little employment in writing letters for the people to their relatives who had been settled, some ten, some twenty years, in other parts of the island, and with whom they had been unable to hold communication since their original settlement or dispersion; the simple announcement of this fact affording a striking idea, not merely of the country and climate, but of the author's toil and anxiety to benefit the people wherever he went, and without even uttering a syllable indicative of inconvenience or weariness. A day or two after, we find him assembling fifteen persons for full service, "by the light of a piece of ignited seal's fat, placed in a scollop shell, which served for the lamp of our humble sanctuary in the woods. I made acquaintance here, too, for the first time, with a decoction of the tops of the spruce branches, to which I afterwards became much accustomed, as a substitute for tea, and which, from experience, I can pronounce to be very salutary and bracing, though not so palatable as the beverage supplied by the Honourable East India Company." This is the manner in which the Archdeacon proceeds to announce adventures, scenes, and strange facts, and to classify them, with as much seeming equanimity as if they were neither important nor picturesque. How differently would a hackneyed book-maker, or a fashionable continental tourist go to work!

Not far from Chandler's Harbour, in Paradise Sound, the Archdeacon and his guide had but indifferent lodgings one night.

"We got benighted, however; the moon became obscured, and as a drift came on, with a drizzling snow and rain, we made a night fire. For feeding this, we felled in the course of the night, a sufficient quantity of spruce and birch to have made a most shady retreat in a space equal to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there we waited for the dawn. 'This is a more accurate account of such a night, than it would be to record that we had slept in the woods; for the traveller, lying on a few fir branches upon the snow, freezes on one side, while the blazing flame scorches him on the other. I did not, at this early period of my cruise, understand so well, as I afterwards did, the plan of making a fire in the woods; and in my hurry to greet the welcome sight of a cheerful fire, by which I might break the fast which I had kept since seven in the morning, I had neglected the necessary preliminary of digging out a hole in the eight feet of snow, which were on the ground. The immense fire which we kindled, for want of this precaution, continued to melt down the snow, lower and lower by degrees, till, before the dawn of morning, I was left to the action of the piercing winds, on the top of a bank of snow, the fire being in a hole much below my level, and only benefiting me by its smoke, which threatened to blind, as well as to stifle me. - I may mention, that the first tree, which I felled,

nearly demolished my faithful dog which accompanied me, as it fell across the terrified creature's loins; the soft newly fallen snow, however, offered no resistance to his body, but sunk under his weight, so that he received no injury."—pp. 56, 57.

Here are no ejaculations, no amplifications about the badness of the bed, or the coldness of the dwelling; for it immediately is added, that after having travelled in the morning some distance "in a very wet condition, from my last night's lair," sleet and rain continuing to fall, "I was most humanely entertained by a Roman Catholic planter, Handlin and his wife, at whose house I dried and warmed myself." Does not the reader find that by every step which this most unsophisticated Christian takes, he gains upon the affections? and does he not also find an attractive lesson of charitable feeling and beautiful contentedness in every unadorned, unambitious sentiments, which the good man utters? We are greatly mistaken if this cheap volume does not produce an effect never contemplated by the author, and which he will be the last to believe it capable of producing. So much for truth, natural feeling, and sincere religion. Religion, in its simple power and beauty, is seen in every paragraph inserted in this Journal. We shall not prejudice the book, when we announce, that in the author's future progress, monotonous though the country, the events, and the description may necessarily seem to be, we have still more effective details and more strongly varied circumstances introduced than any that have yet been noticed. We must still, however, jump over much that is interesting; it is only a sort of random abridgment that we pursue.

"I was fortunate enough to come out upon the shore in Fortune Bay, exactly where there were no houses, and a very decent young man, B. L. and his wife, having only left their winter tilts that morning, had cleaned up their neat summer house, and lighted a good fire, as though for my reception. I sent round to his neighbours to give notice of my intention to hold divine service at this house the next morning, and was delighted to see the serious and intelligent manner in which the children were taught to say their grace before and after meat, and their morning and evening prayers. My eyes, which have been much tried by the glare of the sun upon the snow, and by the cutting winds abroad, are further tried within the houses by the quantity of smoke, or 'cruel steam,' as the people emphatically and correctly designate it, with which every tilt is filled. The structure of the winter tilt, the chimney of which is of upright studs, stuffed or 'stogged' between with moss, is so rude, that in most of them in which I officiated the chimney has caught fire once, if not oftener, during the service. When a fire is kept up, which is not unusual, all night long, it is necessary that somebody should sit up, with a bucket of water at hand, to stay the progress of these frequent fires; an old gun-barrel is often placed in the chimney corner, which is used as a syringe, or diminutive fire-engine, to arrest the progress of these flames; or masses of snow are placed on the top of the burning studs, which, as

they melt down, extinguish the dangerous element. The chimneys of the summer-houses in Fortune Bay, are better fortified against the danger, being lined within all the way up with a coating of tin, which is found to last for several years."—pp. 63—65.

Next day the Archdeacon had an unusually bad course to go over, in one place being obliged to crawl upon hands and knees, through a hole in a hollow rock, "in others we went under crags, from which heavy icicles were pendant, resembling some mimic Niagara, which had been caught and fixed by the frost at mid-fall." His sealskin cap and crape gauze veil, worn for the protection of the eyes, were stiffened with frost; his gloves and handkerchief became masses of ice, and as he could not get off his sealskin mockasins, he was in more danger than ever of being *frost burnt*. On the 3rd of April, he saw a rude calendar: it was a piece of board, on which was carved an initial letter for each day of the week. Under these letters the date of the month was chalked afresh at the beginning of each week. He met pious persons, however, who had occasionally so miscalculated the time, that they had scrupulously abstained from work on Saturday or Monday, supposing them to be Sunday.

The Archdeacon meets with some Indian families of the Bannok tribe from Canada, and lodges in a wigwam, spruce boughs, like feathers, being spread around the fire, covered with deerskin; the softest and cleanest were offered to him, and he passed the night comfortably. He found them very regular in their evening and morning devotions. They were Romanists. "The females particularly had a soft melodious hum in which they chanted with much seeming devotion, every night before they gave themselves to rest."

"The Indian squaws pleased me much by their natural courtesy. Though walking above a hundred miles in Indian rackets or snow-shoes has made me now somewhat expert in the use of them, it may be imagined that I was at first, indeed I must be still, very awkward in them, by the side of an Indian. Being thirty-three inches in length, and eighteen inches broad, and weighing each of them twenty ounces, even before they are saturated with wet, they occasioned me many falls and disasters. This was especially the case in descending very steep hills, or going upon the thin ice of Long Pond, which broke in under our weight. The water which had collected to the depth of a foot or a foot and a half on the top of ice of some of the large lakes, had its own coat of ice, and although the safety of the traveller is not endangered by the weakness of this upper ice, his expedition is very much impeded."—pp. 89, 90.

We have already been informed, that the author became more expert in making a temporary place of rest during the night among the snow. A description of the process is thus given:—

"The snow being at least ten feet deep, a rude shovel is first cut out of the side of some standing tree, which is split down with a wedge made

for the purpose. Snow does not adhere to wood as it does to an iron shovel, consequently a wooden shovel is preferable for the purpose of shovelling out the snow. The snow is then turned out for the space of eight or ten feet square, according to the number of the company which requires accommodation. When the snow is cleared away, quite to the ground, the wood is laid on the ground for the fire. About a foot of loose snow is left in the cavern round the fire. On this the spruce of fir branches, which break off very easily when bent hastily back downwards, are laid all one way, featherwise, with the lower part of the bough upwards. Thus the bed is made. Some of these boughs are also stuck upright on the snow against the wall of snow by the side of the cavern, and a door or opening is left in the wall of snow for the bringing in during the night the birch-wood for burning, which is piled up in heaps close by for the night's supply, that any who may be awake during the night may bring it in as it is required. Here the traveller lies with no covering from the weather, or other shelter than the walls of snow on each side of his icy cavern and surrounding trees may supply. Of course as the laborious exercise during the day is sufficiently heating, and he is unwilling unnecessarily to increase his burden, he has no great coat or cloak for wrapping up at night. A yellow fungus which grows on the witch-hazel supplies tinder to the Indian, who is never without flint or steel, and he is remarkably expert in vibrating moss and dry leaves and birch bark rapidly through the air in his hands, which, soon after the application of a spark, ignite and make a cheerful blaze. One who passes a night in the woods in the winter must halt by four P. M., for by the time the hole in the snow is dug, and a sufficient number of trees are felled, and cut up to serve for the supply of fuel for the night, it will have become dark."—pp. 90—92.

The Archdeacon engages an Indian guide; but both guides, as well as himself, found their sight becoming very weak, and at length they all three become blind. "A field of white paper, varied only by an occasional blot of the pen, with the glare of the bright sun upon it all day, and the red glare of the fire all night," together with the wind by day, and the "cruel steam" by night, produced this calamity, while they were lodging for several successive nights and days in the snow. There were other hardships which they had to encounter.

"In a country which abounds with game, and in which it is so difficult to travel even without any burden, none think of carrying provisions for more than a day or two into the interior with them; but neither the pilots nor I could now see sufficiently to use a gun, or bear indeed to look upwards. The Indian did try, but he came back without success, although he met with many fresh tracks of deer, and heard many partridges, and in the course of the night, deer had evidently passed within twenty yards of our retreat. It became so thick, moreover, that, had we been ever so little affected with snow-blindness, we could not have seen more than a few yards, and could not consequently have made any way in an unknown country. Our Indian guide, while he was in search of deer, nearly lost all track of us, when, our allowance of food being exceedingly

scanty, our situation seemed likely to be very deplorable. All Tuesday we rested in our icy chamber. What an oratory was it for the prayers of two or three, who were surely agreed touching what they should ask of their Father in heaven. The ejaculations 'give us this day our daily bread,' and 'lighten our darkness,' commanded a ready response. Such place might be a Bethel, and there may be seasons in the lives of those who travel, and scenes such as these, of which they may afterwards say, that the Lord was by them in the wilderness, and that it has been good for them to have been there. Some natural tears may have mingled with the water which the acrid vapour from the smoke of the damp wood (for it now rained) forced from my eyes, as I thought of the probable anxiety of my dear wife, and of the likelihood that all my dreams of future useful labours in the church might be thus fatally dissipated. It was at length hinted by the Indian, that my dog might make a meal; and it is as much that they may serve in such a season of extremity, as for any fondness which they have for the animal, or use they generally make of them, that Indians are usually attended by dogs of a mongrel breed. Had my Indian pilot known the coast, we might have got to some Indian wigwams in White Bear Bay, but he did not like to attempt reaching that bay. The straggling locations of these Indians along our coast, reminded me much of the separation between Abraham and Lot.

"I divided the bread-dust and crumbs, all which now remained of our provisions, not amounting altogether to more than two biscuits, into three parts, and gave a part to each of my guides, reserving a like share for myself; and, as I had not the patent apparatus with me for extracting bread from saw-dust, though I saw the danger which must attend our moving in such thick weather, and blind as we all were, I perceived that we must either make an effort to return, or must starve where we were. I proposed, therefore, to the Indian pilot, that we should try to return to the spot where we had left so much venison buried. At first he hesitated; but, at length he agreed that we should attempt it. A black gauze veil, which I had kept over my eyes when the sun was at its height, and the resolution to which I had adhered of not rubbing my eyes, had preserved me, perhaps, from suffering so much from sun-blindness as my companions. Maurice Louis, the Indian, would open his eyes now and then to look at my compass;—we could not see for fog more than 100 yards; he would fix on some object as far as the eye could reach, and then shut his eyes again, when I would lead him up to it. On reaching it he would open his eyes again, and we would, in the same manner, take a fresh departure. It was literally a case in which the blind was leader to the blind."—pp. 98—103.

The want of water in this journey was a great privation. The Archdeacon contented himself, however, with that which was supplied by snow melted by the smoky fire, which cracked his swollen lips to such a degree, that he had afterwards difficulty in recognizing himself when looking in a piece of broken glass; and he adds, that the most scorching heat in summer does not tan and swell the face more than does travelling in the snow at that season.

After numerous dangers and great exertions they reached a win-

ter crew's lilt, where, throwing himself into a dark "lean-to," the Archdeacon sought repose for his eyes, when so heavy a rain came on, that he was truly thankful he was not in one of the unroofed snow caves, which for some time before had been his only place of retreat in all weathers. But we must confine our remaining space for other notices than such as belong to the author's dangers and endurances from the weather and his lodgings.

"At Chaleur Bay, I had an audience, who gathered their chairs nearer to me, and nearer, as their interest in a beautiful religious narrative, which I was reading, heightened, until one and another lifted the hand, and the corner of the rough apron in silence, to wipe the tear from their sunburnt cheeks; and one woman, at the close of the tale, took up the chord for the rest, and remarked with a striking simplicity: 'It is very feeling, Sir!' The conduct of Reuben Samms, contrasts well with the less creditable conduct of many upon this shore, as regards wrecks. Before the wreck of the 'William Ashton,' he had been instrumental with his brother, in saving persons at different times from five other wrecks. On one occasion, he had observed signs of a wreck and discovered foot-marks upon the rugged shore, and tracked them several miles into the interior, where he found seven men from the 'Mary,' which belonged to Mr. Broom, the present senior magistrate of St. John's. The poor fellows had been three days and nights without food, and, but for his exertions in pursuing their tracks, must have perished. The simple description which he gave me of the joy which was depicted upon the haggard countenances of these starving and lost seamen, when they first caught sight of him in the interior, was most affecting, and reminded me of the experience of the lost sinner, when he first makes discovery of a Saviour! When I had performed full service at Bay Chaleur, and baptized his four children, his wife humbly offered herself also for baptism, as did also his mother-in-law, who was sixty-two years of age, but had never before had an opportunity, though well read and instructed, and of pious conversation—of thus solemnly dedicating herself in this scriptural method to the service of Christ.

"I may mention here a pious fraud which I detected in this neighbourhood. There is, among the poor, in many parts of this island, a superstitious respect paid to a piece of printed paper, which is called the 'Letter of Jesus Christ.' This, in addition to Lentulus's well-known epistle to the Senate of Rome, contains many absurd superstitions, such as the promise of safe delivery in child-bed, and freedom from bodily hurt to those who may possess a copy of it. A humble person on this shore, who had long possessed one of these papers, wished to supply some of her relatives and neighbours with copies, and sent home a commission for several. Instead of the lying imposition which she had sent for, several hand-bill placards, or sheets came out to her, in which admirable texts were appended to the above-named letter of Lentulus, and a promise of eternal life was held out to those who, possessing—not that paper! but a copy of the sacred scriptures, should read and believe them, and live according to them. The woman had felt disappointed, and detailed her disappointment to me. On examining the case, of course I could not sym-

pathize with her, and endeavoured, I trust successfully, to explain the unscriptural character of the first papers, and to recommend that, in all future importations, she should take care to order those which came from the same press; Davis, of Paternoster Row.

" ' You think, then, they will have as much goodness in them as the old ones, sir? ' "

" ' As much, certainly; and I should imagine more, my good woman, if you would only be guided by the good advice which is given in that paper.' "—pp. 131—136.

The Archdeacon's waggery is admirable, and the more so that it is perfectly innocent. Perhaps, however, the most touching information to be found in this volume, is connected with the shipwrecks that are so frequent on the coast of Newfoundland. At the cabin at Burnt Islands, in which the author staid, " the play-things of the children were bunches of small patent desk and cabinet keys, which had been picked up from wrecks." Beautiful China plates, which had been washed ashore, were ranged upon shelves alongside of the most common ware, and a fine huckabac towel, marked L. C. D., was given to him to dry his hands, which had been supplied from a wrecked vessel in which there had been several ladies.

" To some hearts those letters, doubtless, would renew a sad period of anxiety, which preceded the intelligence of the melancholy certainty of a sad bereavement. I could not look at this relic of a toilet, now no more required, without emotions of deep interest, although I had no clue by which I could attach recollections of brilliant prospects early blighted, or pious faith exemplified in death to these three letters. Indeed, the scenes and circumstances, the very people by whom I was surrounded, roused within me a train of deeply melancholy sensations. My host may have been a humane man; his conduct to me was that of genuine hospitality; but it had been his frequent employment at intervals, from his youth till now, to bury wrecked corpses, in all stages of decomposition. There had been washed on shore here, as many as three hundred, and an hundred and fifty on two occasions, and numerous in others. This sad employment appeared to have somewhat blunted his feelings. I would not do him injustice—the bare recital of such revolting narratives, '*quorum pars magna fuit*,' unvarnished as such tales would naturally be, in the simpler expression of a fisherman, might give an appearance of a want of feeling, which nature may not have denied to him, and of which the scenes and occupations of his life may not have wholly divested him. I remember well my expressing my reluctance to allow him to disinter a delicate female foot, the last human relic, which the waves, or the wild cats, or the fox, or his own domestic dog, had deposited in the neighbourhood of his cabin. He had recently picked it up close to his door, and had buried it in his garden, and was very anxious to be allowed to shovel away the lingering snow, that he might indulge me with a sight of it. I suppose my countenance may have betrayed some feeling of abhorrence, when he said, ' Dear me, Sir, do let me; it would not give me any concern at all: I have had so much to do with dead bodies, that I think no more of handling them, than I do of handling so many codfish! ' I have said, that I

believe him humane; yet wrecks must form his chief inducement to settle in a place so barren and bleak, and to live through the winter out upon the shore as he does, contrary to the usual habit of the people, which is to retire into the woods until late in the spring. But humanity might prompt a man to live where his services may occasionally be exerted usefully for the preservation of human life. Yet, did I wrong him in the judgment of charity, when I saw his quick eye kindle with the gale, as he watched the stormy horizon? Was I wrong when, as he went in the early dawn and dusk each evening, while I was there, to a hill a little higher than the rest, with his spy-glass, I thought his feelings and my own—on discerning that a vessel had, during the night, struck some of the numerous rocks which abound hereabouts, or was on her way to do so—might be of a very different character? This man is only a sample of many whom I saw on this part of the coast.”—pp. 143—146.

It would not be easy to find a parallel to this account, in point of sadness, simplicity of narration, or tender charity on the part of the narrator, who is so afraid lest he wrong the hardy wrecker.

We are not without snatches of information which exhibit the Archdeacon as one feelingly alive to the beauties and the wonders of natural objects. For instance, he speaks of “those very beautiful birds, called by the people of Newfoundland ‘lords and ladies,’” and then introduces the name of Mr. Audubon, who visited the island along with some pupils, some time ago, with deserved admiration, whose works, it appears, he has perused. At St. George’s Harbour—

“One person presented me with a piece of thick birch tree, which had been cut through by the beaver near a beaver house, which was in the neighbourhood. The long teeth of these animals are sharp as chisels, and somewhat curved at the end: through this formation they are enabled to scoop the wood away at each incision, and trees, thick as the body of a stout man, are cut down by them in an incredibly short period, if they are in the way of their beaver path. They have the instinct too, so to cut them, as that they may fall in any direction they wish, and not lie across their path. The tree, of which this is a part, having fallen inconveniently, had been cut through a second time. It is a good specimen, therefore, of their ingenuity, as it shews the marks of their labour at each end. Near the same beaver house, from which this was taken, a tree which the beaver had cut through, had so fallen that it rested against a neighbouring tree. On visiting the beaver house a few days after the first falling of the tree, my informant found that the supporting tree had, in the meantime, paid dearly for the protection it had afforded the condemned one. It had been itself cut through, so that it offered now no obstacle to their plans of improvement.”—pp. 164, 165.

The Archdeacon has even a taste for sport as well as for adventure. One night he voluntarily joined some people who went out to spear trout and eels in the salmon fisheries, being highly gratified with the midnight occupation. A rude flambeau made of bunches of birch bark was placed at the bow of the canoe, where a man

stood with a cleft pole of a certain description, with which he dexterously and alternately impelled the vessel and speared the fish, that were either bewildered or attracted by the light. Four hundred trout, the author says, were thus taken in the canoe in which he was, some of them of a size that a salmon net would have taken them. Six of them weighed twenty-two pounds. We must not pass unnoticed the Archdeacon's testimony to the sagacity of Newfoundland dogs, especially as the account is connected with a man at Gale's Harbour, of whom honourable mention is made.

"I staid here at the house of a French Canadian, whose simple recital of the efficacy of his prayers, in a certain season of imminent peril at sea, and intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, which he knew just sufficient of English to read in our tongue, pleased me very much. Within a few days of my leaving his house, the courage and humanity of this man of faith were called into exercise by the appearance in his neighbourhood, of a boat with a portion of the exhausted crews from a wrecked vessel in her. The breakers made it impossible that the people in the boat should effect a landing; he leaped into the sea at the peril of his life, to give them a rope: a favourite dog, which I had admired while there, was with him; and on the boat's swamping, when Miessau swam with one man in his protection, his faithful dog seized another to draw him to the shore. The south-wester cap, however, which the drowning seaman wore, on which the dog had seized his hold, came off in the water, and the dog not observing the diminution in the weight of his burden, was proceeding to the shore with the cap alone, when the sailor seized the tail of the dog, and so was towed to shore. The master of the wrecked vessel, who was one of the boat's crew, was taken in a state of insensibility into Miessau's house, and some hours elapsed before he became conscious of any thing which was passing around him. This late instance, which I have quoted above, of the sagacity of the dog of Newfoundland, may be classed with many of the same kind, which I have heard well authenticated, and indeed have witnessed many since my residence in the island. An old dog is now living at Jersey Harbour, near Harbour Briton, in Fortune Bay, which has exhibited, in many instances, a degree of sagacity which will hardly be credited. He has been known to assist in carrying on shore some light spars, which the captain of a vessel in the harbour desired him to carry to the land-wash, that a boat's crew might be spared the trouble of carrying them. Another dog belonging to the same wharf has, as a volunteer, or upon invitation, assisted him in this work for a time; but has left his work in the middle of his second turn, swimming to shore without his spar: when the first dog has quietly swam to shore with his own turn, and then sought the runaway dog, and given him a sound threshing, and used to him other arguments of a character so significant and convincing, that the runaway has returned to his work, and quietly persevered in it, till the spars which had been thrown over-board, were rafted to the shore by the sagacious animals."—*pr.* 150—153.

Our author speaks pointedly of a marked dissimilarity between
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the settlers who have descended from Jerseymen, Frenchmen, Irish, Scotch, and English people; nay, of a remarkable difference between the manners of the same races, when only separated by what seems an inconsiderable space; in some spots a population which is sadly degenerated may be found to be thus contrasted with one that has gained by being removed from the mother country. He speaks also in high terms of the character of some of the Indians, whom he heard speak with horror and disgust of the profligacy of the Whites. He says he met with more feminine delicacy in the wigwams of the Micmac and Canokok Indians, than in the tilts of many of his own people; and he expresses his fears, that unless some farther means be taken for the improvement of the latter than are at present available, they may fast merge into a state similar to that in which the first missionaries found the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. This interesting Journal, indeed, is intended to enforce an appeal which he is now making, as we learn from the Dedicatory Letter, through the agency of his "dear Fanny," as he characterizes his "Missionary wife," who has come to England for the purpose—showing that she is of a kindred spirit and character with the excellent Archdeacon. The more immediate desire which he expresses, and which the fair ambassador is to urge in this country, is that assistance may be obtained for the erection of an additional Protestant episcopal church in St. John's, the sum of two thousand pounds being required. Hitherto, it appears, the island has been altogether indebted to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," for its church institutions, its clergy, and till recently all its schools—the author being one of the Society's servants, and without doubt a most exemplary missionary. We cannot for a moment suppose that his appeal, so supported as it is by the whole current of the Journal, and the zeal of his lady, can fail with the English religious public.

ART. X.—*First Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners for England and Wales. 1835.*

FIVE or six months ago, we took up this Report, and felt much satisfaction in being able to show our readers, that at the close of the first year in which the Poor Law Amendment Act had been in operation, the effects produced had far outstripped what its most sanguine supporters anticipated. We have now before us the same Report, but along with it there is a copious and highly interesting Appendix, to which we now are anxious to direct the attention of our readers. The Commissioners court inquiry into their conduct, and into the fruits of the new measure. And well they may do so; for however wise may have been the provisions of the law thereby

introduced, had it not been for the delicate judgment, yet firm procedure of the Commissioners and their agents, the ponderous, complicated, and deeply rooted evils of the old system must have defied the reforming clauses of any enactment.

It is the more necessary for the public to become acquainted with the minute details contained in this Appendix, inasmuch as there still in many quarters prevails a prejudice regarding the amendment act, that is not more painful to perceive, than it is illustrative of the tenacity with which a community will adhere to long-established abuses, even after they are seen to be ruinous; and daily becoming more disastrously inveterate. No doubt this prejudice has its origin generally in ignorance—a state of mind which cannot be excusable now that the present Report is abroad; but with others it has all along been culpable. Portions of the public press (strange to say), through political partizanship, or hostility to a ministry, have polluted their pages with falsehoods and exaggerations respecting the working of the new act; and seem never to be so well pleased as when they can pounce upon some heart-harrowing case, from which to level the foulest obloquy against the framers and supporters of the bill. Whether any or all of these distressing instances are faithfully described, or how far they may have been attributable to the new act, and the Commissioners appointed to carry its spirit and provisions into practice, it is impossible for us to state; but this we may assert, that the comparatively few examples of hardship and oppression which have been adduced by a vigilant hostile press, furnish strong indirect testimony to the excellent character of the new law, and its administrators, when the magnitude of the evils to be encountered, and the extent of the reform carried into effect are contemplated. Had the public one glance of the accumulated injuries and sufferings which the history of the poor would furnish to the fair impugner of the amendment act, were he but to confine himself to the year immediately preceding its introduction, there would no longer be a whisper to its disparagement; but gratitude mingled with astonishment at the rapid and mighty change produced by it, would fill the heart of the considerate poor, and the charitable rich. The Appendix before us affords, however, quite enough of the old system to sicken the heart, and make the reader turn with delight to the new state of things, and to look forward with the most refreshing hope to the future.

Before proceeding to copy into our pages a few portions of this Appendix, we shall merely refer to one thing farther respecting the objections urged by the impugners of the new measure, which is completely set at rest by the information before us. Not unfrequently is it stated, that the Report is all very well, and just such as the public might expect from parties who have an immediate and selfish interest in upholding the character of their proceedings, and

of the wisdom of the new law ; in short, that the Commissioners are not such fools as to tell all or any thing that would take from them their snug berths. Disingenuous minds are the first to suspect the motives of others. But besides, this Appendix contains so many names, testimonies, and specified places, where the Commissioners have done signal work, that until the accuracy and honesty of their Report be contradicted, and its contents shown to be glaringly false, we are entitled and bound to hold it as unimpeachable. The truth is, that for the sake of seeming consistent, the enemies of the new measure are obliged to deal in vague assertions, or to perch upon some exaggerated or mendacious account of certain isolated cases, which have been, after all, marvellously rare, when the machinery and the field concerned are considered. We deny not that a few modifications of the act may become requisite, but the excellence of the general law is rather established than impeached, by the fact of its being susceptible of such minor improvements.

A great deal has been said against the principle of the new workhouse system ; and certainly if these establishments were to be conducted as they formerly were, enough could not be objected to them, as dens of idleness, misthrift, and profligacy, on the part of superintendants, and of the paupers themselves. But the case is now different ; for since workhouses seem to be indispensable, care is taken that they shall be rendered as unobjectionable, and as beneficial as possible. Let us attend to some of the orders and regulations that have now to be observed in the workhouse of each union of parishes.

“ Admission of Paupers.

“ I. Paupers are to be admitted into the workhouse in any one of the following modes, and in no other ; viz.—

“ By an order of the board of guardians, signified in writing by their clerk.

“ By a provisional order in writing, signed by an overseer, churchwarden or relieving officer.

“ By the master of the workhouse, without any such order, in case of any sudden or urgent necessity.

“ II. No pauper shall be admitted under any written order as above-mentioned, if the same bear date more than six days before the pauper presents it, and claims to be admitted.

“ III. If a pauper be admitted by the provisional order of an overseer, churchwarden or relieving officer, or by the master of the workhouse, in a case of sudden and urgent necessity, the admission of such pauper shall be brought before the board of guardians at their next weekly meeting, who shall decide on the propriety of the pauper's continuing in the workhouse or otherwise, and order accordingly.

“ IV. As soon as a pauper is admitted, he or she shall be placed in the probationary ward, and shall there remain until examined by the medical officer of the workhouse.

“ V. If the medical officer, upon such examination, pronounces the

pauper to be labouring under any disease of body or mind, the pauper shall be placed either in the sick ward, or the ward for lunatics and idiots not dangerous, as the medical officer shall direct.

"VI. If the medical officer pronounces the pauper to be free from disease, the pauper shall be placed in that part of the workhouse assigned to the class to which he or she may belong, and shall thereafter be treated according to the regulations hereinafter contained.

"VII. Before removal from the probationary ward, the pauper shall be thoroughly cleansed, and shall be clothed in the workhouse dress; and the clothes which he or she wore upon admission shall be purified, and deposited in a place to be appropriated for that purpose, to be restored to the pauper on leaving the workhouse, or else to be used by the pauper as the board of guardians shall direct.

"VIII. The clothing of the paupers shall be made of such materials as the board of guardians shall determine, and shall, so far as possible, be made by the paupers in the workhouse.

"Classification of Paupers.

"IX. The in-door paupers shall be classed as follows:—

"1. Aged or infirm men.

"2. Able-bodied men, and youths above 13.

"3. Youths and boys above seven years old and under 13.

"4. Aged or infirm women.

"5. Able-bodied women, and girls above 16.

"6. Girls above seven years of age and under 16.

"7. Children under seven years of age.

"X. To each class shall be assigned by the board of guardians that apartment or separate building which may be best fitted for the reception of such class, and in which they shall respectively remain, without communication, unless as is hereinafter provided."—pp. 96, 97.

Rules are specified to meet certain exceptions which the nature of the accommodation, and the circumstances peculiar to the paupers or workhouse may require. One rule runs thus—"The paupers of the several establishments comprised in the Union shall be employed in any work which may be needed, and of which they may be capable, for the use of any or all of the establishments within the Union, or in any other way the board of guardians may direct." The guardians appoint a visiting committee from their own body, whose duty it is to examine the workhouse or workhouses of the Union once every week at the least, and after a careful inspection, to write such answers as the facts may warrant, to a number of specified inquiries, which are printed in a book that is kept for that purpose, and submitted regularly to the board of guardians at their weekly meeting. For the performance of the duties, and ensuring the observance of the rules set forth in these queries, the board of guardians appoint officers and servants, or as many of them as may be necessary, together with assistants, if the circumstances of the establishment call for them; all such appointments

being subject to the approval of the Poor Law Commissioners. The following are specified.

The master of the workhouse,	The chaplain,
The matron of the workhouse,	The medical officer,
The schoolmaster,	The porter,
The schoolmistress,	The nurses,

who perform certain duties set forth in the Appendix, together with all such others as the board of guardians shall lawfully require of them. It may be remarked, that if a chaplain is appointed, he must be licensed and approved by the diocesan. Of the rules and regulations to be observed in workhouses, we cannot now find room for more than part of those which fall under *discipline and diet*.

“XIII. All the paupers in the workhouse, except the sick, the aged and infirm, and the young children, shall rise, be set to work, leave off work, and go to bed, at the times mentioned in the accompanying table, Form (A.), and shall be allowed such intervals for their meals as therein are stated; and these several times shall be notified by ringing a bell; and during the time of meals, silence, order, and decorum, shall be maintained.

“XIV. Half an hour after the bell shall have been rung for rising, the names shall be called over in the several wards provided for the second, third, fifth, and sixth classes, when every pauper belonging to the ward must be present, to answer to his or her name, and to be inspected by the master or matron.

“XV. No pauper of the second, third, fifth, or sixth classes shall be allowed to go or to remain in his or her sleeping-room, either in the time hereby allotted for work, or in the intervals allowed for meals, except by permission of the master.

“XVI. As regards aged and infirm persons and children, the master and matron of the workhouse shall (subject to the directions of the board of guardians) fix such hours of rising and going to bed, and such occupation and employment, as may be suitable to their respective ages and conditions.

“XVII. The meals for the aged and infirm, the sick, and children, shall be provided at such times and in such manner as the board of guardians may direct.

“XVIII. The boys and girls who are inmates of the workhouse shall, for three of the working hours at least, every day, be respectively instructed in reading, writing, and in the principles of the Christian religion; and such other instructions shall be imparted to them as are calculated to train them to habits of usefulness, industry, and virtue.

“XIX. The diet of the paupers shall be so regulated as in no case to exceed, in quantity and quality of food, the ordinary diet of the able-bodied labourers living within the same district.

“XX. No pauper shall be allowed to have or use any wine, beer, or other spirituous or fermented liquors, unless by the direction in writing of the medical officer, who may also order for any individual pauper such change of diet as he shall deem necessary; and the master shall

report such allowance or changes of diet so made to the next meeting of guardians, who may sanction, alter, or disallow the same at their discretion.

“XXI. No pauper shall be allowed to work on his own account whilst an inmate of the workhouse; the Union which supports him being entitled to the full produce of his labour.

“XXII. Any pauper may quit the workhouse, upon giving the master three hours' previous notice of his wish to do so; but no able-bodied pauper having a family shall so quit the house without taking the whole of such family with him or her, unless the board of guardians shall otherwise direct; nor shall any pauper, after so quitting the house, be again received into the house, unless in one of the modes prescribed in Rule I. for the admission of paupers.

“XXIII. No person shall be allowed to visit any pauper in the workhouse, except by permission of the master, and subject to such conditions and restrictions as the board of guardians may direct; provided that the interview shall always take place in the presence of the master or matron, and in a room separate from the other inmates of the workhouse, unless in case of sickness; provided also, that any licensed minister of the religious persuasion of any inmate of such workhouse, at all times of the day, on the request of such inmate, may visit such workhouse for the purpose of affording religious assistance to such inmate, and also at all reasonable times for the purpose of instructing his child or children in the principles of their religion; such religious assistance, and such instruction, being strictly confined to inmates who are of the religious persuasion of such licensed minister, and to the children of such inmates; and not so given as to interfere with the good order and discipline of the other inmates of the establishment.

“XXIV. No work, except the usual household work and cooking, shall be performed by the paupers on Sunday.

“XXV. Divine service shall be performed every Sunday in the workhouse, at which all the paupers shall attend, except the sick and the young children, and such as are too infirm to do so, and except also those paupers who may object so to attend, on account of their professing religious principles differing from those of the Church of England.

“XXVI. Any pauper, who shall neglect to observe such of the foregoing rules as are applicable to him or her;

“Or who shall make any noise when silence is ordered;

“Or use obscene or profane language;

“Or by word or deed insult or revile any other pauper in the workhouse;

“Or who shall not duly cleanse his or her person;

“Or neglect or refuse to work;

“Or pretend sickness;

“Or who shall wilfully waste or spoil any provisions, or stock, or tools, or materials for work;

“Or wilfully damage any property whatsoever belonging to the Union;

"Or disobey any of the legal orders of the master or matron, or other superintendent; shall be deemed disorderly, and shall be placed in apartments provided for such offenders, or shall otherwise be distinguished in dress, and placed upon such diet as the board of guardians shall prescribe."—pp. 98, 99.

It thus appears that there is not merely encouragement to well-doing, but punishment and disgrace for vice and negligence; so that while the idle, thriftless, and profane pauper will find no temptation for his continuing a burden to society, and a reproach to mankind, the unformed or facile character is trained to virtue and industry.

Let us now mark a very few of the testimonies which the Appendix furnishes in proof of the disastrous and ruinous state of the old system of the poor laws, as well as of the difficulties to be encountered, and the achievements accomplished by the amendment act and its administrators. We take our remaining extracts from certain Reports sent in to the Poor Law Commissioners by their assistants, wherein names, dates, and localities, are minutely specified. Here is a part of the Report of Sir Francis B. Head, written after he had concluded his operations in East Kent.

"Firmly resting on the law of the land, directed, as these boards will be, by your orders and regulations; shielded from all odium; and resolutely supported, as they believe they will be, by the Government of the country, it will, I hope, be evident to you, that the poor-rates of East Kent are now guarded by powers fully competent efficiently to control their expenditure.

"The pecuniary result of this new and powerful arrangement is a harvest which we cannot yet hope to reap; its abundant produce, however, may not unfairly be anticipated from the clamour and opposition now raised against our unions by the little shop-keepers, by the owners as well as by the frequenters of beer-shops, and by a variety of other classes, which it would be very painful to designate; for I can faithfully assure you, that I am daily astonished at discovering, not only how many individuals, but how many classes of people have, directly or indirectly, been abstracting profit as well as popularity from that vast and hitherto unprotected mass of money, which has been collected nominally for the support of the poor.

"When first under your directions I began gradually to place the rate-receivers below the rate-payers, and below the independent labourers, it did not appear to be understood that the industry of all classes of society would be healthily excited by so honest an adjustment; the truth, however, of the theory soon became evident, even to several of the best labourers, and nothing has tended to make it more practically apparent to the good sense of the whole country, than the mutinous resistance which was fortunately offered to the operations of the earliest unions I formed.

"The complaint first urged against your orders, 'that relief should be given to able-bodied paupers and their families, half in bread and half in money,' actually was, that by such an arrangement they (the paupers) *would receive more bread than they could possibly eat*; in fact, that they would be weaned from the beer-shops: and when not contented with uttering so unreasonable an objection, they assembled in great numbers to attack not only the relieving officers, but to insult and assault their own magistrates; when armed with clubs they dragged the independent labourers from their work, forcibly obliging them to join their gang; when they grossly insulted women who earnestly desired, for the sake of their children, to accept the bread; when they declared to one or two of the Kentish yeomen, that if they dared to interfere 'they would hang them up by the heels to their own trees;' when, going a step farther, they cruelly beat two gentlemen of great worth and respectability; and when, finally, they proceeded to the very brink of committing murder; such conduct explained most clearly the miserable progress of unrestrained pauperism, and advocated much more strongly than I could humbly do the necessity as well as the beneficence of the *Poor Law Amendment Act*."—pp. 166, 167.

One large proprietor declared to the assistant commissioner, soon after the operation of the new measure, that the change it had produced was quite incomprehensible, observing at the same time, "If even the shadow of the bill can produce for us such an effect, what benefit shall we not derive from its substance!" Bradford Union, Wiltshire, Charles Mott, Esq., an assistant Poor Law Commissioner, says—

"Presents the most striking proof of the immediate and almost magical effect of the new measures. The complaints of the ill-treatment of the poor of Freshford induced the board to order that an union should be formed of Bradford with Freshford and other surrounding parishes. Guardians were elected under the new Poor Law Amendment Act. Sir Thomas Fellowes was chosen president, and Mr. John Spackman vice-president of the board. The case of each pauper has been examined separately, and the greatest impositions detected and prevented for the future. Upwards of 250 cases, many of whom had been relieved for years, never applied, and entirely relinquished their relief rather than submit to an examination into their cases; others returned their tickets with thanks for the relief they had received, and stated that they could do without relief in future; others were detected in having been in constant receipt of good wages, who did not stand in need of relief; and so effective did the inquiries prove, that in about two months from the commencement of the union, a saving was effected averaging 3,000*l.* per year, and it is confidently anticipated, that when workhouse accommodation is provided, and the rules and regulations properly enforced, an additional saving will be made of 4,000*l.*; so that, in round numbers, 7,000*l.* out of 10,000*l.* (the average expenditure of the parishes of the union for the three previous years) will be saved to the rate-payers of this small district.

"The comforts of the aged and infirm and deserving poor have never-

theless been strictly attended to, and I believe the whole management of the Bradford Union reflects the greatest credit on the president, vice-president, and guardians generally."—pp, 178, 179.

The same gentleman informs the reader, that the bastardy clause, against which so much has been said, exhibits a curious result in the London parishes. "In the very large parish of St. Pancras, only three orders of affiliation have been obtained since the passing of the act, and not one-third the number of the young women now apply to be confined in the workhouse. In the workhouse of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the number of young women put to bed with bastard children, averaged about two per month, or twenty-five per year. Not a single case has occurred in that house since the act has passed. In St. Martin's, St. George's, Hanover Square, indeed, in nearly all the metropolitan parishes, the decrease in the number is in the same proportion." These facts require no comment; we only ask whether all the wrong said to be done to the females, through the unequal character of the law between them and the other sex, be not more than balanced by the result now stated? Under which law were there most wrong, suffering, and crime, witnessed?

Under the old system, Mr. Mott says—

"The payment of the extra charges, the prolific source indeed of the most extensive parochial peculations, being still left in the hands of ignorant and incompetent overseers in each parish, leaves an open field for fraud and deception. In one small parish I found 54*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* had been charged to the poor-rate in three years for killing sparrows: they are paid for at the rate of 3*d.* per dozen, and consequently there must have been 52,600 sparrows, which, allowing 12 sparrows to weigh one pound, would make the weight of the whole 4,388 pounds, or three good horse-loads of 1,461 pounds each: by the same process of calculation the sparrows would have served, instead of meat, 55 paupers for 12 months, allowing each pauper half a pound of sparrows per day for three days each week. Such charges will continue to be made without detection, for, as in Suffolk, if they cannot get the money from the poor-rate, they will have recourse to the surveyor's rate and to the churchwarden's account, and thereby cloak charges the most extravagant and ridiculous."—p. 181.

The first year's Report might well prepare us to expect many lingering defects; but Mr. Mott is strongly of opinion, that unless the guardians of the different Unions obtain a more extensive control over parochial funds than the Poor Law Commissioners can now give them, the new measure will not be perfect.

The gross mismanagement, the most enormous burdens, the immoral tendencies, which every page of these special Reports on the part of the assistant commissioners bring to light, characteristic of the former state of the law, are far more impressive when detailed individually, than any eloquent, but general summing up of the sub-

ject could be. We can only, of course, fasten upon a few instances, which we take at random. Mr. Gulson says—

“I have now minutely investigated 355 parishes, giving them my best attention and consideration, and all my experience fully proves, that the pressure upon property, and particularly landed property, is even greater than was represented, amounting, in some instances, to the full rental; and it is most clearly shown by the applications made to me on every side for my immediate presence and interference.

“The language of the farmers in many parishes, and I would especially particularize those of Long Crendon, Crawley, Middleton Cheney, and Handborough, was, ‘can you take us into this union? if not, when will you come amongst us? If you delay doing so until the autumn, then you must build your houses large enough to take in farmers as well as paupers; for the land is eaten up by the poor, and they are better off than we and our children.’ On other occasions they have said, ‘never mind explanation, we cannot be in a worse state than we are now; and we most gladly put ourselves into the hands of the Commissioners.’”

“To illustrate the subject, still farther, I will mention the following instances:—

“In the parish of Ramsden, Oxfordshire, I found the poor-rate exceeding 25*s.* per acre upon all the cultivated land in the parish; and at Aston and Cote it amounted to 24*s.* per acre.

“The parish of Northmoor has 360 inhabitants, and 1,960 acres of land whereupon to employ its labourers; the average expenditure for the last three years amounts, nevertheless, to nearly 1,200*l.* per annum.

“At Thame, with a population of 2,800, mostly residing in a neat and affluent little market-town, the metropolis of the district, the rates have lately amounted to 6,000*l.* per annum. At the time I visited this place 127 able-bodied labourers were out of employ, many of whom I observed playing at the old game of ‘pitch and hustle’ with halfpence (doubtless parish money) upon the roads where they were professedly at work.

“In the adjoining parish of Sydenham, which belongs exclusively to the Baroness Wenman, her ladyship pointed out to my notice one property which is let for 645*l.* per annum, free of poor-rate, and informed me that last year she paid back to the overseer the sum of 427*l.*

“Several large farmers at Caversham, after hearing the detail of the measure explained, with the effects which were likely to ensue, were asked by myself, how far they thought the parish of Caversham would be benefitted by being included in an union? when they replied, in open vestry, ‘Sir, it is the only thing that can save us.’ ‘I would myself,’ said one, ‘give 50*l.*, rather than have it delayed three months.’ ‘I should weep,’ said another, ‘for the consequences if you omitted immediately to deal with the parish of Caversham.’

“A pauper at Mapledurham had been for eight or nine months in the employ of the rector, Lord Augustus Fitz-Clarence, who himself related the circumstance to me in the presence of the overseer, earning 10*s.* per week. At last harvest time he left his situation, saying that he could better himself, with two suits of clothes in his possession, and more than 2*l.* in money, being a single man. Immediately after harvest he was an applicant for parochial relief, and has never been off the book since. A short

time ago he repaired to the house of the overseer by night, when he and his wife were gone to bed, and declared he would have 'money or blood.' The parish officer and his wife parleyed from their bed-room window with this outrageous claimant, and endeavoured to prevail on him to depart in peace, without granting his demand, but in vain; he vowed he would fire the premises, unless they gave him some money; terrified at his threats, they threw him out half a crown. The coin fell on the ground, and it being dark, the man could not readily find it; upon this he renewed his protestations that he would burn the house and all in it, unless either the money were found or more given. At last the overseer's wife actually came down in her night dress, searched with a candle for the money till she found it, and so was allowed by the pauper to return unmolested to bed. This circumstance occurred last January.

"About three weeks ago this pauper, Thomas Pocock, applied to the guardian of Mapledurham, Mr. Hutchins, for work, and said he should be very glad if he could set him on. He gave him a job of turnip hoeing. Pocock worked very well at it, and was steady; so Mr. Hutchins set him on reaping. The other day Pocock said, 'I should like to keep on working for you, sir, if you please; I should like to have a winter's job, sir, if you please; to go threshing, or any thing.' 'Well, Tom,' said Mr. Hutchins, 'this is a change; what's the reason of all this? how comes this?' He laughed. 'Come,' said Mr. Hutchins, 'tell us the truth, Tom.' 'Why, sir, 'tis that great house up there that's now building. I have now made up my mind to keep to regular work.' And Mr. Hutchins says now he is very civil, and works remarkably well.

"At Northmoor I discovered a considerable sum was annually expended in the *purchase of flax* for the employment of the pauper women and children; an additional charge was also made for the *spinning of this flax*, but I could find *no return* for it. On inquiring from the overseer what became of this material, he told me that *a few of the parishioners* had a meeting at a public house in the village twice a year, at which they expended five pounds each time in a feast. They charged this to the parish account, and *dividing the flax amongst them*, went home.

"At East Ilsley there is a charge for tolling the bell at the death of every pauper. The overseer told me, with a rueful countenance, that the clerk was a *dreadful man*, and threatened to fight him whenever he intimated his intention of stopping this charge.

In Banbury poor house lives a woman who makes over to the parish an annuity which she has of 5s. a week, on condition that they will keep her in the poor-house, knowing, as she says, that she could not be so comfortable elsewhere. The inmates are allowed as much meat as they please; the labourers in the vicinity only getting it once a week.

"A pauper in Ashbury, being lame, bought a horse and rode daily to the stone-pit.

"On inquiring from the superintendent of Wokefield and Mortimer poor-house, whether the inmates were subjected to any sort of discipline, he replied, that he once shut the door of the house at nine o'clock, but the paupers returning home to bed from their daily haunts, the beer-shops broke into the poor-house and abused him roundly for daring to exclude them from their own apartments.

"At Pangbourne, the payment for illegitimate children was 38*l.*—the receipt 1*l.*

"I then extended my inquiries to the farmers. They had, when I formerly visited them during the formation of the union, expressed themselves willing and anxious to avail themselves of any change, assuring me that the pressure from poor-rate and the consequent demoralization among the lower classes were such that they could not continue any longer as they were; but at the same time they plainly told me they were doubtful of the result when the principle came to be applied to their particular district, because they could not foresee what was to become of the number of able-bodied labourers who were out of employment, for whom no apparent source of labour existed, and who must therefore necessarily be supported in the workhouse. On inquiring from these farmers how it happened that labour was now found for them when no opening before seemed to present itself; the reply was this—'Why, sir, they were not worth a shilling a week before, and I would rather have had them off my ground than on; they were always dissatisfied and idle, corrupting the few good labourers that remained; whereas, now they come to me with a totally different bearing, saying the times are altered and they have nothing but the workhouse to fall back upon in case of necessity. They promise that if work can be found for them they will exert themselves to merit employment, and as I know the truth of their statement I have consented to give them a trial, and they are becoming as good labourers as their more independent comrades.' The farmers are, in fact, all willing to employ them now that the quality of their work is not deteriorated by the easy compliance of the parish with the demands of the idle and careless, and the parochial fund is devoted solely to the relief of those whose real necessity (*tested by the workhouse*) gives them a lawful claim upon its resources."—pp. 182—191.

Yes, the workhouse!—but we find that Mr. Hall has anticipated what we were about to say of these establishments under the amendment act, and that his experience enables him to put the matter in a much more impressive light than we could do. The truth is; that workhouses are no longer asylums for idleness and vice, but for the really destitute, whose morals will be no less efficiently watched over, than their physical necessities.

"Much obloquy has been cast on the new system, on account of its essential feature, the workhouse; it has been said, 'you make poverty a crime, and you are about to furnish the country with gaols, to which your criminals are to be consigned; bread and water, and a dungeon, must henceforth be the lot of him, whose industrious efforts have been frustrated by sickness or other unavoidable calamity. These things have been said; but as we are assailed less frequently now by such unfounded charges, we may charitably hope that ignorant zeal, and not deliberate malice, suggested the accusation; in which case, it is not impossible that our present accusers may learn to regard the workhouse with complacency, as an instrument of beneficence. A large building, constructed with the utmost possible regard to economy, cannot be an intrinsically beautiful object; an hospital or a manufactory excites an interest of a

pleasing nature, be its external aspect never so ungainly; it derives beauty from moral association; and why not a workhouse? there, while the idle and profligate are reclaimed, and diligence and sobriety are gradually disseminated, the old may find an asylum from the aggravated distresses of sickness, poverty, and age, and the young may imbibe religious and moral principles to last them through life. It is the intention, as it is the duty, of the Commissioners, to provide adequate instructors, for the children who may be inmates of the workhouse, and full opportunity and means of religious advancement for all who are thus specially brought under their charge. There can hardly be a more humiliating spectacle than an aged pauper, waiting in a state of almost brutish apathy, the only summons that can call him from the parish poor-house, the summons of death; as painful is it to see the neglected, squalid state of the children, who generally crowd these abodes of dirt and degradation. To remove them into well regulated establishments, to bring the old within reach of regular religious instruction and admonition, and to put the young into a course of training as morally responsible creatures, is no small blessing consequent upon the universal application of the workhouse system."—pp. 219, 220.

Let all who take a humane interest in the case of the poor, and who wish to have a cheering prospect to feast their hopes upon, as well as all who have hitherto lavished their abuse upon the Poor Law Amendment Act, or its administrators, peruse the volume now on our table, and, as advocates of the measure, we fear not their decision.

ART. XI.—*Hints on Etiquette and the Usages of Society : with a Glance at Bad Habits.* By *ΑΧΕΥΣ*. London: Longman and Co. 1836.

A TINY volume, extending only to sixty-two pages, which professes to show how "to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," should be a gem indeed. What is the Hinder's particular design?

"This is not written for those *who do* but for those who do *not know what is proper*, comprising a large portion of highly respectable and estimable people, who have had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the usages of the (so termed) 'best society;' therefore, do not let the 'select' sneer and say—'Oh, every body knows *that* ; there is nothing *new* here.' Even *they* may be mistaken, and many may profit who will not chuse to *own* how much they are indebted to this little book.

"It would be absurd to suppose, that those persons who constitute the upper ranks of the middling classes in London are ignorant of the regulations here laid down; but in the country (especially in the mercantile districts), where the tone of society is altogether lower, it is far otherwise, although country people may not feel inclined to *acknowledge* what is, nevertheless, strictly true.

"If these 'hints' save the blush upon *one cheek*, or smoothe the path into 'society' of only *one* honest family, the object of the author will be attained."—pp. 5, 6.

All very modest and philanthropic. Towards the conclusion of the "Hints," it is more confidently said, as becomes a man who feels he has performed an important duty, that, "although these remarks will not be sufficient in themselves to make you a gentleman, yet they will enable you to avoid any glaring impropriety, and do much to render you easy and confident in society." Mr. Etiquette, we take leave to dissent from the latter portions of this self-congratulatory statement, believing that he who carries the whole of these "Hints" in his head, and who continually endeavours to reduce them to practice, will commit the most glaring improprieties, and be the farthest from being easy and confident in society that can readily be imagined; not merely because manners are unteachable by written rules, but because the Hinder's rules are not unfrequently contrary to sound reason and natural sentiments, without which surely no usage can be tolerated among the enlightened. What is it that goes to the constituting of gentility, or what are the distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman? The author says, pretty correctly, that "gentility is neither in birth, manner, or fashion—but in the mind. A high sense of honour—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings, are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman." A shorter, and we think a more accurate definition, would be to say, that a gentleman is he whose right feelings are constantly directed by common sense, the whole cultivated by education, and polished by approved taste. But to come to the "Hints" themselves. It is broadly laid down that, "*In all cases*, the observances of the metropolis (as the seat of refinement), should be received as the standard of good breeding;" and not a few disparaging "Hints" are thrown out about the ignorance of etiquette that prevails among country people. We were going to object to this sweeping maxim; but we discover that the "seat of refinement" is afterwards so narrowed by the Hinder, that it would be the most preposterous thing in the world for us to pretend that we had ever approached its precincts; for when speaking of mistakes fallen into by a certain class, distinctly called the "little great," this definition is afforded—"It is not that numerous class, (however respectable), professional and mercantile, found in and about every country town (that is characterized); these merely *great little*, who, without any other qualification than the possession of a few thousand pounds, constitute themselves the aristocracy of the place; but a very different body, namely, the old solid "country people," the descendants of patrician families, the squirearchy, with incomes of from seven to ten thousand a year, and the customary representatives in parliament (until lately) of their town or county—persons who are of great local influence and importance, on account of their

descent and wealth, but who, notwithstanding, become insignificant and merely *units* in the *mass*, amidst the brilliant statesmen, the talent, the splendour of rank and fashion which adorn and elevate the metropolis." How few gentlemen must there be in England! You must be a statesman, (Joseph Hume and Daniel O'Connell are statesmen), it will not do to be a plain M.P., though a tory—or you must be a philosopher—a genius—or you must be of noble rank, or must move and vary with the fashion, ere you can be more than the "little great." How disheartening!

As to "introductions:"—

"Never 'introduce' people to each other, without a previous understanding that it will be agreeable to both.

"There are many reasons why people ought never to be introduced to the acquaintance of each other, without the consent of each party previously obtained. A man may suit the taste, and be agreeable enough to *one*, without being equally so to the *rest* of his friends—nay, as it often happens, decidedly displeasing; a stupid person may be delighted with the *society* of a man of learning and talent, to whom in return such an acquaintance may prove an annoyance and a clog, as one incapable of offering an interchange of thought, or an idea worth listening to.

"But if you should find an agreeable person in private society, who seems desirous of making your acquaintance, there cannot be an objection to your meeting his advances half way, although the ceremony of an 'introduction' may not have taken place; his presence in your friend's house being a sufficient guarantee for his respectability, as of course if he were an improper person he would not be there.

"Should you, whilst walking with your friend, meet an acquaintance, never introduce them.

"In making 'introductions,' take care to present the person of the lower rank to him of the higher; that is, the commoner should be presented to the peer, not the peer to the commoner; Dr. A. to Lord B., not Lord B. to Dr. A."—pp. 12—14.

"Should you, whilst walking with your friend," always do as here recommended, you would act very stupidly and repulsively sometimes. We must first know whether the met acquaintance is to cause a halt for any considerable time, and whether he and your friend discourse upon a subject known to be interesting to you, who cannot but be a listener, before any unexceptionable rule can be laid down. A "how d'ye do" encounter is a different case. Then as to the peer and the commoner, the latter may be in point of talent, character, and estimation, so superior to the other, that the value of the introduction all lays on his side, and that the right-hearted friend of both is incapable of acting differently, than in accordance with his sense of the fact.

The author's directions extend to introductions, marriage, dinners, smoking, snuff, dress, dancing, advice to tradespeople, visiting, and tatting; all very weighty matters, and sagely legislated upon

in these pages. Under that great concern, "Marriage," which every bachelor looks forward to, as always coming nearer, however dilatory he may be, we have the following doctrines urged:—

"When a man marries, it is understood that all former acquaintance-*ends*, unless he intimate a desire to renew it, by sending you his own and his wife's card, if near, or by letter, if distant. If this be neglected, be sure no further intercourse is desired.

"In the first place—A bachelor is seldom *very particular* in the choice of his companions. So long as he is amused, he will associate freely enough with those whose morals and habits would point them out as highly dangerous persons to introduce into the sanctity of domestic life.

"Secondly—A married man has the tastes of *another* to consult; and the friend of the *husband* may not be equally acceptable to the *wife*.

"Besides—Newly-married people may wish to limit the circle of their friends, from praiseworthy motives of economy. When a man first '*sets up*' in the world, the burthen of an extensive and indiscriminate acquaintance may be felt in various ways. Many have had cause to regret the weakness of mind which allowed them to plunge into a vortex of gaiety and expense they could ill afford, from which they have found it difficult to extricate themselves, and the effects of which have proved a serious evil to them in after-life."—pp. 19, 20.

We say, a bachelor, if he is a real gentleman, that is, a man of honour, and good principles, will always avoid making any one his companion who is of a different character from himself; and if he unites himself to a lady whose tastes are contrary, or who has no respect for his feelings and friendships, he has, at least in so uniting himself, forfeited that respect for his own rights, which every man of decided principle will desire to cherish.

Of the etiquette of a dinner party;—

"It is considered vulgar to take fish or soup twice.

"The *reason* for not being helped twice to fish or soup at a large dinner party is—because by doing so you keep three parts of the company staring at you whilst waiting for the second course, which is spoiling, much to the annoyance of the mistress of the house. The selfish greediness, therefore, of so doing, constitutes its vulgarity.

"At a family dinner it is of less importance, and is consequently often done.

"Do not ask any lady to take wine, until you see she has *finished* her fish or soup.

"This exceedingly absurd and troublesome custom is very properly giving way at the best tables to the more reasonable one of the gentleman helping the lady to wine next to whom he may be seated, or a servant will hand it round.

"At every respectable table you will find *silver* forks; being broader, they are in all respects more convenient than steel for fish or vegetables.

"*NEVER use your knife to convey your food to your mouth, under any circumstances.* Feed yourself with a *fork or spoon, nothing else*—a knife is only to be used for cutting.

"Fish does not require a knife, but should be divided by the aid of a piece of bread.

"Eat PEAS with a dessert spoon; and curry also.

"Tarts and puddings are to be eaten with a *spoon*.

"As a general rule—in helping any one at table, never use a knife where you can use a spoon.

"Making a noise in chewing, or breathing hard in eating, are both unseemly habits, and ought to be eschewed.

"* *You cannot use your knife, or fork, or teeth too quietly.*

"* Do not pick your teeth *much* at table, as, however satisfactory a practice to yourself, to witness it is not a pleasant thing.

"Finger-glasses, filled with *warm* water, come on with the dessert. Wet a corner of your napkin, and wipe your mouth, then rinse your fingers; but do not practise the *filthy* custom of gargling your mouth at table: albeit the usage prevails amongst a few, who think *because* it is a foreign habit it cannot be disgusting.

"* Never pare an apple or a pear for a lady unless she desire you, and then be careful to use your fork to hold it: you may sometimes offer to *divide a very large pear* with a person, or for them."—pp. 25—28.

The passages marked with an asterisk, it is stated in a note, have been taken, as far as the *ground-work* is concerned, from the manuscript of a lady of rank, and are as silly and vulgar as any thing in this trifling tome. But then we are told, that "pride often deters people from seeking the advice of the experienced, when the opportunity of receiving it is presented." Again, "it is to be hoped that the following remarks will furnish a guide through the intricacies of conventional usage, without risk to the sensitive, or the humiliation of publicly proclaiming the deficiencies of an imperfect education." Hear this, ye people, especially who belong to "country towns," where "much misconstruction and unpleasant feeling arises, from not knowing what is *expected*, or necessary to be done on certain occasions." The author is the most serious quiz we ever met with. For example, on "smoking:"—

"If you are so unfortunate as to have contracted the low habit of smoking, be careful to practise it under certain restrictions; at least, so long as you are desirous of being considered fit for civilised society.

"The first mark of a gentleman is a sensitive regard for the feelings of others; therefore, smoke where it is least likely to prove personally offensive by making your clothes smell; then wash your mouth, and brush your teeth. What man of delicacy could presume to address a lady with his breath smelling of onions? Yet tobacco is equally odious. The tobacco smoker, in *public*, is the most selfish animal imaginable; he perseveres in contaminating the pure and fragrant air, careless whom he annoys, and is but the fitting inmate of a tavern.

"Smoking in the streets, or in a theatre, is only practised by shop-boys, pseudo-fashionables—and the 'SWELL MOB.'

"All songs you may see written in praise of smoking in magazines or newspapers, or hear sung upon the stage, are *puffs*, paid for by the pro-

prietors of cigar divans and tobacco shops, to make their trade popular—therefore, never believe or be deluded by them.”—pp. 30, 31.

This much, the *Hint* says, of *puffing*. We pass over “snuffing,” and come to “dress.”

“It is in bad taste to dress in the extreme of fashion; and, in general, those only do so who have no other claim to distinction—leave it, in these times, to shopmen and pickpockets. There are certain occasions, however, when you may dress as gaily as you please, observing the maxim of the ancient poet, to be ‘great on great occasions.’ Men often think when they wear a fashionably cut coat, an embroidered waistcoat, with a profusion of chains and other trinkets, that they are well dressed, entirely overlooking the less obtrusive, but more certain, marks of a refined taste. The grand points are—well-made shoes, clean gloves, a white pocket handkerchief, and, *above all*, an easy and graceful deportment.

“Do not affect singularity in dress, by wearing out-of-the-way hats, or gaudy waistcoats, &c. &c., and so become contemptibly conspicuous; nothing is more easy than to attract attention in such a manner, since it requires neither sense nor taste. A shrewd old gentleman said of one of these ‘ninnies,’ that ‘*he would rather be taken for a fool, than not be noticed at all.*’

“Always wear your gloves in church or in a theatre.

“Avoid wearing jewellery, unless it be in very good taste, and then only at proper seasons. This is the age of mosaic gold and other trash; and by dint of swindling, any one *may* become ‘flashy’ at a small expense; recollect that every shop-boy can coarsely imitate your ‘outward and visible sign’ if he choose to save his money for that purpose. If you *will* stand out in ‘high and bold relief,’ endeavour to become eminent for some virtue or talent, that people may say, ‘There goes the *celebrated* (not the *notorious*) Mr. So-and-so.’

“It is a delicate subject to hint at the incongruities of a lady’s dress—yet, alas! it forces itself upon our notice when we see a female attired with elaborate gorgeousness, picking her way along the sloppy streets, after a week’s snow and a three day’s thaw, *walking* in a dress only fit for a carriage. When country people visit London, and see a lady enveloped in ermine and velvets, reclining in a carriage, they are apt to imagine it is the fashionable dress, and adopt it accordingly, overlooking the coronet emblazoned on the pannels, and that its occupant is a duchess or a marchioness at the least, and that were the same person to *walk*, she would be in a very different costume, and then only attended by a footman.

“Should a female be seen *walking* in the streets similarly dressed, be assured she is a—*person of a very different description.*”—pp. 33—36.

These grossly ignorant people again; these “little great!” Here is a Bow-bell aristocrat, who deals in ermine and velvets with as much familiarity as the Manchester girls used to handle muslins. We must think, however, that among “the grand points” in a man’s dress, the hat deserved notice as well as the shoes. The head is the chief end of man.

When mingling with “society in general,” observe—

"If you have been in society with a nobleman, and should chance to meet him again elsewhere, leave it to him to speak first, or to recognise you. If you claim *his* acquaintance, you give him an opportunity of behaving superciliously to you, which would be as well avoided.

"An unfortunate clerk of the Treasury, who, because he was in the receipt of a good salary, and being also a 'triton amongst the minnows' of Clapham Common, fancied himself a great man, dined at the B—f S—k Club in company with the Duke of N—wc—le, who, desirous of putting him at ease with himself, conversed freely with him, yet probably forgot even the existence of such a person half an hour afterwards. Meeting his Grace in the street some days after, and encouraged by his previous condescension, the hero of the quill, bent on claiming his acquaintance, accosted him in a familiar 'hail fellow-well-met-ish' manner—'Ah, my Lord, how d'ye do?' The duke looked surprised. 'May I know, Sir, to whom I have the honour of speaking?' said his Grace, drawing up. 'Oh! why—don't you know? We dined at the B—f S—k Club, the other evening!—I'm *Mr. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY*!' 'Then,' then said the duke, turning on his heel, '*MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY*, I wish you a *good morning*.'"—pp. 42—44.

One would take the author to be a worshipper of the privileged and coronetted House, but he adds a little radicalism, to leaven his servility.

"We hear much of the courtesy, urbanity, and condescension of the aristocracy, and those who, in all humility, bow down, will experience it; but woe to the unfortunate wight *who respects himself*, who dares to assert his own opinions in contradiction to theirs! For an *inferior* in rank to be *superior* in intellect abases them, and they *will hate him* for it accordingly."—p. 44.

In his "advice to tradespeople," the author has surely forgotten to prefix the asterisk; the matter savours of a person of rank.

"By tradespeople I do not mean merchants or manufacturers, but shopkeepers and retailers of various goods, who will do well to remember that people are respectable in their own sphere only, and that when they attempt to step out of it, *they cease to be so*. When exceptions are made by the world, it is generally in favour of brilliant genius or extraordinary acquirement, and, *even then*, it can only be by the prevailing suffrage of society: therefore do not attempt to claim the acquaintance of those above you, lest you meet a mortifying repulse. Many will say, 'We are just as good as they are, and as respectable.' So you *are*, but yet not fit companions for each other. Society is divided into various orders, each class having its own views, its peculiar education, habits, and tastes; so that the conversation of the one would probably be most uninteresting to the other. It is the fashion to talk of the spread of education—and, so far as merely reading and writing go, it is true; but they are only the *first steps* to a cultivated mind, and the literary acquirement of a man of business is necessarily confined to reading the newspaper. *He has no time for any thing else*; and however skilful in his trade, cannot form an idea of that *man's mind* who has devoted all his energies to science and literature. Nay, can you suppose that even the merchant of Portland Place and the occupant of the back

parlour to a butcher's shop think and feel alike? Certainly not; and recollect also, that however highly *you may estimate yourself*, the *world* will rather judge you by any other standard than your own.

"The English are the most aristocratic democrats in the world; always endeavouring to squeeze through the portals of rank and fashion, and then slamming the door in the face of any unfortunate devil who may happen to be behind them."—pp. 44—46.

Etiquette and the usages of (not "little great" or any thing below brilliant statesmen, talented and splendid) society, if these are to be learned from this *brochure*, will come very readily to hand, and therefore we recommend all students of these enviable arts, to have instant recourse to it, and to try its influence, which, if not extremely potent, is at least perfectly harmless.

ART. XII.—*The Provost of Bruges : a Tragedy. In Five Acts.*

London: Macrone. 1836.

THERE is not a more common saying now-a-days, than that poetry of every description is a drug—that nobody reads it—and that therefore nobody will publish it. Perhaps there is another opinion not less prevalent, in regard to dramatic talent, which maintains that it has evanished from amongst us, and that, with some exceptions, which are felt to be so rare as only the more forcibly to prove the general assertion, our age cannot even take a second rank in this department, compared with the reign of the older dramatists. It is very evident that these facts may operate mutually and alternately upon one another; that a matter-of-fact and unimaginative era has quenched the noble aspirations of poetic minds, by turning a deaf ear to its charms, or that there has been a great poverty of these charms, and nothing by any means equal to the demand and taste of a critical and discerning people.

It would be quite easy to array a number of alleged causes for both the one and the other of the features of our times, now noticed. There is something like revolutions in taste, and fashions are observed in the choice of mental fare, as well as in dress and outward show. This fancy for change and variety never had such an excusable motive for its indulgence, as when, after a Byron and a Scott had treated a fitful age beyond its greedy capacity, with strongly stimulating poetry, the latter, finding himself exhausted or eclipsed in that service, threw all his mighty powers into another, which indeed was most congenial to him, and carried the whole world captive in its admiration after him, to the disparagement of the poetic muse. Not but that there was a vast deal of poetry in the whole of Scott's romances and novels; fully more, perhaps, than in some of his apparently more metrical pieces; but it was

poetry in a guise and with accompaniments that dispensed with the stern and dignified rules of a pure epic or drama, and naturally from its glowing description, its splendid scenes, and the rapidity and multitude of the incidents thrust together, called into favour the *melo-drama*, to which our large theatres are so well fitted for giving effect. We observed, indeed, that Joanna Baillie, in her lately published work, imputes to the vast size of our patent houses, the decay in dramatic composition. It is clear that they are much better adapted for show than the communication or delineation of sentiment; at the same time, this cause must only be looked upon as concomitant with others, and as especially well suited to unite with the *melo-dramatic mania*—a mania which we believe and hope will necessarily produce a reaction of a complete and wholesome nature.

It appears to us, that mankind cannot be permanently carried away, in their love of change and passion for excitement, from the noblest efforts of genius, when these are put into the most imposing and affecting form that has ever yet been invented. So long as our race is human, it surely cannot be so materialized as to be insensible to those aspirations and emotions of the soul, the very sympathy with which confers an elevating and conscious refinement, and which affords the most pleasurable sensation our nature can experience. And when are these aspirations and emotions so happily exhibited as in a dramatic shape, and by representations that happily embody the language of the muse? We therefore say, that a taste for true dramatic talent never can become extinct, though it may be for a time diverted by novelties, and a headlong passion for the excitement produced by change.

Again, as to the sort of nightmare that has brooded for a quarter of a century over the dramatic muse itself, besides the cause already noticed, respecting the want of encouragement on the part of the public, we may mark the condition of the intellectual and political world as being singularly unpropitious to a revival. The enlightened world is but in its progress from one class of sympathies to another. To deal with the old would be to follow, to imitate, and therefore fall greatly short of the fathers of the drama. To grapple with the incertitudes of the present must be felt to be such a questionable attempt, both as respects the feelings of the community and the confidence of the poet, as to smother and quench a poet's fire. But if it be true that society is pregnant with events, and that their development is sure, we need not despair of the human mind being able to make use of themes upon which to disport itself, with all its wonted power, but with a freshness and originality corresponding to the novelty and magnitude of its subjects.

That true dramatic talent is not extinct amongst us, and that the public is not dead to its charms, there may very properly be

quoted as an evidence, the tragedy that is now before us, and the popularity which its performance has all at once and upon its unexpected appearance attained. Not that it is a production of the very highest rank, or that it can lay claim to any regeneration of the drama, in respect of originality of conception, or novelty and magnificence in the impress of mind which it evinces. But still, among the few respectable plays of late times, it deserves to take a prominent place, and must ever present to the spectator as well as the reader a source of delight and refinement. We know not who the author is, but he speaks in the preface of himself, as being young, and with a becoming modesty. These are promising particulars, even beyond the merits of his tragedy, and may well encourage us in the hope that the drama of the country is to be revived, and perhaps re-invigorated by a great accession of new cultivators, as well as new themes.

The distinctive features of the "*Provost of Bruges*," it appears to us, are literary correctness and finish, perspicuity and vigour of thought—effective incidents dramatically arranged and brought forward—and not unfrequently language that is highly poetical. It does not contain passages of marvellous power or enchaining effect; and taking its finest passages in an isolated way, few of them will leave a deep impression upon the mind. But it is impossible to read the play without feeling that it has great combined and sustained energy, and that it is admirably adapted for the stage. In justice to the author, and for the gratification of our readers, we shall give a copious abridgment of the young aspirant's production; for, it is quite refreshing, as the phrase goes, to have such a treat.

The "*Provost of Bruges*" has facts for its ground-work, and belongs to Flemish history, in the beginning of the twelfth century, when Charles "the Good" reigned. But though interwoven with political and public events, its interest is chiefly of a domestic nature. Bertulphe is Provost of Bruges, a brave and politic man, who is the principal adviser of Charles, the reigning count. The Provost has an only daughter, Constance, who has been lately wedded to Bouchard, who is a noble. At the period in question there was, as at present, a war of opinion; and although there need not be supposed to be any political purpose on the part of the author, he has certainly introduced situations and incidents that have at this moment an instructive tendency, and thereby he more effectually engages our interest. Bertulphe, who has so much sway with Charles, is for a short space absent from Bruges, and in the meanwhile Thancmar, a noble and a rival of the Provost's in the estimation of "the Good," has obtained from the latter a severe law against the Serfs, which the just and open-hearted Bouchard has in vain opposed. Thancmar, who has been the instigator of

the measure, is brought into collision with Bouchard, and the merits of the reigning prince, of the new law, and of the Provost, are discussed. Thancmar disparages the Provost and his family, and thereby offends Bouchard. A challenge to single combat is the consequence; Bouchard is sorry for the necessity which has been imposed on him, to vindicate the honour of Bertulphe, and in that mood repairs to his young spouse. Constance is seated in her father's chateau, at a window, watching the setting sun.

"*Con.* How fast he sinks, that glorious orb of light!
To see him seated on his mid-day throne,
Who but had deemed him fix'd for ever there,
So high, so proudly rode he o'er the world.
And is it thus with love? whose early beam
Shines out as full of promise, as it never
Could know decline. Has love its setting too?—
Look! now he fades—and now—he's gone!—poor world!
But poorer heart, whose light of love is sped.
A few small clouds are lingering in his place,
Bright with contending dyes—call these ambition,
Fame, glory—vapours that usurp Love's seat,
And shine awhile with a fictitious splendour
When he is gone—then follow into darkness.
There ends the likeness! the departed sun
Will ride again as bright a course to-morrow;
But love once set can know no second rising.
(*Advancing*). Alass! I'm wondrous sad to-day.

Enter BOUCHARD.

Bouch. Indeed!

CONSTANCE (running to and embracing him).

Con. Bouchard! I did not mean to give thee welcome:
Thou has been absent for so many hours,
I had resolved to chide thee! I have grown
Even sad for very lack of occupation—
My father absent, and my lord away,
I deemed myself neglected—thee unkind!

Bouch. 'Twas needful business that claim'd my care.

Con. You are not angry?

Bouch. Nay! Indeed.

Con. Yet still

There dwells a heaviness upon your brow
I was not wont to see, when we two met,
Though parted but an hour—Perhaps you are ill?

Bouch. Dear Constance, this is very wilfulness!

Con. Then be more merry—I have grown, Bouchard,
The fool of fondness, and you took indeed
A heavy charge in making me your wife:
I have been nursed so tenderly, that never
A cloud has shadow'd o'er me.—First my father,

My dear, *dear* father, watch'd me with such care
I never had a wish, but ere it grew,
'Twas lost in the possession—Then *you* came
With love, that strove to make *his* love seem small,
So fondly did you cherish me—then frown not
Upon the child yourself did help to spoil!—
Nay, that's so sad a smile; in sooth, dear husband,
I had rather see you frown than smiling thus!
Something is ill.

Bouch. If aught displeases thee
Then all is ill:—yet say I am not merry,
The fit will pass—the sooner if unmark'd.
That were a barren clime where *all* was sun—
And the heart needs these little shades of care
To feel its bliss as bliss.—Where is thy father?

Con. Not yet arrived, although his messengers
Bid us expect him hourly [*a trumpet*]*—Ha! he is here!*
Quick to the gates, lose not a precious moment!
Oh, how I long to feel his circling arms,
And hear him bless his child!—my dear, dear father!

Bouch. Constance! shall I be jealous?

Con. Not of him!—

Not of my father—he who gave you that,
Which, flatterer that you are, you have sworn so oft.
Was all your wealth;—who cherished with such care
The growing flower, unworthy of his pains
Indeed, but all his garden yielded, and
Then gave it you to wear;—no, not my father!
Had *you* been six days absent, I would fly
With as much joy to welcome *your* return—[*hesitating*]
Perhaps with more.—[*Enter BERTULPHE.*] Father, my own dear
father!—pp. 14—16.

The Provost inquires of Bouchard what they have been doing at court in his absence. Bouchard tells him of the new law against the Serfs. Bertulphe is moved in an extraordinary degree.

“*Con.* My father! you are strangely moved.

Bert. Moved!—

Humanity, our common nature outraged—
A leprous taint fix'd on our fellows' blood.
Contaminating all that touches it;—
And yet 'tis strange that I am moved? Fie! Fie!
A man's a man; nor can another claim
The right to buy, sell, or inherit him,
Because he sprang from off a lower branch
Of the great tree:—yet this is but a part.
He who would have *one* fellow for his slave,
Soon, step by step, would fetter all mankind.
Such is not Charles's nature.—This brave plot
Is from another source:—I see the hand

That plays the puppet with him;—see the motive
That guides it too.

Bouch. What motive?

Bert. Have you eyes,
And yet perceive it not? Do you not see
Since I opposed these laws from the beginning
Their strength displays my weakness?—He, whose hand
Would rule the helm, as I confess would mine,
Must find it answer to his ready touch
Upon the lightest breeze; which, if it do not,
He knows his power is gone;—and this alone
Would fret some men.—You smile, and think this nothing:
Go to! you are young—the practised seaman knows
The coming tempest, in the little cloud
That specks the horizon only.

Bouch. 'Tis strange!

Bert. [*impatently*]. Sir, what is strange?

Bouch. To see you shaken
By what to me seem things of trifling import.
Bert. Did you then sit unmoved to hear these projects?
I know you did not—*could* not.—Yet at last
Perhaps you are right. It is the old man's folly—
We see too far—No more on't—let it pass.—
Child, I am weary, bid them bring refreshment.
Stay—kiss me ere you go—[*embracing her, and holding her some
time gazing on her*]. There, leave me, leave me.

[*Exit CONSTANCE.*]

Ha! ha!

Bouch. What mean you?

Why, sir, look you!

That noble creature, in whose form and soul
All glorious things that dwell beneath the sun
Are studded in a galaxy of brightness—
She—might be made a Serf by wedding you,
If in your blood ran one polluted drop—
I pray you, see 'tis pure.

Bouch. You do not doubt it?

Bert. No, not a jot, sir."—pp. 19—21.

Thancmar's animosity towards the Provost and his family finds ample ground for the utmost indulgence of its malignity; for he learns through an old miserly wretch, Philippe, who knows all the Provost's history, and has been lately slighted by him, something on which he can securely build his revenge. It is that Bertulphe, although he has risen to the highest dignity, and is the intimate friend and long-tried adviser of Charles "the Good," is yet a serf and a vassal of Thancmar's by his birth; and that Bouchard, though a noble, has incurred, according to the late law, all the penalties of servitude, inasmuch as he has wedded a serf's daughter.

The duel is stayed, because Thancmar will not demean himself by fighting a degraded man. The imputation stings the young noble to the quick, and he hurries back to his father-in-law, to question him.

“ Enter BOUCHARD [*hastily*].

Bouch. Bertulphe, am I a Serf?

Bert. Why, now thou rãvest.

Bouch. Fly not from the point,
But answer me. Am I a Serf, Bertulphe?

Bert. There's not a Noble living in all Flanders
Can boast a purer ancestry.

Bouch. I know it :

But I have mix'd their lofty blood with thine.

'Tis there the blow would reach me ;—'tis through thee !

Say—art thou free ?

Bert. [*undecidedly*.] Free?—yes.

Bouch. [*with violent impatience*.] Torture me not—
But tell me—art thou free ?

Bert. I am—for I am a man !

Bouch. By heaven, if thus thou playest with my words,
Thou'lt drive my frenzy to some desperate act,
My reason will repent !—Wert thou born noble ?

Bert. [*calmly*.] No !—Never clasp thy hands in idle rage,
But listen !—I was born of humble stock—
Since now 'tis useless to effect concealment—
Serfs—as your nobles call them : but I found
That in my breast which might have fill'd a king's—
A heart as proud as ever chafed at bondage.
When manhood had braced up my limbs, I left
My adopted home—it was the old Philippe's—
For both my parents died :—this was the tie
Gave him such power on me : I left my country—
I fled the soil they would have chained me to,
And join'd the foreign wars. In my first fight
I cleft a Noble to the waist. How now !
I cried : is this a Serf ? Another fell !

'Twas strange a Serf should mow down knights like grass !—

My fortune smiled—I rose to a command ;

And still was conqueror, till my fame so grew,

That Nobles flock'd to fight beneath my banner.

Oh ! then how the Serf smiled ! I join'd the council,

And baffled haughty princes, crafty statesmen—

All of most noble blood ;—yet none could stand

Before the Serf—until at length this Earl,

Even Charles himself, besought my powerful arm,

On Baldwin's death, to prop his infant cause ;—

I placed him on his throne—I—I—Bertulphe !

I placed him—held him there ! Now tell me, boy,

Where is the drop of blood within these veins,

That speaks its baseness ; or, if none, confess
 Heaven made no Serfs, but only man's device
 To trample on his fellows !

Bouch. I confess

That you are great—wise—I believed you good !
 But you have wrong'd me foully—sunk me—crush'd me—
 Blasted the honour of my noble house—
 Degraded—lost me—Heavens ! Bouchard a Serf !—
 Villain ! this was a plot from the beginning—
 A trick to gild with my more noble name
 Thine own base metal—and you angled for me
 With a girl's smiles ;—your daughter for a bait !

Bert. [*with fury.*] Bouchard !—But no, are you angry—I forgive you—

'Twas not your heart spoke that ;—go, I forgive you.

Bouch. Oh ! you are wondrous calm amid the ruin
 That you have wrought ! yet why should it seem strange—
 'Tis nature in you—you were bred to it.
 Go, do your master's bidding—dig his fields—
 Crouch, fawn, and flatter for the crust that feeds you !
 I cannot do this—I was born a Noble ;
 My father's blood is stirring in my veins,
 And bids me nobly die !—Bertulphe, farewell. [*going.*]

Bert. Stay !—I command you.

Bouch. What ! a Serf already
 To be commanded !

Bert. Yes—with such fond sway
 As fathers exercise upon their sons !
 Thou art my son, Bouchard ; I had no boy
 Till I chose thee as such, and loved thee so,
 Nor loved thee thanklessly :—come, come—enough
 Of childish raving ;—now we'll talk like men.
 Thou think'st our state is hopeless—'tis not so :
 This law is but a fanciful caprice
 That cannot bear enforcement ; if it could,
 'Twould not be first let loose upon his friends :—
 Or even could this be, I have deserved
 Too well of Charles to meet with such return :
 Or grant him even willing, where's the proof ?—
 A dotard's ravings in the hour of death,
 When the tongue speaks without the sense's guidance.
 See you not this ?—Go to !—Go to !—thou art frightened
 With such a phantom, would not scare a child !

Bouch. O misery ! to cling to hopes like these,
 Once having been so great."—pp. 52—55.

Bouchard's violence being somewhat mollified, and next diverted against Thancmar, by his being informed that his father-in-law was born on Thancmar's land, and that therefore both are not only serfs, but serfs under their arch enemy, a repose from the

last quoted nobly dramatic scene is found, only to be afterwards wrought into higher effect.

" *Enter* CONSTANCE.

" *Con.* Bouchard !

Bouch. Again !—I have avoided you—
I pray you, madam, hang not on my steps—
I have some mischievous feelings in my breast
That cannot brook your presence—pray you, leave me !—
Why stand you gazing with doubtful look ?
Conceive you not my words ? Leave me, I say !

Con. Bouchard !—my Lord !—Oh, no ! 'tis not my Lord
Who speaks so cruelly.

Bouch. What would you have ?

Con. Alas ! I know not ! and yet this I know—
Bouchard has often said, if care annoy'd him,
'Twas but to look into his Constance' eyes,
And all was sunshine ! Oh, mine own loved Lord,
Have I no comfort for thee now !

Bouch. Comfort from thee !

Ha ! ha ! why look you, Lady—yesterday
There was a knight of Flanders, called Bouchard—
A man of proud and unstain'd pedigree,
High in his prince's favour—high in honours—
Blest—oh, how blest !—in one he call'd his wife.
To-day, he is a slave—a serf—a bondsman !
And 'tis his wife has sunk him ! 'tis her hand
Has bound his chains—and now she comes with comfort !

Con. Oh, thou dost hate me ! this I had thought !
My unambitious heart knew but to love
Thee, not thy station :—'twas enough for me
To see thee—hear thee speak—to sit by thee—
Walk by thy side—breathe the same air thou breathedst,
And read each feeling of my heart reflected
In a more noble character from thine ;—
And this I deem'd might still have been our lot
In any station, or in any land ;—
But thou dost hate me !

Bouch. Come hither, mistress !—nearer !
So, I would look upon thee, and discover
Where lies the baseness that has tainted me.—

[*Gazing on her, then gradually softening.*]

No ! all is still the same as when we loved.

Con. As when we loved !

Bouch. Oh, thou inborn corruption !
Thou speck of taint, that leaven'st all the mass
So godlike else ! where is the sign to know thee ?
Not on that brow, upon whose polish'd throne
So mild a dignity hath ever sat—
That cheek, whose flickering, ever-changing dyes
Index'd the artless soul within—those eyes

That never knew a tear till now, unless
 For other's woes, wept but to be relieved ;—
 Those lips, that never open'd but to bless—
 That never knew to form an unkind word—
 Not even now !—those lips so often press'd
 To mine, and breathing in my soul such rapture—
 I clung and worshipp'd there !—and now to spurn them !
 Oh, wretch ! infuriate madman ! base, most base !
 Constance ! my love, my own unequalled wife !
 Forgive me even here ! [*Throwing himself into her arms.*]

Con. It is Bouchard !—

It is my Lord come back again."—pp. 60—62.

Thancmar enforces his claim, according to law, before the reigning prince, that he may have his own in the persons of the Provost, and the Provost's family, daughters, son-in-law, and all, according to the usages of that age. We go back to the opening dialogue of the play, to have the *pros* and *cons* under this instructive head discussed.

"Bouch. To think that men, with such great qualities,
 So noble, wise, and virtuous, as the Earl,
 Should still, to please some petty vanity,
 Mar all their graces, and defile their honours.

St. Prieux. Why, man, it is his virtue, his staunch justice,
 Resolved to give to every one his own ;—
 My serf is mine, his justice gives him to me.

Bouch. 'Tis thus for ever that ill-judging zeal
 Goads virtue into vice. 'Tis but degree
 That marks the storm from the propitious gale—
 The torrent, from the fertilising stream.—
 This justice, over-urged, grows tyranny.

St. Prieux. Ay, thus you moralised before the Council—
 Nay, wax'd so warm, defending your sweet clients,
 I thought you meant to beard the Earl himself.

Bouch. I did but speak, because more worthy lips
 Were silent : if the Provost had been there,
 He would have poured resistless thunders on them.

St. Prieux. But grave Bouchard, think of the pretty pickings
 Among the Burghers' daughters !—Serfs—all serfs !

Bouch. Now shame upon you."—pp. 8, 9.

Even the earl, the reigning prince, Charles "the Good," cannot but yield to demands sanctioned by his own law. Our last extract must be a long one, for it is fine—fine in the development of the story, in the situation of the parties, and in the particular management of the dialogue. The Provost and his former friend the prince are the parties.

"Enter BERTULPHE from a private door.

Earl. How is this ?—Bertulphe !—

Bert. 'Tis new, my presence should surprise your highness!—

Earl. How came you hither?

Bert. Nay—that's stranger still!—

Your memory, sir, has undergone much change ;
And, I do fear, things that with greater weight
Than these should dwell there, are as much forgotten.
'Twas you who fix'd my dwelling next your own :
And by your own command that door was made,
That your beloved and trusty counsellor
(As you were wont to call him) might have access
At any hour without intruding eyes.

Earl. Yes—that permission was accorded one
I deemed a Noble, true, and honest man.

Bert. And what am I ?

Earl. A Serf, whose unmatched boldness
Has deck'd him in the mantle of a prince ;
And who, beneath the mask of stolen honours,
Has made his lords his fellows !

Bert. Hard, sharp words
From you to me, my liege ;—yet I am calm ;—
I did not come to rail, but reason with you.
You call me Serf, and, it may be, presume
Some little on the base and abject spirit
You think that name betokens.—Let it pass !—
You call me Serf.—How if I should deny
The slavish word, and tell of noble names
Borne by my father's fathers.

Earl. 'Twere in vain—
I have the proofs of your base parentage
In my possession.

Bert. An old dotard's ravings,
Or papers which a cunning foe might forge.

Earl. I like not this beginning. Yet proceed.

Bert. Then to my friend I freely will confess
If e'er my house was noble—which in truth
It may have been long since—but if it was,
'Twas all forgotten ere my father's birth.
He was a Serf—and yet so good a man,
It were my shame if I should blush to own him.—
But though I was his son—My lord ! My lord !
I see your darkening brow ! It grieves me much
That I must then remind you what you owe
My father's son. Your proud and ancient line
Had miss'd their representative in you,
But for the aid of my Serf father's child.

Earl. I own your merits, and have paid them well ;
Nor least in this—that you are placed so high,
You dare thus boldly question with your prince.

Bert. Forgive me !—I was wrong—I had forgot
That I must sue for—not demand your grace.

Beseech you pardon me :—the sins of state
Have got some hold on me ; I have been proud,
And play but ill the beggar's part at first.

Earl. Thou find'st the recompense thy pride has brought !
Thus every springing sin bears in its seed
The germ of retribution. Thine ambition,
That first did tempt thee to o'erleap thy state,
Has been thy guide—till now its fatuous light
Proves thy destruction. Though I pity thee,
I cannot aid.

Bert. Pity, but cannot aid !

Earl. Such were my words.

Wert thou my Serf, I would enfranchise thee ;
But, being another's, he must rule thy fate.—
Justice has no alternative.

Bert. His Serf !—

Justice !—Thancmar my fate ! Hear this, great Heaven !
And 'tis for this I have debased myself !—
Humbled my lips to accents of entreaty
For this !—Thou man without a heart !—Thy justice !
Thou know'st not justice, save by the cold name—
A heathen worshipper of a fair image
That bears indeed the outward show of beauty,
But lacks the inward sense that marks the god !—
Stone—stone to the heart !

Earl. What means this daring speech ?
Within, there ! ho ! a guard !—Here's treason, sirs !

BERTULPHE [*seizing him by the arm*].

Earl Charles, another word and 'tis thy last,
For I am desperate ! You would expose me !—
Make me the gossip of your menials' tongues !
There's such a maddening frenzy in my soul,
I lose my purpose. But beware, Earl Charles !
If there is treason in me, I have yet
Enough of vigour in this trembling arm—
Enough of fire within this burning brain
To make me dangerous !—Ah me ! ah me !
I am a very wretched, weak old man,
With all my thoughts entangled !—There was something
I would have said—and now it flash'd upon me—
And now again 'tis gone : the last few hours
Have piled a heap of years upon my head !

Earl. Bertulphe, I pardon thee thy folly—speak,
And I will listen still ; and think the past
As it had never been. Thou art not thyself—
Collect thee.

Bert. [*subdued*]. 'Twas my child ! Sir, I came here
Arm'd, as I thought, in coldness and in pride—
But that one word unmans me. My poor child—
My daughter !—she has been so fondly nursed,

And life for her made such a rosy path,
This blow will kill her ! Sir, you know her fair
And young—you may have heard too she is good ;—
But all your knowledge, or your fondest fancy,
Could never tell how dear she is to me !
Forgive me—I cannot.

Earl. Calm thyself ! What of thy daughter ?

Bert. 'Twere weak to say that I have lived for her :
But in whatever I have served your Highness,
Which has been something, I beseech you think
Yourself her debtor. Oh, my Lord—my Lord !
You would not give, to feed a loathsome canker,
The only flower that decks my lonely garden !

Earl. What would you ask ?

Bert. But little for myself :
Yet, for my daughter's sake, I would extend
My prayer for leave to seek some foreign land,
With means to bear us honourably there—
And we will be the rest to one another.
I might ask more, yet I ask only this—
A few short months—and I shall be at rest ;
And all my fault, if 'twas a fault, die with me.—
You hesitate ! I have demean'd me, sir,
'To such an humble prayer as never yet
My lips did utter, save to Heaven : yet hear me,
And I will not repent my abject phrase.
But if, untouch'd, thou still shall drive me from thee,
Then my despairing curse shall ever stand
'Twixt thee and mercy ; and, when thou wouldst pray,
Stifle thy cry ere it can reach to Heaven."—pp. 67—73.

The prince grants Bertulphe two days to bestow himself and his. But in the meantime there has been a rising of the serfs—the infuriated Bouchard has compromised himself in these violent doings, Constance goes mad and dies, Bertulphe murders his prince, Bouchard kills in combat his enemy Thancmar, and then dies of his wounds ; and Bertulphe, now shorn of honour, of lineage, and of ties, stabs himself to avoid going into the hands of justice.

From this sketch, and these extracts, it will readily be seen how spirited and real the whole of this drama must seem when represented on the stage. Something has been said about the moral which it inculcates. The truth is, if the indulgence of violent and overpowering passions be an unchristian display, the effect and reward of these passions are here sufficiently brought forward ; and therefore, in an indirect way, the soundest and most valuable lessons are taught.

ART. XIII.—*Essays on a Few Subjects of General Interest: to which are added, Scraps and Recollections.* London: Churton. 1836.

THESE Essays have for their titles, "Fox-hunting, Society and the Social System, University Education, On the present position of the English Aristocracy, On the Amusements of the People and On the Love of Pleasure." The Scraps and Recollections consist of little pieces of sentimental description, in which the author is fond of indulging. His main object in these pages, he says, has been to endeavour to restore the recognition of the existent sympathies between the pursuits of our fellow-men, and our own—sympathies which, though faded, he believes are not obliterated, while upon them hangs much of social charity and social pleasure.

As an essayist, we do not think that the author is particularly successful. His sentiments are elegant and liberal, and generally tastefully clothed, but are not terse or remarkably vigorous; his opinions and speculations are not novel, while a great sameness and very frequent repetitions characterize the volume. His political creed is very liberal, and his religious one latitudinarian; but we have not found them supported by very strong arguments. His forte, indeed, seems to be an easy style of sentimentalizing—a cheerful and benevolent train of thought and feeling running through every page and picture he has set before us. The Essay on Fox-hunting, which has pleased us the most—probably because it was the one which we read first, and because it contains most of his favourite and happiest ideas—affords good specimens of his manner and sentiments. He has been instancing an average hunting-field as a whole, and is analyzing the materials of which it is made up, that he may arrive at a sight of the community of interests involved in its construction.

"Our earnest purpose in discussing the topics which fill these pages, is to remove the prejudices which one class in society may from contrariety of position or other causes be disposed to entertain for another, and to show that there is in general a community, both of interest and pleasure, among mankind, and to cement closer the masses which compose our social fabric, to help us in short to understand each other; and such is the mighty power of truth that a few words, the result of real observation, may, though aided by very humble talent, herein produce a sensible effect; and we hope that our readers will peruse what we have said in the same spirit of candour which we have taken for our guide, and, when differing in opinion, at least give the subject a moment's thought, and, if still opposed to us, at least do justice to the integrity of our motives. Unanimity of opinion there never can be as long as the world lasts, but unanimity of feeling we think there may on most points, and to promote this is our great object; by matters of feeling we mean those which the heart acknowledges rather than the head—those in which instinct supersedes reasoning, and anticipates its conclusions; but even this concurrence is warped and perverted by the contrariety of preconceived opinions.

" To return from our digression, we shall next find the substantial yeomen of the county partaking in the pleasure of the chase, and never be forgotten their hearty honest faces, their truly national appearance, and the prime nags on which they are so often mounted. Here too we find the professionals of the county: the lawyer, the apothecary and surgeon, the horse-dealer; the former seeking relief from their laborious avocations, the latter probably uniting business and pleasure, and selling his nag after going well in the burst; then we have the local inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood, the small farmers on cobs and ponies, a sort of tail to the cavalcade, and lastly a crowd of foot gentry (an unavoidable nuisance) who are anxious to 'See 'em foind the fox.' Apart too from the regular grades which make up a hunting field, we have every now and then an isolated character, some quiet invalid, with a hat as big as an umbrella, and voluminous trowsers, not exactly adapted for encountering a bulfinch, mounted on an easy cob; a sporting sweep or miller, (flourishing specimens of both of which species were to be seen in the Duke of Beaufort's country); a snug tradesman from a neighbouring town, most probably a saddler, whose shop is the depository of the sporting intelligence of the neighbourhood: nor do the fair sex disdain to honour with their presence the national sport of their country; not many ladies, it is true, ride close with hounds across the country, nor perhaps ought they, considering the multiplicity of risks they must incur—our fair countrywomen can ill be spared, and one fatal accident would at once obliterate the joyful memory of the most glorious season's sport that ever winged its golden way from November's fallen leaf to the fresh springing verdure of April; but how often in the progress of the chase does the portal of some stately mansion, or snugly embowered villa, send forth its cavalcade of beauty to take a glance at the 'moving panorama,' as dogs, horses, and men pursue their way; how many fair forms occasionally have graced the place of meeting, have witnessed the find, and given the last approving smile to add fresh vigour to the exertions of man and horse."—pp. 11—13.

Having enumerated the classes in social life who meet for the enjoyments of the chase, he argues that union and cordiality are greatly promoted in the neighbourhood, by the social sport in question, and that, were it withdrawn, the injury sustained by the community would be serious; that, for example, the landed aristocracy, by the loss of their healthful and favourite amusement would become bilious and irritable, even to the affecting of the temper in the case of legislation—upon the principle, that the *mens sana* is essentially co-existent with the *corpore sano*. That the parson too, if deprived of his gallop, would in many cases sink into a mere machine, and lose the stimulus which enabled him to support his laborious duties. There seems to be something not much short of the ridiculous in these minutely and far-pushed examples; nor are such specifications necessary to the support of fox-hunting as an invigorating amusement and manly exercise. We cannot well see how a parson, whose heart is in his office, should require a gallop after the hounds, to stimulate him for the discharge of his serious

duties; his parish may afford him otherwise abundant scope and opportunities for horsemanship, without bringing upon his profession and office a very popular scandal, such as no minister of the gospel should court. Sure we are, that the most laborious clergymen, and exemplary characters among them, to whom it has been our fortune to have access, never required nor found time to fox-hunt. Their pleasure lay in other ways. But we need not wonder at the author's liberality on this point, when we learn from him in his essays "On the Amusements of the People," that Sunday, after church hours, should be devoted to games and pastimes, such as foot-ball, cricket, and the exercises suggested by the sounds of the fiddle.

The author informs us in his essay "On University Education," that he studied at Oxford for four years, and therefore he ought to be able to give a faithful account on the subject. The account, however, is by no means flattering to that establishment. Neither is he so enamoured of the Greek and Latin classics as to think they contain all wisdom, or are worthy of engaging the chief part of a youth's studies.

"We are far from wishing to sneer at classical attainments; none do so sincerely but fools, who are incapacitated by their dulness for a real acquaintance with what they affect to despise. The classics have few warmer admirers than ourselves, and we may lay claim to a tolerable acquaintance with the literature of Greece and Rome. But allowing them all due merit, are they the sole depositories of literary treasure?—is nothing beyond these ancient tomes worthy of the attention of youth? Does, in short, an exclusively classical education (for such is the result of our public schools, in its most favourable development), fulfil the wants of an English nobleman or gentleman of the nineteenth century, prepare him for public life, and a collision with the world?

"The answer is plain; and the fact is, that after passing through a public school, and one of the Universities, that is, having gone through the whole course of our national education, men of sense look around and find they must re-educate themselves, or be behind the march of general knowledge, and unable to cope with the spirit of the times. If good scholars, the pride and glory of their respective school and college, an English gentleman can at twenty-one compose fluently in Latin, it may be translate Hooker or Clarendon into passable Greek—he may have a neat turn for elegiac verse, or be 'a dab' at Greek iambics; if Oxford has given the finish, he will have mastered the outlines of Aristotle's moral treatises, or, at the sister University, have dived into the depths of mathematics; but of the modern languages (unless a long vacation has been spent at Paris), and consequently of modern general literature, of political history, of all that concerns the present state and prospects of mankind, he will be, generally speaking, deplorably ignorant.

"Exceptions are, of course, to be found, and many have picked up much useful knowledge, by the way, in their progress through youth, but assuredly they have not found it at school or college. Between these too institutions, then, the odium of this deficiency must be shared; the one

build on a narrow foundation, a structure which should be wide as the spreading wants and interests of mankind; the other take it up without a murmur, and finish it on the same confined plan; and surely some attempt might be made to rectify the evil. We have seen schemes of education which reminded us of the Noah's ark of our childish years, so many and various species were crammed into the brief space of a few years. But between this and the meagre scheme of an Eaton or Westminster course; surely we might find a medium which, with immense additions, would still come within the capacities of all. (At an excellent Catholic seminary, for instance, in the neighbourhood of Bath, which has lately called forth the furious but futile bigotry of the intolerant members of the Established Church in that city, an extensive and liberal course of education is pursued; general history and literature are allowed a place, and the increasing prosperity of the establishment proves that the plan adopted is thought worthy of support. That such branches of a gentleman's education should ever be neglected, at any age when, if not taken advantage of, the opportunity is lost for ever, is lamentable indeed. We cannot then disguise the fact, that our public seminaries are deficient in many essential points which the word education implies; and we feel sure that this must, ere long, be practically acknowledged by an enlargement of their scheme. The modern languages (for if cultivated at all, they are certainly not now successfully or generally enforced) must come into play, and an enlarged course of history be added. Scientific inquiry might fairly, perhaps, be considered as too recondite for the average capacity of the youthful mind; but nothing should excuse a boy, on leaving a public school, from speaking French with fluency, and being competently versed in ancient and modern history. If this amelioration is obstinately resisted, these institutions must give way to others more accordant to the spirit of the age."—pp. 79—81.

Their is nothing new in these statements or opinions; neither does the author seem to have a very enlarged view of what should be the precise course and nature of public education. He advances enough, however, to shew that with the exception of classical learning, the University of Oxford requires many reforms. The picture he gives of the morals of our great and ancient schools is sufficiently dark, although it does not appear possible to keep persons of the age at which a university education is pursued, from the snares and the contamination that prevail wherever a multitude are holding daily intercourse with one another. It is, indeed, impossible for men, unless they lead the lives of anchorites, to continue aloof from the danger of moral contagion. There is benefit even to be derived from the self-government which that danger renders necessary, so that all who steer their own bark wisely through the seas of life, will come purified from the voyage.

The author proceeds to give the substance of his own experience at Oxford, as regards the majority of young men who are placed there. These he classes under a threefold division—the Bar, the Church, and the Aristocracy—meaning by the latter, all those

whose wealth and independent means propose a university residence as a finisher of education, without reference to a qualification for any distinct profession. The following is his account of a university degree.

“Now, what does the attainment of this degree imply? The answer to this question will give us the substance of the system as it works; a B.A. degree at Oxford (and we have yet to learn that at the sister university a higher amount of attainment is required; in fact, we believe Oxford has rather the advantage) implies having passed a tolerable examination in two books in each classical language (or certain portions if the authors be of great bulk) in the rudiments of divinity and logic, for the latter of which five books of Euclid may be substituted. The successful candidate must likewise translate a portion of English prose, generally the *Spectator* or *Rambler*, into Latin prose, which does not outrageously violate the elementary rules of grammar.

“But let us give a scheme of a passman’s list of books.

“*Latin*: A portion of Livy, or, if ambitious, a *Treatise of Cicero*, *Horace’s Odes*, and *Ars Poetica*.

“*Greek*: Four plays of *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, or *Æschylus*; say Porson’s volume of *Euripides*, an especial favourite, and what is called a volume of *Herodotus*, &c.; the first four or last five books of his *History*.

“*Latin*: Prose translation—divinity and logic.

“This is literally all, and a Master’s degree follows as a matter of course, on the lapse of a sufficient number of terms, and residing twenty-one days at college.

“Now what have we here?—the elements of divinity and logic, and about as much classical knowledge as a schoolboy of fourteen, with a little work in his history, would be competent to go through. This, then, is the ordeal through which candidates for ordination are necessitated to have passed; it includes also a residence of full three years (that is to say, half the actual year, or rather more, is spent at college). We shall hereafter consider how far this residence is likely to promote moral habits befitting the sacred profession; our present inquiry is to ascertain how far the literary attainments required bear on the proposed object. The result we cannot hesitate to say is most unsatisfactory, for the course we have mentioned is literally all that is required, if we except the certificate of having attended a course of lectures given by the divinity professor.”—pp. 101—103.

University education at Cambridge and Oxford is also represented as meagre and imperfect, in respect of the aristocracy. Among other objections, the author specifies the want of lectures on the principal modern languages, and on constitutional history, which, though fewer accomplished classics were reared, would provide society with scholarship in the ways of the world. The present position of the English aristocracy, he indeed considers to be so critical, that sound practical knowledge liberally exerted in legislating on the great questions that occupy the public mind, alone can preserve to them their exclusive privileges—popular sympathy being the only sure support, he maintains, of the House of Lords. In this discus-

sion the author criticises some of the leading political journals of the day. The *Westminster Review*, as the champion of the Utilitarian School, is thus spoken of:—

“In erudite acquaintance with the more recondite walks of literature, or the higher flights of philosophy, and poetry, it was always inferior to the *Quarterly*, and to that alone among our periodicals, in an age when that species of literature has engrossed almost all the floating talent of the country; perhaps the utilitarian opinions professed by the reviewers unduly biassed their judgment in literary matters, and unfitted them for the appreciation of speculations which pull largely on the ideal, but in satire and irony they have been always celebrated, and we willingly pay homage to the varied talent which they have put forth. In considering, however, the means by which the *Westminster* has endeavoured to accomplish its cherished object, we feel bound to notice what we consider the unfair manner in which it occasionally conducts the warfare.

“History has been too often distorted to fit the democratic mould of the writer’s theory—distorted, not by a falsification of facts, but by the equivalent suppression of all that would cut the other way. Historical instances of aristocratic delinquency in all ages and countries are quoted—these may be scrupulously correct in detail, and yet the picture presented is glaringly false, for but half is given. We have already expressed our opinion of the intrinsic unfairness of such one-side views; it may be good special pleading, but it is assuredly not sound argument, or which will in the long run reflect credit on a cause. If its adoption were to become universal, history far from being a field for philosophic inquiry, or eliciting principles from a comparison of facts, would be a mere magazine of weapons for sophistical argument. Now such a proceeding is essentially intolerant—in the case we are considering, for example, there seems a predetermination to discover nothing but evil in the object of attack. Truth is thus defaced, maimed and curtailed of her fair proportions by the virulence of party spirit, that mighty engine to which we owe so much both of good and evil: but we will enter more into detail as regards the case in question. The *Westminster* has uniformly laboured for the extinction of the aristocracy. To have one leading object in view, is undoubtedly a vast advantage to an organ of opinion. It is not enough that it labour to disseminate a class of opinions; there should be one predominant principle standing aloft, like a beacon light to direct the wanderers amid all their labours. It is like a profession which gives unity of purpose, and force of will, to the varied pursuits of an individual life; and in literary matters it is astonishing how fast ideas will multiply, when we have some fixed point as a nucleus round which they may gather. Now this fixed point to which all its speculations might tend, this aim to which all its deductions might be applied, this object on which all its literary stores might be lavished, this beacon which might direct its writers amid all their varied inquiries, has the expediency of the demolition of the aristocracy been to the *Westminster Review*. To *this end* it has ranged through the fields of literature, it has exhausted the subjects of political inquiry, and brought back the same moral from every excursion.”—pp. 167—170.

As a moderate defender of the Lords, and anxious that they should

keep pace with the spirit of the age, so as to save themselves, the author charges the Westminster Review with unfairness towards the upper House, inasmuch as every delinquency on the part of an aristocrat, whether past or present, whether in private or public life, is held to be an instance of the admitted profligacy of the order. At the same time, he does not spare aristocratic politics, tracing them back to aristocratic education, which is thus depicted.

"We have already mentioned the favourable effects which their education at a public school is likely to have on the characters of our nobility; and have borne our testimony to its popularising influence; but we are sorry to add that this is the only section of aristocratic education in favour of which any thing can be said. At college, which is to give the finish to the scene, the youthful noble is confined to a narrow system of education, and zealously imbued with the bigotry and prejudices of the place. He is perpetually reminded of the artificial distinctions of his rank, and carefully alienated from popular sympathies and habits. He is there practically taught that the people and their wishes are as nothing to his individual will. He sees these tutors and college dignitaries, though bloated with their local pride of place, yet give way before the acknowledged pretensions of his rank. It is surely not an unnatural *à fortiori* conclusion, that the people, whom these dignitaries do their best to trample upon and for whose interests on all public questions they manifest the most unqualified contempt, will be yet more subservient to aristocratic will and pleasure! In minds of average quickness, these ideas are subsequently dissipated (at least in their full extent) by collision with the world; but how shall we defend the education which has ever planted them there! This, then, is what succeeds to the wholesome equality of a public school; previously, the infant noble's early years are tainted by the servility of menials, pedagogues, and *loadies* of all imaginable shape and size. How many are the chances, as far as education possesses any power, against his turning out a manly and independent character, an ornament to his order, and a friend to the reasonable wishes of the people."—pp. 185—187.

From these passages a pretty accurate idea may be formed of our author's power as an essayist, and of his opinions. We have before alluded to his latitudinarian religious creed. If the Bible be true, and if in it alone the doctrines and duties of religion are taught and explained, his method of conferring pleasure upon the lower orders, on Sabbath, must be bad and unsuccessful. There is not a term more abused than the word *pleasure*, nor a greater mistake than to take it for granted, that what are called amusements are identical with happiness. The most miserable persons, for instance on Sunday, that we have ever met with, have been those who endeavoured to kill that day by resorting to amusements. With such, there is not a more common saying than that Sunday is the dullest day in all the week, "a stupid day," and so forth. If the highest delight that man can experience, and his

most impressive duty, consist in holding intercourse with his Maker, and in thinking of his works and providence, and if the Sabbath, be the day which infinite wisdom and goodness has appointed for these exercises, the following method cannot be the best for the attainment of pleasure.

"All gardens, pleasure grounds, &c., which are ever open to the public, should be freely given to all;—let cheerful music too send forth its notes, and all healthy games, football, cricket, &c., &c., attract their votaries. We should thus give to the hard working population of our towns a real day of rest, *i.e.*, not a continuance of sedentary labour, but its antidote, pure air, cheerful scenery, and free relaxation of body and mind. And all this, taking place after divine service had been performed, can surely be objected to only by zealots, or bigoted enthusiasts."—p. 257.

We cannot see how free air and cheerful scenery may not be enjoyed by a man who keeps the Sabbath holy, fully as much as can be experienced in tea-gardens, or the other places and occupations so liberally offered by the author. Legislation regarding religion is a different matter.

ART. XIV.—*A Description of the part of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and the Tavy; its Natural History, Customs, Superstitions, Scenery, Antiquities, Biography of Eminent Persons, &c. &c. In a Series of Letters to Robert Southey, Esq.* By Mrs. BRAY, Author of "Travels in Normandy," "Fitz of Fitzford," "The Talba," "De Foix," &c. 3 vols. London: Murray. 1836.

It must be admitted that few counties in the realm furnish a field for description, equal to Devonshire; but it is also clear that such a writer as Mrs. Bray is seldom to be found, or competent to the task. Let her fix her residence in any quarter of the three kingdoms, and never fear that she will fail in an attempt to invest it with romantic and instructive charms. These volumes are of a character that are sure of being extremely popular; for, while really valuable, they are adapted to the tastes of a variety of readers. As she herself informs us, she has laboured with no small diligence, and we add, success, for the historian and the antiquary. For the tourist she has given descriptive sketches. She has also dealt in biography and portraits of living characters. Traditions, poetry, and romance are also introduced. Serious and pious reflections are everywhere interspersed, and a tone of cheerfulness characterizes the whole, so as to render the lighter portions uniformly instructive as well as pleasant. The plan of the work, it appears, was suggested by Dr. Southey, to whom the letters of which it consists are addressed, his idea being, that a local work might be in-

vested with a general interest. There can be little doubt of his finding the execution equal to the original view.

Mrs. Bray enters, at an early stage of her work, on a defence of the climate of Tavistock—her place of residence, her husband being the Vicar there. It would appear that the climate is remarkably humid, and to have received from Charles II. this character, “that, however fine it might be elsewhere, he felt quite sure it must be raining at Tavistock.” A versifier has also libelled the place in the following lines :—

“The west wind always brings wet weather,
The east wind wet and cold together,
The south wind surely brings us rain,
The north wind blows it back again.
If the sun in red should set,
The next day surely will be wet;
If the sun should set in grey,
The next will be a rainy day.”

Without denying this humidity, however, the authoress has plenty of redeeming qualities to instance, to put us in love with her home and neighbourhood ; some of which we must do her the justice to quote. Dartmoor, or the forest of Dartmoor, as it continues to be called, although, with some trifling exceptions, it be now denuded of trees, is a stretch of country, the character and interesting history of which are really less known than they deserve to be. It is a tract of land computed to contain 100,000 acres, and has all the varied features which lofty heights, rugged rocks, green hills, cultivated vales, alive with sparkling streams, can confer. The river scenery of Dartmoor, says the writer, is especially full of interest, when it becomes combined with those objects of veneration which claim as their founders that “deathless brotherhood,” the Druid priests and bards of the most ancient inhabitants of the West. Indeed, such a people could not have found a region better adapted to their superstitious purposes. It was girded by barren rocks, and eminences of a mountainous character, sufficient to repel or greatly retard the approach of an enemy, while the flaming beacons of a hundred *tors* would awaken the whole country to the threatened danger. The Druids also held it unlawful to perform the rites of their religion within covered temples, and preferred the beautiful sanctuaries of nature, where they had a commanding view of those planets, which they studied and worshipped. Their schools were also situated in forests and groves, remote from general access, where the mysteries of their belief might be the more uninterruptedly conducted. Of the more interesting localities of Dartmoor, Mrs. Bray affords much minute detail. Of Baird-down (pronounced Bair-down), which perhaps means the hill of Bards, and opposite to it Wistman’s (conjec-

tured to mean Wiseman's) Wood, are some of the most remarkable points of Druid Antiquity to be found throughout the whole of the moor. The following theory and conjectures regarding these places are from the pen of Mr. Bray, the writer's husband, under the title of "Remarks on the Etymology of Bair-down; which may serve as a specimen of the antiquarianism of the present work.

"The most obvious idea as to the origin of this name is, that it either has a reference to Bear, the substantive, or Bare, the adjective. But though a vague rumour, which can hardly be styled tradition, states that it was so called because it was the spot where the *last bear* was destroyed on the moor, I should rather think that some recent poetical spirit has thus given 'to an airy nothing, a local habitation and a name.' And the second supposition can hardly be supported, when we come to consider that this part of the moor, so far from being *bare*, or void of vegetation, is perhaps nearly the best land in the whole of this extensive desert. Rejecting, therefore, those ideas as equally unfounded, we must derive our information from other sources; and fortunately these sources are immediately at hand. On the opposite side of the river Dart, which bounds my father's property, stands Wistman's Wood—the only remaining vestige of the ancient forest. *Wist* is the preterit and participle of *Wis*, from *wissen*, German, to know; and is not at present altogether obsolete, as it is still used in Scripture in this sense. From the same etymon comes also *wise*: "sapient; judging rightly; having much knowledge."—(*Johnson's Dict.*) Thus Wissman's or Wistman's Wood signifies *Silva Sapientium*, the wood of wisemen. The Druids and Bards were unquestionably the philosophers or wisemen of the Britons. We may naturally conjecture, therefore, that this was their principal or their last place of assembly; and the many stone circles on Bairdown immediately opposite the wood confirm the opinion. I am not ignorant that Wistman's Wood is sometimes called also *Welchman's* Wood: the one name may easily be the corruption of the other; but if not, and they are distinct appellations, the conclusion will be pretty much the same.

"When the ancient inhabitants of this country were subjugated by the Romans, some retired into Wales, and others into Cornwall. Cornwall was considered as part of Wales, and, from its form, was called Cornu Walliæ, the horn of Wales. Indeed it is frequently styled West Wales by the British writers. (See 'Ree's Cyclop.') The inhabitants, therefore, of Cornwall, as well as Wales, might be called Welch. And in this supposition I am confirmed by Borlase, who states that the Saxons 'imposed the name of *Weales* on the Britons, driven by them west of the rivers Severn and Dee, calling their country, in the Latin tongue, *Wallia*.' It is not improbable that, in the centre of Dartmoor, a colony might still be permitted to exist, either from their insignificance or their insulated situation; and that this colony might be called by the other inhabitants Welchmen, from their resemblance to the inhabitants of Cornwall and Wales.

"No colony can be supposed to have existed among the ancient Britons without having their Druids or Wisemen, who, indeed, had the whole of the spiritual, and the greater part of the temporal, power in

their hands. Bair-down, then, from its commanding situation, and its gently-ascending acclivities, on which were spread their sacred circles, must, without doubt, have been frequently resorted to by them.

"Dun, now altered to down, signifies a hill. We may naturally imagine, therefore, that it was originally called Baird, or Bard-dun, Bardorum-mons, the hill of bards. And the etymology of the word bard will confirm this opinion: it is derived by changing *u* into *b*, which is by no means uncommon, particularly as the German *w* is pronounced like our *v*, from *waird*, whence comes the modern English *word*. This, like the Greek *ἔπος*, signified not only verbum, a word, but carmen, a song. The bards then were so called from being singers, or persons who celebrated in songs the achievements of warriors and great men. What, therefore, was originally pronounced Baird-down, may easily be supposed, for the sake of euphony, to be reduced to Bair-down.

"P.S. On further inquiry I find that some derive bard from *bar*, a fury. The analogy between this and the *furor poeticus* of the Romans must strike every one. The plural in Welch is beirdd. Taliesin is called Pen Beirdd, i. e. the Prince of the Bards. Thus Beirdd-dun is literally the hill of the Bards.

"The Druids were divided into Vacerri, Beirdd, and Eubages. The second order, or Bards, subsisted for ages after the destruction of the others, and, indeed, were not totally extirpated by the bloody proscription of Edward."—vol. i, pp. 72—75.

Wistman's Wood is therefore considered by the authoress as the posterity of a Druid grove; and it still presents a number of dwarf and venerable trees, that continue to flourish in decay amidst the roughest storms, and in one of the rudest spots of the moor.

The inhabitants of mountainous and inaccessible regions are always superstitious and credulous. The very mists that envelop the crags, the bogs, and the streams, afford scope for the adventurous imagination to people them with fairies or pixies, as they are called in Dartmoor. The Dartmoor stables, or bogs, seem in former times to have been exceedingly dangerous, and not rarely the cause of fatal disasters to travellers. Even in modern times, when regular roads have been constructed, mishaps occur; and when such is the case, the popular belief still is that the unfortunate wight has been *pixy-led*. They are tiny dainty elves, who delight in dancing and music, in frolic and practical jokes, and all manner of mischief. They are little thieves, and sadly given to change children in the cradle, when they use the stolen child just as the mortal mother may happen to use the changling dropped in its stead. Credulous mothers sometimes pin their offspring to their sides in order to secure them, although this precaution has not always succeeded. The elves are all squint-eyed; their dwelling is often said to be in a rock; sometimes, however, a mole-hill serves them for a palace. It must be allowed that all these circumstances, and the tales interwoven upon them, are highly poetical.

"It is reported that in days of yore, as well as in the present time, the

wild waste of Dartmoor was much haunted by spirits and pixies in every direction; and these frequently left their own especial domain to exercise their mischievous propensities and gambols even in the town of Tavistock itself, though it was then guarded by its stately abbey, well stocked with monks, who made war on the pixy race with 'bell, book, and candle' on every opportunity. And it is also averred, that the devil (who, if not absolutely the father, is assuredly the ally of all mischief) gave the pixies his powerful aid in all matters of delusion; and would sometimes carry his audacity so far as to encroach even upon the venerable precincts of the abbey grounds, always, however, carefully avoiding the holy water; a thing which, like the touch of Ithuriel's spear to the toad in Paradise, would infallibly transform him from any outward seeming into his own proper shape and person. But of late years the good people here affirm (though I know not why they should do so, but as an historian I am bound to be faithful, and to give facts rather than comments), that, by means of the clergy being more learned than formerly, and the burial service being so much enlarged to what it was in other days, the spirits are more closely bound over to keep the peace, and the pixies are held tolerably fast, and conjured away to their own domains."—vol. i, p. 181.

Mrs. Bray gives us numbers of stories of the pixies, and manages the legends with singular ease and power. Something like the vestige of Druidical observances seems to be contained in the particulars of the following account.

"One evening, about the end of harvest, I was riding out on my pony, attended by a servant who was born and bred a Devonian. We were passing near a field on the borders of Dartmoor, where the reapers were assembled. In a moment the poney started nearly from one side of the way to the other, so sudden came a shout from the field, which gave him this alarm. On my stopping to ask my servant what all that noise was about, he seemed surprised by the question, and said 'It was only the people making their games as they always did, to the *spirit of the harvest*.' Such a reply was quite sufficient to induce me to stop immediately; as I felt certain here was to be observed some curious vestige of a most ancient superstition; and I soon gained all the information I could wish to obtain upon the subject. The offering to the spirit of the harvest is thus made.

"When the reaping is finished, toward evening the labourers select some of the best ears of corn from the sheaves; these they tie together, and it is called the *nack*. Sometimes, as it was when I witnessed the custom, this nack is decorated with flowers, twisted in with the reed, which gives it a gay and fantastic appearance. The reapers then proceed to a *high place* (such, in fact, was the field on the side of a steep hill where I saw them) and there they go, to use their own words, to 'holla the nack.' The man who bears this offering stands in the midst, elevates it, whilst all the other labourers form themselves into a *circle* about him; each holds aloft his hook, and in a moment they all shout, as loud as they possibly can, these words, which I spell as I heard them pronounced, and I presume they are not to be found in any written record. 'Arnack, arnack, arnack, wehaven, wehaven, wehaven.'—This is repeated three

several times; and the firkin is handed round between each shout, by way, I conclude, of libation. When the weather is fine, different parties of reapers, each stationed on some height, may be heard for miles round, shouting, as it were, in answer to each other.

"The evening I witnessed this ceremony, many women and children, some carrying boughs, and others having flowers in their caps, or in their hands, or in their bonnets, were seen, some dancing, others singing, whilst the men (whose exclamations so startled my poney), practised the above rites in a ring. When we recollect that in order to do so the reapers invariably assemble on some *high place*, that they form themselves into a *circle*, whilst one of their party holds the offering of the finest ears of corn in the middle of the ring, can we for a moment doubt this custom is a vestige of Druidism?"—vol. i, pp. 330, 331.

Having traversed, in her descriptions, the western limits of Dartmoor, Mrs. Bray commences her account of the town of Tavistock, to which the river Tavy gives its name, and which, though ancient and famous for its beauties, and the illustrious names connected with it, never before found such an industrious chronicler. With a fine partiality, she speaks of her beloved town, and so much does she delight, not merely in the scenery that every where surround it, but in the vicarage-house, where she lives, that she fancies no spot on earth so delightful as her own home, situated as it is in a beautiful garden, where the venerable walls of the abbey form the boundary of the vicarage's little domain. It appears, however, that with all its enticements, Devonshire is not flattered by the visits of the nightingale, which White supposes is because the bird crosses over from the continent at the narrowest passage, and strolls not so far westward; though others conclude that the county is wanting in the peculiar kind of food on which the bird delights to feed. She laments keenly too, the ruined condition of the once magnificent abbey of Tavistock, and with the ardour of a romantic spirit, denounces the violent and blind zeal which, at the Reformation, wrought such havoc among the splendid temples of a former age. Some may think that her admiration of monastic institutions is overstrained, and that she views them through the softening vista of antiquity.

"That monasteries, in former ages, were eminently useful cannot, I think, be denied. In those early times when the art of printing was unknown, all learning was found within the cloister. The regularity, the repose, and the leisure of a monastic life, were absolutely necessary to the preservation and the culture of letters. Every monastery, also, had its school, and the novices were, in many instances, scholars. The sons of princes and nobles were generally educated within the walls; and no rank or station was held to be above obedience to the church. There youth were instructed, and those habits of submission, so salutary in themselves, so necessary for individual happiness, (since it is by obeying others that men learn to master their own passions,) were inculcated as a first and essential duty. Youth did not then, with the frowardness so

often seen in modern times, burst those restraints which were intended not to curb the spirit, but the waywardness of unripened years. And age, as in the patriarchal state, was looked up to with that deference and respect which wisdom, derived from experience—its most certain source—is ever entitled to command. There is something beautiful in the picture of a young man, with all his ardour, his golden hopes, and airy imaginings, standing silent with modesty, in the presence of the aged, and listening to those counsels that are to guide his future course.

“Regularity, without which there is little profit in study, was rigidly enforced by those minute rules that gave to each hour its appropriate task, its duties, and its relaxations. Young men of talent, but with half-knowledge, flippancy, and conceit, did not then fancy that in matters of religion, or of civil government, they could carve out a way for themselves that would be better than the old road trodden by their fathers. There was then little or no infidelity: for the student did not doubt those sacred truths which were above his capacity or his years; nor did he presume to fix bounds and limits to the all-wise providence of God, or to make the greatest things the least, by measuring them after the standard of his own ignorance. Singularity was not then mistaken for superiority; consequently it did not raise a false ambition in the weak and the vain to become singular, or to show their own folly in the effort to be wise beyond that which was written for their learning.”—vol. ii, pp. 38—40.

It was in the neighbourhood of Tavistock that Sir Francis Drake was born, and our authoress has collected a great number of notices of him, many of them new to the public, and of that traditionary and marvellous kind, which show how his exploits were regarded in a credulous age. These stories, she informs us, are still current in the west. It was, and is even now-a-days in that country vulgarly believed, that his successes were owing to supernatural aid, and the power of enchantment. The “old warrior,” for so the lower orders about Tavistock designate the hero, was therefore a wizard. The following stories, among others, are told of him:—

“The next tradition respecting Sir Francis was communicated to me by our worthy and esteemed friend, Mr. Davies Gilbert, who has shown the interest he takes in such fragments of the ‘olden time’ by the very curious collection he some years ago published of the Cornish Ballads.

“In the days of Drake the vulgar considered the world to be composed of two parallel planes, the one at a certain distance from the other. In reference to this space it was commonly said that Sir Francis had ‘*shot the gulf*,’ meaning that his ship had turned over the edge of the upper plane so as to pass on to the waters of the under. ‘There is,’ said Mr. Davies Gilbert, ‘an old picture of Drake at Oxford, representing him holding a pistol in one hand, which, in former years, the man who acted as showman to strangers was wont to say (still further improving upon the story) was the very pistol itself with which Sir Francis shot the gulf!’

“Another story told of this hero is, that the people of Plymouth were so destitute of water in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that they were

obliged to send their clothes to Plympton to be washed in fresh water. Sir Francis Drake resolved to rid them of this inconvenience. So he called for his horse, mounted, rode to Dartmoor, and hunted about till he found a very fine spring. Having fixed on one that would suit his purpose, he gave a smart lash to his horse's side, pronouncing as he did so some magical words, when off went the animal as fast as he could gallop, and the stream followed his heels all the way into the town. This assuredly was not only the most wonderful, but the most cheap and expeditious mode of forming a canal ever known or recorded by tradition.

"The next story of Sir Francis is a very singular one, nor can I in the least trace its origin to any real circumstance which might have been exaggerated in the relation, till it became, like the other tales about our hero, necromantic. It seems, in every way, a fiction. The good people here say that whilst the 'old warrior' was abroad, his lady, not hearing from him for seven years, considered he must be dead, and that she was free to marry again. Her choice was made—the nuptial day fixed, and the parties had assembled in the church. Now it so happened that at this very hour Sir Francis Drake was at the antipodes of Devonshire, and one of his spirits, who let him know from time to time how things went on in England, whispered in his ear in what manner he was about to lose his wife. Sir Francis rose up in haste, charged one of his great guns, and sent off a cannon ball so truly aimed that it shot up right through the globe, forced its way into the church, and fell with a loud explosion between the lady and her intended bridegroom. 'It is the signal of Drake,' she exclaimed, 'he is alive, and I am still a wife. There must be neither troth nor ring between thee and me.'"—vol. ii, pp. 171—173.

There is a statement taken from a letter of Southey's, in reference to these particulars, which mentions that the Spaniards very piously entertained a belief that Drake dealt with the devil. The English Catholics, he supposes, received the notion from their Spanish friends, and hence it must have made its way among the people, because of its romantic character. He adds, that the black art in popular tradition, is no black business when it is not employed for black purposes; and that there is generally some contrivance for whitewashing such proficients, as the great naval commander who flourished in the reign of Queen Bess. This opinion in behalf of superstition, is in accordance with the Laureate's frequently avowed sentiments, and perhaps quite becoming a poet's mode of estimating influences; but a more prosaic temperament may feel, that truth in all cases is the fairest and most powerful agent, while the habit of lending credence to extravagant legends, is not the best means of strengthening the judgment or fortifying the principles of a sound religious faith.

The following particulars regarding the honours bestowed upon Drake by the queen, are more to our taste than the tales of witchcraft. When Elizabeth, as the story runs, conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, so much did he underrate his own merits,

that he was desirous to assume the coat of arms of Sir Bernard Drake, a Devonshire knight, to whom the former thought himself to be related. Sir Bernard, however, took high offence at an act which he deemed great presumption on the part of one whom he regarded as meanly born ; and travelled to London to complain of the supposed indignity, and is said to have lent the admiral a box on the ear, for the liberty taken with his honour. When the queen became apprised of the silly man's conduct and displeasure, she devised the means of mortifying his pride.

"Elizabeth, fond of allegory, (and in her age it was the fashion in all things, serious or trifling,) now gave her gallant Admiral a coat of arms of her own invention: Sable, a fess wavy between two pole stars argent. For the crest: a ship, under ruff, drawn round a globe, with a cable rope, by a hand out of the clouds, with this motto over it, 'auxilio divino,' and this under it, 'sic parvis magna.' In the rigging of the vessel, the queen suspended *a wivern by the heels*, that heraldic bird being the crest of the proud Sir Bernard, and the cause of his petty jealousy and quarrels with Sir Francis."—vol. ii, p. 241.

In the biography of Tavistock, some of the living obtain honourable mention in these volumes. Few of these are likely to engage the reader more than Mary Maria Colling, the writer of a little volume of "Fables, and other pieces in verse," published by Longman and Co. in 1831, and reviewed in the 92nd number of the "Quarterly Review." Mary is described as one of the most feeling, affectionate, humble, and engaging characters that ever existed. She is represented, too, as one of the most intelligent and exact registrars of all the old tales, traditions, and characters of any note in her native town. Several of her stories are inserted in these pages, one of which we must extract, for the sake of the described as well as the describer. The short annals of the virtuous poor, when simply and naturally given, are always touching, and the reverse of vulgar. Every town and village in England can boast of such characters, as well as of some artless chroniclers of them, from among themselves.

"Among the living characters that Mary Colling, to use her own words, 'loves to be telling about,' is Old Nanny, the water-cress woman.—'Mary,' said I, one day, 'you have promised to bring me acquainted with your old Nanny, about whom you tell me so many anecdotes. I want to see her: what sort of a person is she in her appearance?'

"'If you please ma'am, I'll show you, I've got her in my pocket.'

"'In your pocket, Mary! why, old Nanny is not a pixy, is she?'

"'Oh, no; but I know you will not laugh at me for what I have done. But as you said the other day you should like to see Nanny, I have been trying to draw her picture for you on a bit of paper, in her tidy cloak, and with her basket on her arm, just as she comes to our house with one thing and the other that we buy of her. There it is ma'am.'

"Mary put into my hands a little sketch of a whole length figure that, considering Mary who attempted it had, I will venture to say, scarcely

seen any prints beyond those to be found in her own little books, and knew nothing of the rules of drawing. really did surprise me and Mr. Bray too; the figure had so completely the character of a market-woman prepared for her calling. I gave the sketch all the praise it deserved; for Mary is one of those to whom praise does good; it inspires her with hope and cheerfulness, and *not* with a shadow of vanity. 'But, Mary,' said I, still looking at the sketch, 'in your drawing, you put me in mind of the Greek painter, whose story no doubt you have read; you remember he despaired of being able to depict the grief of a father for his daughter's loss, and so he covered the face with a veil. Thus have you, not feeling yourself equal to give me a sketch of old Nanny's features, very ingeniously contrived completely to hide the face, all saving the tip of the chin, under the poke of the bonnet. Now Nanny's face is the very thing I most wish to see.'

"'And it's as honest and as good-tempered a face as any you will see, ma'am, in a summer's day. And Nanny's very good-looking, too, for one of her years; for she's up four-score years old, and that's a great age.'

"'Indeed! and yet you tell me she goes out on Dartmoor to pick cresses and hurtleberries to gain a living. Do tell me all about her. And then Mary Colling gave me Nanny's history as nearly as possible in the following words:—

"'Old Nanny, the water-cress woman, is, as I have tried to make her in the drawing, rather short and stout, and looks the picture of health and cheerfulness. Her right name is, I think, Anne Burnaford James. Her grandfather was, as she told me, a clergyman, who bore a great character in his day, particularly for conjuring away a very troublesome ghost, and confining him in a tower; the clock of which has never since struck, as the old people of the country say. Nanny is a widow, and well known as a very hard-working woman. She lives with her daughter-in-law, who is also a widow with three children; and, like Ruth and Naomi, they will not part, and they worship God together. You have heard tell, no doubt, how many sailors' families lived about Plymouth and this country formerly. Nanny's daughter-in-law is the widow of a sailor, whose ship some said was lost, but most believe it was taken by pirates, and that he was killed. The eldest boy goes to school at Greenwich, the two others are very sickly, and live at home with their mother. She is poor, industrious, and honest; and what with old Nanny's hard labour and the little allowed by the parish, they all make a very decent appearance; and now the daughter-in-law has set up a little shop to supply poor people with trifling things; and the profit of it helps to pay the rent. But the main stay of the family is Nanny.

"'Poor old soul! she is up with the lark, and oftentimes during summer she goes to Dartmoor to gather hurtleberries, called by the country people, hurts. And sometimes she's away to the woods for nuts or blackberries; or else to the hedges and fields for herbs and elderberries. She frequently rises on a frosty morning, long before day, and walks four or five miles to pull water-cresses, when the stream where they grow has been half frozen. She told me that one morning, after coming out of the water into which she had been obliged to go, to gather

the cresses, her clothes were frozen about her. These vegetables and herbs she sells, and supplies persons who make elder-wine or blackberry-syrup. The poorer class have a great opinion of old Nanny as a doctress, and she is the most kind and useful person in the world to them; and does cures, and is very clever in dressing a wound. No one better understands the medical qualities of different herbs, which she says are too much despised and neglected by the real doctors. She finds many rare ones on Dartmoor; and always turns her apron before she goes there in search of them, because she was once pixy-led on the moor.'"—vol. ii, pp. 251—254.

Nothing is forgotten in these volumes that can add to the fame of Tavistock, or to the reader's knowledge of its men, women, and occupations; but what is chiefly to be admired in all these pictures, anecdotes, and events, is the sympathy which the writer entertains and communicates, regarding every thing that affords scope for the exercise of universal humanity. She is willing to tell us all she knows, and she speaks always just as she feels on the subject. About herself, and her nearest and dearest connections she is fond of talking; nor is there the slightest mock attempt to disguise her deep sense of their merits. Mr. Bray, her husband, is often named, and his character and works are earnestly lauded. His history is even given with much particularity; for being a native of Tavistock, she justly deems that he deserves a place in the biography of that charming neighbourhood. And this history she has rendered amusing and varied by the spirit and interest with which she handles it, and by the number of other portraits which she connects with that of her husband.

Mr. Bray was named after the family of Atkyns, a branch of his mother's ancestry, "who were remarkable for having a father and his two sons, all judges in the times of the Charles's." And the portrait of Sir Robert Atkyns, (son of Sir Edward), "bears so strong a resemblance to my husband," and which "hangs in the library of our house," that at the same age, and with the same legal robes, it might pass for the vicar's picture. We are introduced, so early as his christening, to two godfathers, that are worth half-a-dozen of ordinary knights.

"Little Edward Atkyns received his name at a christening accompanied with all the liberal hospitality of those days when christenings were great events in the family history. Godfathers and godmothers were generally then chosen with a view to some future benefit to the new-made Christian, and Mrs. Bray determined not altogether to lose sight of the usual hope for her son, at least in one quarter: so she fixed on Arthur Tremaine, Esquire, of Sydenham House, an old bachelor, who, in consequence of his father being then alive, used, at the age of sixty, to go by the name of *young* Mr. Tremaine. On what account the other godfather might be chosen, if any particular motive existed for the choice, I do not know, but he was a curious character, and was invariably called *Brigadier* Herring.

"The Brigadier was a very tall, stout man, who had served in the wars, and possessed also the additional importance attached to having been a great traveller, which in his day was more remarkable than in our own. Mr. Bray perfectly well remembers, though he was then a child, that whenever his godfather dined at the Abbey House, he was fond of appearing in the dress in which he had been presented to Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, being a blue coat with a red collar and cuffs. With this dress the Brigadier invariably put on a change of manners; for he became courtly and ceremonious, and delighted in repeating the circumstances of the honours he had enjoyed in his introduction to the Majesty of France. And with this story, though fifty times told, the Brigadier as constantly regaled his friends as they did him whenever he came to dine with them.

"The Brigadier's grandeur, however, was mostly on the outside, for (whether from extravagance or misfortune I do not know) his purse was not always well filled; and, at the christening of little Edward Atkyns, he did Mrs. Bray the honour of borrowing five guineas of her, to present the nurse with her fee and the baby with a spoon, but which he afterwards never happened to recollect. Tired however at length with single-blessedness and ill-fortune, the Brigadier tried matrimony as a relief to both, and married an old lady for her money, declaring that had Marie Antoinette but had her head left on her shoulders to attain the same age, she would have been just such another looking person. But the lady probably not being so confident in the power of her own charms, in which nearly seventy years had made some havoc, attempted to repair by dress what she wanted in beauty, decorating herself in flowers, frock, and sash, like a girl just escaped from school; and tormented her husband with a jealousy that allowed him no repose."—vol. iii, pp. 190, 191.

Little E. A. Bray, at an early age, was a brilliant boy, especially as an artist. But his inclination was always for the church. "His father wished to send him to Eton, and to make a great man of him; but poor Mrs. Bray never would consent to let her darling loose from her apron string." His fondness for books was extreme, and a celebrated physiognomist predicted before he had ever heard him speak, that he was a poet; and that the physiognomist was not mistaken, Mrs. Bray endeavours to prove, by inserting several original compositions that never before have seen the light. Afraid, and reluctant as we are to offer a dissentient judgment with respect to her husband's poetic muse, we insert a specimen; and we do this with the more pleasure, presuming that the flattered lady was no other than the poet's future wife.

TO A LADY,

On a Rose dropping from her Bosom.

Whilst 'twas my happy lot last eve,
With you, my fair! the dance to weave,
The silver rose, with punish'd pride,
(For vainly with your breast it vied,)

Fell from that breast, its envied seat,
A prostrate suppliant at my feet.
Pitying, I raised it from the ground,
But felt indignant when I found
That all its charms to art were due;
From whom its very breath it drew.

Oh! then, forgive, if I forbear
Again, sweet maid! to place it there—
There, where no empire art should gain,
Nor aught but native candour reign.”—vol. iii, p 225.

Mr. Bray, by the determination of his father, was made a lawyer, though he afterwards took to the church. But the course of his education we must pass over. Before his going to London and taking up his residence at the Middle Temple, he was appointed to a captain-lieutenancy in a corps of volunteer miners in Devonshire. After becoming an inhabitant of the metropolis, he formed an acquaintanceship with several public and celebrated characters, of whom he has preserved memoranda, which the authoress has transferred to her pages. From these we copy a specimen:—

“ ‘ *Memorandums after an interview and conversation with Walking Stuart.*—This philosopher, like his predecessor of antiquity who instituted the Peripatetic school, has acquired his name from his perambulations on foot. The difference between them is, however, that the former has visited almost every country in the world in search of knowledge, and the latter investigated and taught it within the narrow limits of the grove of Academus. Stuart has not only taken greater pains in the pursuit of intellectual wealth, but, besides rivalling the Athenian in his oral communications, has diffused it in his writings. To institute a comparison between them would lead me too far, and require greater talents than I possess. I will content myself, therefore, with stating a few remarks I made during the short time I was in his company, and will first introduce him by a description of his person.

“ ‘ Had I not, from his name, supposed him to be a Scotsman, his person alone would have suggested it. From his language, which is generally an infallible criterion, I should not have been able to form any conjecture; nor indeed do I mean to decide what countryman he is. Were I even to ask him, the answer probably would be—‘ I am a native of the world; for in reply to a question, ‘ Whether he had any children?’ he said, ‘ Yes, the good and virtuous are all my children.’ Apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, he is rather tall and lusty. His face, with high cheek bones and Roman nose, is dark by nature or by his travels in hot countries. His forehead bears the wrinkles of reflection more than age. By his dress we may imagine Philosophy is not more liberal to her sons at present than she was of old. He wore a black coat, over which was thrown a spencer with half the arms cut off. Whether it were from economy or taste, I thought it had by no means an unpleasing effect. I understand that for some time after he returned from Asia he wore a Persian dress. His hair was powdered. I mention this as, in these days, the hair has expressed a good deal of meaning.

"From a short conversation, or rather being present at a conversation which he held with another gentleman, I cannot be presumed to have formed a precise and correct idea of his opinions; but I am told that he professes himself an atheist. It has been denied that any human being could really disbelieve the existence of a Deity. Whoever has professed it has been held to do so from vanity and a wish for notoriety. But of this I am convinced, that, whatever are the opinions which Stuart professes, he sincerely believes them from a conviction in his own mind of their supposed truth. The conversation he held in my hearing was mostly of a moral nature, with only a few references to the subject of religion. However, as a proof that his opinions are peculiar on this head, I need only mention that, in quoting some passages from Pope's Essay on Man, he said the following couplet he would have written thus:—

'All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body *matter* is, and *power* the soul;'

instead of—

'Whose body *Nature* is, and *God* the soul.'

vol. iii, pp. 210—212.

Stuart's travels on foot, he said, were principally to investigate moral truth, the progress of mind, and human happiness. We wonder if he found more of moral truth out of England than in it; or if, the farther he went, it became the more prevalent. China was, at the time Mr. Bray took his notes of this singular man, the only country he had not visited. Regarding another extraordinary man, Mrs. Bray has gathered from her husband the following notices:—

"In London Mr. Bray met Horne Tooke at a dinner party, where some dispute arose about the volunteer system. Tooke, who was surrounded by his admirers and friends (amongst whom was Sir Francis Burdett), reprobated the system just named in a very violent manner, which might have arisen, as Mr. Bray afterwards learned, in consequence of his own proffered services having been refused. This attack was levelled against the gentleman of the house, who, feeling himself hard pressed, turned round to my husband and said, that it was scarcely right that he, who was only a private, should bear the brunt of such an unmeasured attack when a captain was present.

"Mr. Bray happened to be seated next Horne Tooke, who absolutely turned round in his chair, and immediately opened his fire upon him. Previous to this dinner, Mr. Bray had felt an extreme degree of curiosity to meet Horne Tooke, and entertained the highest opinion of the talents and acuteness he had shown in his first edition of the '*Diversions of Purley*.' But Tooke's conversation after dinner had been of so improper and even gross a nature, that, coupled with his political violence, it had effectually removed all the previous sense of respect which Mr. Bray entertained for him; and enabled him, notwithstanding his natural diffidence and his youth, to be cool and collected in his reply to arguments so absurd, that only one need be specified: for Tooke gravely asserted that give him but time, and he would collect together maid-ser-

vants who, with their mops and broom-sticks, would turn all the volunteers to the right-about.

"Mr. Bray asked him if courage were not the characteristic of Englishmen; and begged to know if Englishmen ceased to be such by becoming volunteers? This turned the tide in his favour; though the decided admirers of Horne Tooke were not a little surprised to find that a young man, and a modest one too, would venture to contradict their oracle. And Indeed Sir Francis Burdett took an opportunity afterwards of saying to Mr. Bray, 'I knew not what you said to my friend, as I did not hear the whole of the conversation; but you have done what no other person, to my knowledge, has ever done before—you have put Horne Tooke in a passion.'"—vol. iii, pp. 215, 216.

By these volumes, Mrs. Bray has unquestionably added to her well-earned fame, secured as it already had been by a number of talented works of imagination. Here, however, we have in point of research and description, of variety and individual matter, independent of the style and temper with which it is given, as much that is good, as would carry any half-dozen of modern works through the ordeal of public opinion. Devonshire owes her much, for she has conferred upon the neighbourhood she described, an interest that the nation will appreciate.

ART. XV.—*Ben Brace, the Last of Nelson's Agamemnons*. By CAPTAIN CHAMIER, R.N., Author of "The Life of a Sailor," &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1836.

THE Captain is one of our regular sailor novelists, in a double sense; that is to say, he is a sailor all over, and every now and then he has a story about the sea and man-of-war's-men for us, that keeps alive his own and the public's recollections of the gallant deeds that have been performed, and many "a brush with Mounseer," under the old British flag, the drollery and recklessness of Jack being ever duly recorded, and blended with heroic deeds. As the title of the present contribution to this order of novels imports, it is a thoroughly professional naval story, with just as much of the land in it, as to allow a jolly tar room enough for his eccentricities and characteristic humours to have display. Through a great part of the performance Lord Nelson's life and exploits constitute the framework—those which relate to the last moments of the great hero, being derived, says the captain, from the notes of Sir George Westphall, an eye-witness of the melancholy scene, who was himself wounded in the memorable victory of Trafalgar. Ben Brace is represented to have been a contemporary with Nelson, and to have served along with him, or under him, during the whole course of his brilliant career; in short, an extraordinary confidence and friendship are represented to have continued to the last, to exist between

them. in the capacity of a kind of servant, secretary, and quartermaster, Ben is made to know every thing about the other, and to tell it in his own Jack-tar style. The novel also has an imaginary plot for this minute and veracious narrator, which is extended far beyond the date of Nelson's death, the real and the imaginary histories being frequently made to help one another forward; at at other times they are slightly, and we think, inartificially linked.

Indeed, it is our opinion, that although the story contains many vividly and powerfully described scenes, and some characteristic sketches of individual actors, especially of Ben himself, that would redeem any novel, and entitle it to considerable praise, yet as a whole, it presents a failure both in design and execution. The introduction of Lord Nelson's life instantly engrosses the reader's attention, and when we find his well-authenticated exploits only given in another style to what we have been accustomed, the question arises, is the account improved—is there an amendment upon Southey's plain and elegant narrative? certainly not; the comparison we have uniformly found to the disadvantage of the captain. Then as to the story, as respects Ben—he might have done very well as its hero, but for the superior attraction of the other; at least, we found ourselves constantly inclined to skip over the chapters in which the Last of the Agamemnons had his personal history to detail, that we might again fall in with him of the Nile and Trafalgar. The anxiety is not, that Ben may be more fully brought out by means of Nelson, but that the latter may be set off by the former; and this, as already stated, is by no means accomplished. Even as regards Ben Brace's manners, family, and achievements, there is a good deal that is *yarny*, and most improbable. As a whole, he is unique; but his conduct immediately after the murder of his sister, and death of his father, and also as concerns his niece at the execution of her father, is absurd, heartless, and totally inconsistent with the feelings of any man, whether sailor or soldier. It is apparent to us, however, that these absurdities and improbabilities, or rather, that the captain's readiness in killing, and the horrible, must be traced to some not very clearly defined conceptions of effect, which is not to be produced by what is great and awful, unless these have been arrived at by those due gradations naturally required by the human mind. Accordingly, some of his most laboured tragical scenes become laughable or repulsive, from the want of proper keeping.

We have one other general fault to find with the Last of the Agamemnons; it is this—that however amusing, and sometimes terse and impressive, may be a sailor's appropriate dialect, it becomes, in the course of three volumes, tiresome, and unsuitable to the dignity of a regular novel. It is all very well in snatches, and as a relief to the flippancies of less manly characters, the beauties

of scholarship, or the excitement produced by the noblest appeals to the heart's strongest emotions. But many continuous efforts on the part of one performer, in the guise of the same eccentric and ludicrous character, become nothing less than uninteresting and wearisome. Elegance and dignity have enough to do to sustain themselves throughout a long experiment; less imposing and engaging exhibitions, or those that the mind only inclines to stoop to for relaxation, must therefore fail. But it is time to come to some specimens. Our first will be the opening paragraphs of the novel, where Ben is seen to advantage, chiefly because we have not quoted too much of his ready reckless wit.

"I was born at Cawsand Bay, July 5th, 1758. My father was a fisherman; and a pair better suited to each other than he and his wife never was known. Father was short, stout, and saucy; mother was all milk and modesty. It was many a year before she mustered up courage enough to crimp a skate; and she never boiled a lobster in her life without dropping a tear when the poor creature cried like a child:—and well it might cry; it's no joke to be shoved into a boiling bath, and to be changed from a sea monster into a soldier. She was all tenderness, dear soul! and if she had been more of a woman and less of a mother, I should now have been a follower of my father's trade, and have *netted* a nice property.

"I deserted; and this is how it happened. My mother loved me so much, because I was a curly-pated boy and reckoned as much like her as two rope-yarns, that she never would allow me to go out with my father; although I would stand by the hour gazing on the sea as it rolled into Plymouth Sound, and the higher it rolled, the louder it blew, the more murky looked the day, the more I sighed to face the dangers, and the more earnestly begged my father to take me. My father was rather under that most enviable of controls, a wife's government, and that was one reason why I was a discharged petitioner; but the strongest reason which operated on my father's mind was the unusual roughness of the winter, and the consequent increased danger of the fisherman.

"'No, no, boy,' he would say, making his voice as tender as his rough life would permit, 'No, no; when you get a piece more spliced on to your brace, then you may try;—next summer, lad, you shall come with me. There, that's a good boy, don't cry, but run home to mother, and make yourself useful. Next year, Ben, and you'll be a man.'

"Next year never came, at least for me to claim the promise; for one night I left Cawsand, my father, mother, and sister—and she was a little beauty just toddling about, and just wise enough to know a Newfoundland dog from her curly-pated brother—and got a ferry across from Edgcombe to Mutton Cove, and what by the kindness of a waggoner and the use of my own legs, I managed to get to Portsmouth. Here I was received on board the *Raisonnable*, about a fortnight before my future officer, Nelson, had joined the ship. I am now, as may be seen, a Greenwich pensioner; I wear my cocked-hat athwartships, like Napoleon; am the jolliest dog in the establishment, and the last surviving seaman of the old *Agamemnons*."—vol. i, pp. 1—4.

Here is part of another tar's narrative of a ship on fire. The

picture is happily drawn, though an endless exhibition of pictures done in the same style, would be possessed of the undignified kind of monotony above alluded to.

" 'I saw the poor boy, my own brother, his mother's favourite, clinging like a cat to the masts to avoid the surrounding flames. I made a rush at the fore-rigging, but the boiling pitch prevented my running up; every moment made it worse; his death was inevitable, without God's mercy should interpose and prompt him to run out to the top-gallant yard-arm and jump overboard. 'Here, here!' said I, extending my arms—'here, Bill, jump down and I'll catch you—scud out to the yard-arm and jump overboard.' The fire had already caught his clothes; he had no jacket on—I see him now,' said my old friend—'I see him, with his long hair blown by the sea-breeze, his face pale with fear, the fire just burning his trousers—I see him now endeavouring with his hands to stop the progress of the flames; and, oh, God! I see him at this moment winding up his courage to the last pitch, looking down upon me; and, as I live here, I saw a tear fall from his eye. I could not speak, I could not move; I did not feel the boiling hot tar which showered down upon me; I did not feel the increased heat which was almost melting me. I stood with my arms extended to catch him. 'Jump, Bill,' said I; 'the water is soft enough, never mind the height; you will be up again before the sharks know you are down.' And he did jump—ay, he jumped, by heavens! like a man—he was down in a second. I tried to catch him, my hands stretched to their utmost;—I grazed his trousers, and saw his brains shattered to atoms against the shank of the best bower-anchor. He fell overboard, and I was after him before he touched the water: he went to the bottom like a stone, and I was taken up by one of the boats, swimming in the water coloured by my brother's blood.'"—vol. i, pp. 10, 11.

But to come to Nelson;—we quote a passage, which every one knows where to find in the life of that brave man.

"As we went into action, Nelson saw how his squadron was weakened, and he walked quicker than usual; but directly about a thousand guns opened upon us, we were all alive, and we went to work like Christians.

"I was, as usual, placed to lend the signal-man a hand; and I had got one of the admiral's old glasses under my arm. At first the smoke was so thick that I ought to have had a tube half a mile long to see clear of the dust; but a breeze springing up, we were enabled to see Sir Hyde Parker's division trying all he could to come to our assistance: but it was useless; the wind was right against him, and the current also. Well, I took a look at our mast-heads; and there was the signal—the signal for close action—flying. The flags blew out all clear, and any man inclined to see it had only to look.

"Well then, Jack, I takes my purser's pump, for the glass was not much better; and there I saw at Sir Hyde's masthead, as plain as a pike-staff, No. 39. The signal-lieutenant called for the book, and I tumbled over the pages—for, thinks I to myself, I have been at this trade for the last five-and-twenty years, and bless me if I ever heard of No. 39 before! 'Thirty-nine,' I kept saying to myself—'it must be something about sending a boat to communicate. Thirty-nine!' said I; 'I'm blessed if this is

not something to do with the old Agamemnon!"—for she repeated the signal. What do you think it was, Jack?"

"Can't say, Ben," he replied, as he puffed out a long line of smoke, which previous to this interruption he had been letting off like small guns from both broadsides of his mouth—"Can't say. Whew!"

"And curse me if I can see!" said Ben; "why, you make more smoke than a frigate on fire."

"Avaunt there, Ben, if you please!—don't talk of it—it makes my eyes water."

"And so it does mine. But guess, Jack?"

"Guess, Ben—why, then, I suppose it was to splice the main-brace, or to pipe to dinner."

"No."

"Well, then, tell us."

"You'd never guess it, not any mother's son of you: such a signal to be made to Nelson!—It was 'to discontinue the action!'"

"My eyes and limbs!" said Jack.

"Oh, humbug!" said the marine.

"So I thought. So says I to the lieutenant, 'It's some mistake, sir, or we have not seen the flags.'"

"Thirty-nine," says the signal-man again, "or there's no frogs in France!"

"What is it?" said the lieutenant.

"Discontinue the action," said I, holding out the book; for I knew he wouldn't believe me.

"None of your nonsense, sir," said he; "this is no time for joking. But, by heavens! it's all right—thirty-nine, as plain as the nose on the admiral's face. Let's look again;" and away he trudged, book and all, to the admiral, whilst I followed, with a face as long as a boarding-pike.

"What!" said Nelson, and he wagged the stump of his right arm as if it had got St. Vitus's dance, "is the signal for close action up?"

"Certainly, my lord," says I.

"Ah, that's right," said he, and I understood his look: "keep it there; do you hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said I.

"Here, give me the glass for a moment."

"Well, he takes the glass, levels it at Sir Hyde's ship, claps his blind eye to it, and, with the gravest face in the world, turned round to Captain Foley, and said, 'I really do not see the signal. Do you hear?' said he, 'nail mine for closer action to the mast!' and away he walked."—vol. ii, pp. 86—89.

We now present a specimen of the horrible and unnatural. Ben Brace's only sister has been ruined by one who is called Tackle; he is also the person who takes her life. There is a little niece left to the guardianship of Ben by those calamities. The child is given over to the care of Lady Hamilton. In the mean time Tackle deserts from the British Service to the French. He is afterwards caught and tried by a court-martial, and condemned to die. The trial takes place at Deal; the prisoner desires to see his daughter,

who is now ten years of age. Ben forgives him, and sends for the little girl, that she may visit her father frequently, and be present at his execution; and all this with Lord Nelson's approbation.

"The provost-marshal soon came; and now the last sand in the glass had nearly run out. The marine officer came; the time had expired; Tackle was summoned. He was then with his arms wound round his child kissing her. He heard them not; but the touch soon awakened him from his stupor;—he looked at her for a second time, he kissed her fondly, and presented her to the chaplain. The midshipman stepped forward and took her hand; and when Tackle rose to follow the officer, the child broke from the midshipman and entwined its little arms round Tackle. I thought I should have dropped. It was now requisite to separate them; but I would not have touched either—no, not for the universal world. What! tear the daughter from the father, and be about to die? Tackle was too much overcome; and the chaplain, who was a father himself, was unmanned by the sight;—he urged Tackle to collect his courage for the last desperate struggle of feeling.

"The bell struck eight: the prisoner knew his last moment was come, for directly afterwards the death-toll began. He heard the bell repeat its dismal knell, and tried to separate himself, but the child clung to him the closer. At last, turning rather suddenly as the thought struck him, he said to me, 'Brace, what would Jane have thought if she had been told that thus *her* child would cling to *her* murderer?'

"Jane fell back at the words, and Tackle walked to his execution. We came up the after-ladder: I looked and saw the rope there before our eyes—from the fore-yard-arm it came upon the forecastle; the men were at divisions, the marines under arms, the officers present.

"The bell was stopped and the sentence read. Not a sound was to be heard as the captain returned the paper, and the order for the execution, to his clerk, until his voice again ordered the bell to be tolled. A party of the marines, with their arms reversed, headed by the drummer with his drum muffled, moved from the capstan; then the chaplain walked, reading the burial service; and then came Tackle and myself, the provost-marshal on one side and the master-at-arms on the other side. The men all bowed as we passed; and I cannot describe the horrid cold shudder which came over me. There was I hand-in-hand with my own sister's murderer, and he going to pay the forfeit of his crime; the death-bell slowly tolling, the chaplain praying for his soul; whilst before us was the platform—the executioner—the rope!

"The gunner, with the lighted match ready to give the last signal, stood in waiting; and at each step Tackle's grasp became tighter. He walked, as he had said, firm, and without faltering; but when he ascended the platform, and I shook his hand for the last time, his voice failed him when he said, 'My daughter, Brace—my daughter!' The rope was placed round his neck—his hands were fastened behind him—the shot were affixed to his heels—the chaplain had withdrawn—the men in the waist who were to run him up stood in preparation; when a loud scream was heard—the child had broken from the grasp of the midshipman, and, rushing on deck, she saw her father with the rope round his

neck. At a glance she knew that death was to follow; she screamed and would have run forward; when, to prevent this last affecting scene—for, the cap not being drawn over his face, Tackle saw her, and leant forward, saying, 'My daughter! my daughter!'—we heard the word 'Fire the gun!' A volume of smoke followed the order; and when the light air of wind had cleared away the last record of Tackle's life, Jane saw her father a corpse, swinging from the fore-yard-arm! She fell back and fainted.

"Tackle died as he had said, 'turning a black face on the world,' When they ran him up, the toggle of course caught in the block: his body nearly touched the fore-yard; then falling about eight feet, until the rope taughened, his neck was broken by the jerk, and he never moved a limb; but his face grew dreadfully dark. Amidst all the horrors of a seaman's life, I never remember to have seen the equal of this."—vol. ii, pp. 150—154.

We perfectly concur in the last quoted sentence. The desire to give a vivid and minute description of an execution a-board of a British man-of-war, can be no apology for the absurdities about the parties said to be most interested in the fatal scene.

Two extracts more, and we close these volumes, confessing that they have not such attractions as to tempt us to re-open them again, for any lengthened perusal; and yet, is it not true that a book which is worthy of one perusal, deserves to be twice read?

"The action had now been maintained with bravery by the French and the Spaniards for three hours. The victory was won; ten ships had struck; but the last sad result was yet to take place. It is of no use drawing a picture of what occurred in the midshipmen's berth of the *Victory*; the greatest admiral England ever produced was now stretched out breathing his last. From time to time, as the service would permit, Hardy came below and reported to the admiral how the day went; and it was when Hardy returned and reported that ten had struck, that Nelson said, 'I am growing weaker and weaker; it is impossible I can live: my back bone is shot through; I have no feeling below my breast, it is all gone;—you know it,' he said, as he looked at Beattie. 'I know it; I feel something rising in my breast.' It was when a partial lull had occurred that the *Victory* fired her whole larboard broadside at once; it shook the ship from stem to stern; then came a silence again. Nelson said in a firm tone of voice, 'Oh! victory, victory!' and then added, 'How dear is life to all men!—Hardy,' he continued, 'send my carcass to England.'—Carcass was the word: it was an odd word to use at such a moment, but I'll swear to it, for it struck me as a cool disdain of death, although he had, not a minute before, declared how sweet was life.

"In a few minutes, Hardy, who had been on deck, returned again.

"'Fourteen, my lord,' he said—'fourteen have struck!' A gleam of animation lighted up Lord Nelson's countenance before he died.

"'I have bargained for twenty!' he said. 'What have you done, Hardy?'

"The captain answered, 'I have sent lieutenant Hill to Lord Colling-

wood, to mention you are wounded, my lord, and to beg of him to make the requisite signals.'

" 'Not whilst I live !' he said with some energy—' not whilst I am alive, Hardy ! Anchor, Hardy, anchor !' And had that order been obeyed, in spite of all that has been said, Portsmouth harbour would have had more prizes in Rotten Row.

" 'God bless you, Hardy !' he murmured. ' Kiss me.'

" It was now fast growing towards the last moment of his life ; and although there were many present, yet not a word was spoken.

" The eye began to warn us that the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar was fast sinking ; it no longer sparkled up as the cheers was heard below ; whilst he breathed with great difficulty, and when he spoke, it was in a low and indistinct voice. Once or twice he made an attempt ; but the restlessness of his spirit was fast subsiding. The chaplain stood by, and watched the last breathings of this great man. It was then that he spoke again—ay, and about sins and errors, which even the best of us may commit ; for he was too much of a Christian to die without acknowledging them. This done, he again thought of his king, his country—of *her*. 'Remember,' he said, 'I leave her and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country. I have done my duty to my king ; but who shall say I have done my duty to my God !' The last words which he uttered were, 'Thank God, I have done my duty !' and shortly afterwards the under jaw fell, and Nelson of the Nile was no more ! I watched his countenance : I saw the last motion of his lip ; I saw the glassy stillness of his eye—the dead cold paleness of his forehead—the fluttering tremor which shook his whole frame ; and when Beattie said, and loud enough for us all to hear, 'He is gone !' I fainted on the table, and was carried away to the cockpit."—pp. 33—36.

Did Nelson not say "I have not been a very great sinner ?" but what of *her* ?

"I went to Merton and saw *her*. It was a meeting I shall long remember. She was sitting in deep mourning before her writing-desk, and on it lay a picture of Nelson : it was so like him, that I could have sworn it was alive. She had her hands clasped together, crying like a child ; and when I got on board the room, and had put my hair straight with my hand, and lifted up my leg and bowed, she looked at me. She held her hands open, and after clasping them in an agony of grief, ran forward to greet me.

" 'Come here, Brace,' said she ; 'sit down. There now, tell me—don't mind my tears, I shall soon command them—tell me, what did he say ? What were his last words ? Did he speak of me—did he ?'

"I was all aboard in a moment ; her greeting had taken me smack aback, and before I could get round on the other tack, I found myself at anchor, and this beautiful lady close athwart my hawse. I should soon have moored ship and made myself comfortable ; but when I saw her, as she said her tears would soon be over, wringing her white hands as if she had been one of the fore-topmen wringing swabs, I somehow felt a kind of shiver, and I believe I looked as white as a ghost.

" 'You are ill,' she said : 'I'll get you some wine. I hope I did not hurt your arm ?'

" 'No, ma'am,' said I ;—and if I had been seized up to the gangway, or

had the yard-rope round my neck, I could not have said another word. I felt myself trying to bolt my tongue, and I knew that I was anything else but a man.

“ ‘Tell me, trusty old friend and companion—tell me now, when he was wounded, did he speak of me? Didn’t he say something kind of me, even when the victory was not decided? Here, dry your tears. I can bear it all now; tell me what he said.’

“ ‘There was something so hurried in her manner—something so wild in her eyes, which now were dry and burning, that I was alarmed; and that alarm made me myself again. I began,

“ ‘When he was wounded, my lady——’

“ ‘Yes! yes!’ she interrupted; ‘never mind that form—go on.’

“ ‘He sent for me,’ I continued; ‘he knew it was all over with him in this world, and so he told the doctor.’

“ ‘Well, go on—what do you stop for? go on.’

“ ‘Well, my lady, he told me to put my ear close to his mouth, and then he whispered, ‘When you get home, go to Merton—see *her*—tell her I have left a memorial in her behalf——’

“ ‘I care not,’ she said, in a tone of voice that startled me, ‘about memorials! Tell me what he *said* about me.’

“ ‘It’s all about you, ma’am,’ I continued—and here I looked round the room for Jane.

“ ‘You shall see little Jane directly if you will but continue.’

“ ‘Tell her,’ I continued, ‘the admiral said—tell her that even now when all is shortly to pass away, I thought of her—that my last prayer was for her;—tell her——’

“ ‘I had nothing more to say; she had thrown herself upon her knees, and lifting her eyes aloft, and holding her hands closed together, she seemed to be offering up a prayer.’—vol. iii, pp. 43—46.

NOTICES.

ART. XVI.—*Oriental Historical Manuscripts, in the Tamil Language, Translated, with Annotations.* By WM. TAYLOR, Madras. 1835.

THE ancient kingdom of Madura in Southern India is] the subject of this work, of which the first volume is now before us. It contains a variety of documents, which the translator says, possess unquestionable authenticity, whereby the History, the Mythology, and Antiquities of the kingdom in question, and its relations with other states, may be considerably elucidated. We learn from the preface, that the most part of these manuscripts, which are here to a great extent transferred to the pages opposite the corresponding translation, in an unaltered form, were first procured by a Mr. Wheatley, a gentleman who received honourable distinction from Sir Alexander Johnstone, whom he aided in certain researches pursued at Madura. They have since come, most fortunately, it is quite clear, into the hands of Mr. Taylor, whose copiousness of illustration, and rich comments, prove him not merely to be a ripe oriental scholar, possessed of the most familiar knowledge of whatever has

hitherto been discovered of Indian history, but whose erudition, enterprise, and philosophy, are perfectly equal to throw great additional light upon the times and countries in question—regarding which every thing is as yet obscure or altogether unknown—provided the most slender notices be furnished to him.

The first of the manuscripts before us, is called the Pandion Chronicle, which resembles much, in its brevity, other chronicles of ancient countries; for, as the translator states, an extreme meagreness of detail characterized the historical and biographical documents which were composed in periods when the art of printing was unknown. But when we find specimens of such brevity and meagreness becoming, in the hands of annotators and translators, the occasion for a display of learning, investigation, and ingenuity of the eminence here displayed, we almost cease to regret the deficiency of ancient light in our admiration of such successful modern illustrations.

It would be negligent, and unfair, both in reference to the author and to a more general and important object, were we, even in this short notice, to pass over a circumstance mentioned in the title page. Mr. Taylor is a missionary—a term which many still construe as if it were synonymous with ignorance and fanaticism. Nay, the friends of missions are sometimes by far too apt to suppose that the philanthropic heroes who enlist as soldiers in the cause, require nothing more than piety and zeal for the discharge of their duty, and for the conversion of the heathen. For a refutation of such errors and prejudices, what need is there for more argument, than to cite the name of the author of the Chinese Dictionary, the late Dr. Morrison? Many other missionaries might be cited—and Mr. Taylor is undoubtedly one—not unworthy to take his stand in the same rank with the illustrious scholar now individualized. On the other point, viz. what are the virtues, the acquirements, and the exertions which are calculated to be of the utmost service to the missionary cause—it seems to us, that he who, possessed of superior talents and learning, like Mr. Taylor, will in his closet, and by the weight of his name, obtained through such performances as the present, lend an aid and strength to the great work most at his heart, which many well-meaning, but narrow-minded ministers of the cause, by lifetimes of exertion never will equal; nor need we go farther than this volume for evidence in support of this assertion; for his numerous and erudite annotations all tend to the support of Christianity, and to the conviction of the most learned and enlightened of the devotees to oriental paganism. The work is nothing less than a valuable contribution to oriental literature, and chronology. When the second volume appears we shall feel an interest in returning to the whole.

ART. XVII.—*Reading and Writing, or Improved Spelling Book, conformably with Walker's "Principles of Pronunciation &c."* By DONALD WALKER. London: Hurst. 1836.

THIS is one of a series of ingenious works by the same author, who entertains the grand design of introducing a more rational mode of physical as well as mental cultivation, than has as yet ever been practised. There is much originality in his methods. As to the present work, al-

though we cannot, in a short notice, explain its leading features, without hesitation we declare that it goes to the root of the long established evils in the system usually pursued in schools, both as to reading and speaking the English language. Its tendency to produce a uniformity of correct pronunciation everywhere, is apparent, and altogether it is a work of great merit, deserving mature and universal consideration.

ART. XVIII.—*Evenings Abroad.* By the Author of "*Sketches of Corfu.*" London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1836.

THE leading features in this lady's charming volumes are ease and elegance of language, and a ceaseless current of fine, nay lovely sentiment, all which she seems to have as much at command when she assumes the garb of poetry as when she stoops to prose. Her reading has been multifarious, but yet she seems to have gathered her heart-felt knowledge from observation chiefly; while her extensive travels have rendered that knowledge exceedingly various, and enabled her to lend it admirably diversified illustrations. Besides all this, there is an original cast of thought as well as of method in her little volumes, which communicate a raciness to what would otherwise be only elegant.

The present volume purports to have been written by a party who, while on a Continental tour, formed a portfolio to which every one contributed whatever it was his or her fancy to produce, and thus the ennui of unoccupied hours and the discomforts of execrable lodgings were banished. At stated periods the contents of this amateur collection are here published; the plan thus affording the authoress scope to introduce anecdotes, incidents, historical notices, fiction, and snatches, no doubt, of former efforts, without in the least deranging the character of the volume, so long as the contributions bear upon the locality described.

The volume, therefore, is not only a beautiful melange of poetry and prose, but there is much that is descriptive; and we feel that we obtain a better acquaintance with many of the places and scenes from which the descriptions and tales are dated, than from the generality of continental tours; because whatever is communicated takes a strong and lasting hold of the reader's mind. The tales are exquisite, and we wish our limits permitted the entire insertion of every one of them; but this is out of the question; and therefore our readers must be contented with a few of the lady's verses, which are uniformly vigorous, while they are flowing. The whole volume has a tinge of melancholy reflection about it, that sends the inculcated sentiments home to the heart with double emphasis. We hope it is used merely as a delightful perfume in the art of writing, and has not a settled habitation in the writer's heart.

In conclusion, we declare that this volume, though called "*Evenings Abroad,*" is better fitted for engaging a family for many evenings at home, than most of the three-volume works with which the world is inundated. It should be in the hands of every tasteful family, and on every drawing-room table; for it will bear many re-perusals, and never can be taken up without profit.

" SONG.

" Dear to the soldier's heart
 Are the tented field and battle plain :
 But far more sweet is the hope to meet—
 The battle done and the glory won—
 With his own true love again,
 And never more to part—never, oh never !
 " Sweet to the soldier's ear
 Are the rolling drum and the shrill war cry ;
 But sweeter than all, at the twilight fall,
 In garden lone, is the whispered tone .
 Of his true love's faintest sigh,
 As she draws her dear one near—nearer, oh nearer !
 " Bright to the soldier's eye
 Are the colours that flutter o'er him ;
 But far more bright in the warrior's sight
 Is the lowliest flower of his cottage bower,
 When his true love stands before him,
 With tear and blush and sigh—lovely, oh lovely !
 " And soft as silent night
 Is the soldier's sleep 'neath the cloudy sky ;
 But softer to him is the eye all dim,
 And the golden hair, and the cheek so fair
 Of the vision that wanders by
 His worn and weary sight,—softly, oh softly ! "

ART. XIX.—*The Tin Trumpet! or Heads and Tales, for the Wise and Waggish: to which are added, Poetical Selections.* By the late PAUL CHATFIELD, M. D. Edited by Jefferson Saunders, Esq. 2 vols. London: Whittaker. 1836.

A NONDESCRIPT book to a whimsical title; or, we may say, dull reading under a senseless name. The veracious Doctor Chatfield is here made to give out definitions, in an alphabetical order, of certain words of the most common occurrence. We quote, as a specimen, the term *Abcess*, which is thus defined—"a morbid tumour, frequently growing above the shoulder, and swelling to a considerable size, when it comes to a head, with nothing in it. It is not always a natural disease, for nature abhors a vacuum; yet fools, fops, and fanatics are very subject to it, and it sometimes attacks old women of both sexes. 'I wish to consult you upon a little project I have formed,' said a noodle to his friend. 'I have an idea in my head—' 'Have you?' interposed the friend, with a look of great surprise; 'then you shall have my opinion at once; *Keep it there!* it may be sometime before you get another.'" Things serious as well jocose have their appropriate glossary, many of them affording the author an opportunity of showing great liberality of sentiment. Not a few of the best sayings are by no means new, and we only wonder that one who can write so well and think so forcibly as the author sometimes does, should trammel himself as he has here done, and mistake his talent so far as set up for an epigrammatic wit. We think the poetry is inferior to the prose.

ART. XX.—*A Grammar of the Hebrew Language of the Old Testament.* By GEO. HENRY AUG. EWALD, Translated by John Nicholson, A. B. Oxon. London: Whittaker. 1836.

WE believe this to be a faithful and able translation of a grammar, by one of the greatest oriental scholars in Germany, a country that has done more for philology, of late years, than all besides in the world. These philologists have treated language, whether classical or oriental, as philosophers, and have raised grammar to the rank of a science. The learned translator, in a talented preface, offers some highly satisfactory observations on the German system of education, in reference especially to oriental literature. Protestantism, their university establishments, the patronage of their governments, and the absence of the engrossing interests of extensive commerce and political discussion, he considers all as favourable to the pursuits in question. The present work, both on account of the author, and translator's labours in it, will, we have no doubt, be found a rich contribution to the department to which it belongs.

ART. XXI.—*Study of English Poetry; or, a Choice Selection of the Finest Pieces of the Poets of Great Britain; with a Treatise on English Versification.* By A. SPIERS. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1835.

IN the treatise mentioned in the title, the author's design is to show all that is peculiar to English prosody in its various parts. He says, "the different kinds of verse are treated at length, as are likewise the cæsura and rhyme. The whole of the rules, which are, however, simple and few, are illustrated by examples of pre-eminent beauty. Indeed, the greatest care has been bestowed on them, in order to render the subject more interesting, and consequently more attractive. An appendix to this part contains also the result of some research on the origin of rhyme, and on its continued use in English verse. This succinct account of the use of rhyme, may be almost considered a brief sketch of the history of English poetry." All this the author has accomplished with considerable success; so that the volume will be of good service to the higher class of students at English schools.

ART. XXII.—*The Rival Demons; a Poem, in three Cantos.* By the Author of "The Gentleman in Black," "Chartley," &c. With six Etchings on Steel. By H. PIDDING. London: Churton. 1836.

THIS satirical poem was originally published in the "Court Magazine." Two imps from the infernal regions—where, according to these verses, there is a great struggle for place, just as upon earth, but which can only be obtained by the candidate demons proving themselves fit for it, by the performance of some signal service for Satan, such as sending to him an extraordinary number of subjects from among men—start on an expedition to try their luck, which of them can do most for their master. The one is the Demon of Gunpowder, the other of Alcohol. The latter, after all the boasted destruction occasioned by the former, sends to the devil by far the greatest cargo of souls, and obtains the higher honours

and place. As a specimen of the satire, which is smart, vigorous, and full of truth, at the same time natural and flowing in style, we quote part of Alcohol's account of his mission to earth, before the assembled peers below.

"All the names that I took their applauses to win
 Were too many to tell; but I think that by 'Gin,'
 In a town they call London, I gained rather more
 Wicked subjects, just fitted to land on your shore,
 Than I picked up elsewhere, though the custom-house book
 Will show clearly there's hardly a country or nook,
 Take the globe all around,
 Where mankind can be found,
 Whence I haven't contrived to send some underground
 'But, in that monstrous city, I do things wholesale,
 And would warrant almost the supply ne'er to fail.
 Be they poor, sick, or sorry, or haunted with debt,
 Down they swallow the gin, and their trouble forget;
 While their wives and their children may starve if they will,
 Or rob, borrow, or beg, if they get but their fill.
 Thus the wretches I bam,
 They don't think who I am,
 And I jump down their throats in the form of a dram.'"

His grim Majesty, in giving judgment, says—

"It appears, by our recent accounts from the earth,
 That almost every quarrel from you takes its birth;
 And although, in the end, they to gunpowder fly,
 Your great rival himself, I'm sure, won't deny
 That, when once their blood's raised to the true sinning pitch,
 They use swords, guns, or daggers, and care little which;
 So, the thing is to get
 The fools into a pet,
 And you've done more that way than was ever done yet.
 'And we find when they waver o'er some desp'rate crime,
 Such as murder, or robbery, you mark the fit time,
 String their nerves up to madness, and hurry them on
 To the act, ere the courage you lend them is gone;
 That you comfort them after, and stifle the voice
 Of our enemy, Conscience, and bid them rejoice;
 And continue your care
 Till they fall in a snare,
 And to justice are brought, when you let them despair.'"

ART. XXIII.—*The Poetical Works of Charles Lamb. A new Edition.*
 London: Moxon. 1836.

WHAT more need we say of this volume, than that it has just been published, and that it is handsome and cheap. The poetry as well as the prose of the "gentle-hearted" Elia, that most human of pure-minded men, will ever rise in repute, so long as our language endures, and while

there is a sympathy with what is exquisitely simple, lovely, and good. We delight to copy a few of his lines, though they must be familiar to many. We take them at random.

"THE SABBATH BELLS.

"The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Sion; chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles the pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him, thus engaged, the Sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind."

ART. XXIV.—*Mountain Melodies, &c. &c.* By THOMAS EAGLES.
London: Whittaker. 1835.

HERE we have a great number and variety of very sweet and beautiful lyric pieces. The author feels the fresh and full language of nature with a fine intensity. He possesses many of the attributes of a true poet; and there is a modesty and at the same time facility in his manner, that show he is a poet not merely of nature but by nature. There is something strikingly good in every one of the pieces; and we therefore call the volume a choice and precious addition to our national melodies. "On a Common Dark and Dreary," the following verses are suitable and moving, which we quote as a specimen.

"On a common, dark and dreary,
: Bertha sat forlorn and weary,
By her lover's slaughter'd form;
Angry winds were loudly howling;
Thunder through the sky was rolling;
O'er the waste fierce wolves were prowling,
Growling through the bursting storm.
Tears of grief were fastly falling;
She upon his name was calling;
Heedless lay he on the ground.
Dew-drops on his brow were lying;
Through the heath the wind was sighing;
Ravens in the air were crying,
Sailing through the gloom around.

Art thou dead, my only lover ?
 Vanish'd from my sight for ever—
 Left this gloomy world of pain ?
 O'er thee bloom no cypress hoary;
 Thy sweet breast is cold and gory,
 Fled thou art to scenes of glory,
 Where pure joys do ever reign.
 Nought is left but sad repining;
 Sorrow round my heart is twining;
 Death ! O death ! come to my aid !
 Let me join my Egbert's spirit ;
 Those sweet bow'rs of bliss inherit,
 Bless'd resorts of worth and merit,
 Far from this drear orb of shade !"

ART. XXV.—*Vacher's Parliamentary Companion for the Session* 1836. London: Vacher and Son.

THIS little manual, containing correct Lists of the House of Peers and House of Commons, together with the Town Residences of the Members, and other information essential to every one engaged in parliamentary business, is published at short intervals throughout the session, in order to keep pace with the changes among our legislators, that are continually occurring. The book is very small, and so light, say the proprietors, that it may be put into an ordinary frank, provided a thin envelope be used, and a wafer, instead of wax. While such a manual is absolutely indispensable to every member of the legislature, or individual otherwise connected with parliament, it should be in the hands of all who read the newspapers, or take an interest in parliamentary debates, and legislation. Its price is only Sixpence.

ART. XXVI.—*Remarks on the Influence of Mental Cultivation and Mental Excitement upon Health.* By A. BRIGHAM, M. D. Edited by Robert Macnish. Glasgow: John Reid & Co. 1836.

WORKS of a similar character with the present have of late years become much more abundant than formerly. That of Dr. Combe, of Edinburgh, on Physiology, and the Pathology of the Brain, we more than twelve months ago had much pleasure in particularly recommending. The one before us is by an American, and has already, in that country, gone through at least two editions. It is a small volume, comprehensive, plain, and full of the most important information and lessons. It is, we should say, the very best work of its size that has yet been published on the subject of which it treats; nor need there be a higher recommendation published of it, than that it has found in this country, as an editor, the author of "The Anatomy of Drunkenness," and "The Philosophy of Sleep." Dr. Macnish has added to the reprint a variety of valuable and striking notes.

This little work, which should be in the hands of every parent and teacher, affords an additional proof of the increasing concern that prevails in every enlightened country, on the subject of education. Dr. Brigham's "Remarks" bear immediately on the question; nor can we possibly give

such an accurate, eloquent, and impressive account of its particular spirit, as intimated by Dr. Macnish's advertisement to the reprint; part of which we quote.

"While the consequences of premature or immoderate exercise of other organs are fully acknowledged, the brain has been treated as if it were an exception to the general rule; and all the laws which govern the rest of the animal economy have been violated with regard to this—the most complicated, the most liable to disorder, and, by many degrees, the most important of all the organs. Every one knows the consequences of overloading the stomach of a child, and the absurdity of demanding from human beings at this early age the muscular efforts of fully-developed manhood; yet many persons see no impropriety in overworking the youthful brain. With the bad effects of exertion in excess upon other organs staring them in the face, they persist in tasking a child's brain as they would that of an adult; and in demanding from a structure not thoroughly matured the same results as from the same structure at its full and perfect growth. What are the consequences of such lamentable ignorance?—they are as obvious as the sun at noon-day to any who chooses to take the trouble of investigating them. The functions of that organic apparatus with which the mind works are permanently injured, and the person either becomes the victim of disease of its texture, or, at least, degenerates into a dull, common-place, often half-idiotic being; while, under more judicious management, he might have passed through the world in the possession of excellent intellect, and free from a thousand harassing nervous symptoms and idle apprehensions which prove the annoyance of his life. Till the principle is firmly impressed upon, and recognized by, the public, that the brain is the material organ of the mind, and that the latter can only manifest itself powerfully through the medium of a healthy organ, things can never be otherwise; and people will go on torturing the brain beyond its capabilities, and thus giving it an unnatural but short-lived energy, like to the ephemeral invigoration communicated to the muscles during a paroxysm of madness. The brain being impaired by such early excess of labour, the mind, as a natural consequence, is destitute of a healthy medium of manifestation, and displays itself in a feeble and imperfect form, for the same reason that the most sparkling gem appears dim and indistinct in a vessel of muddy water. To force the organ of the mind to such vehement action, during childhood and youth, as it is often subjected to in modern education, can only be attended with one result. A temporary blaze of intellect is excited which astonishes and delights the deluded parent, but it is as the blaze of flax, whose rapid burst of brilliance is almost as rapidly extinguished. The bright intellect displayed by highly-gifted children is, in most cases, the result of disease, or of a state of brain closely bordering thereupon. Such individuals usually turn out most ordinary adults."

ART. XXVII.—*Historical Conversations for Young Persons; containing, I. History of Malta: II. The History of Poland.* By MRS. MARKHAM. London: Murray. 1836.

MRS. MARKHAM possesses the rare talent, in a high degree, of communicating important knowledge in a form and style perfectly level to very

young persons. We have been particularly struck with the manner in which she develops and exhibits the histories before us, in the shape of conversations. The dialogue between Mrs. Markham, Richard, George, and Mary, is ever natural and progressive, so that perhaps, no where could any person find a better history of Malta, or of Poland, in such a condensed shape, while it possesses many and singular attractions for juvenile minds. Her "*Histories of England and France*," are well known, and highly appreciated on account of the excellencies now alluded to. In the present performance, there is evidence of still greater ease and tact, which practice, no doubt, has tended to impart to the writer. Malta and Poland seem to us also more susceptible of a work of this kind, than the former countries.

ART. XXVIII.—*The Chronology of the Old Testament, and its connection with Profane History.* By GEORGE KEENE, Esq. Edinburgh: Laing and Forbes. 1836.

IN this small and very lucid volume, on an intricate and dark subject, the author opposes, what he styles the Josephan chronology. He had been frequently struck with the unsatisfactory nature of most of the generally received systems on the subject. He found them all either supporters of the authority of the Greek version of the Pentateuch, which he considers as inferior in accuracy to the Hebrew original; or they presupposed that the Heathen historians had fallen into great, and to the author, unaccountable errors. Hence he was led to examine what would be the effect of comparing the declarations of the Hebrew Scriptures with the purest and best of the Pagan writers, and the result has been to convince him that the true chronology of the sacred records is very different from the one now in general estimation. The grounds of his opinion, and the manner in which he has conducted his examination, are to be found in the work before us. Without pretending to give judgment on the merits of his system, we are satisfied that it offers valuable hints to other inquirers.

ART. XXIX.—*Exercises for Ladies; calculated to preserve and improve Beauty, and to prevent and correct personal Defects, inseparable from constrained or careless Habits; founded on Physiological Principles.* By DONALD WALKER. London: Hurst. 1826.

IT cannot be supposed that any lady will long remain a stranger to this work, after learning that it is admirably calculated to do all that is promised in the title. There is in the detail of the work no extravagant pretensions, but plain, sensible, and convincing instructions. It is illustrated by a number of etchings of the positions and the exercises which the author recommends to the fair. Mr. Walker is labouring enthusiastically and successfully in behalf of the most rational and important principles in the culture both of mind and body.

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ART. I.—*Artisans and Machinery : the Moral and Physical Condition of the Manufacturing Population considered with reference to Mechanical Substitutes for Human Labour.* By P. GASKELL, Esq. Surgeon. London : Parker. 1836.

THE present condition, interests, and prospects of the hand-loom weavers, together with all the other industrious classes, on whose path steam-machinery is advancing, engage the principal consideration of the author of these pages ; and if his account of their situation be correct, the condition and prospects of this, and, we may add, of the whole civilized world, is alarming in the extreme. His entire doctrine amounts to this—Manual labour *versus* Machinery, or the People *versus* the Steam-engine. He says, the time is rapidly approaching “when the manufactories will be filled with machinery, impelled by steam, so admirably constructed as to perform nearly all the processes required in them ; and when land will be tilled by the same means.” And when illustrating his opinions regarding the application of mechanical contrivances to land, he instances the use of a peculiarly constructed plough for hoeing potatoes, by which “one man and one horse get through as much work as would, a few years ago, have required at least thirty labourers, and perform the task much more completely and efficiently.” Yet, notwithstanding this admitted efficiency, all such inventions are matter of lamentation to him, especially as much more mighty alterations will be given birth to, in the course of another century, when, he is convinced, steam-power will be employed in almost every species of land culture. Not that he denies the great accumulation of wealth that has been secured by what he calls automatic industry. On the other hand, he fully admits the vast increase of our commercial resources, but maintains strenuously that this has been gained at too great a cost—viz. the demoralization and pauperism of the labouring classes, which will become still more complete and devastating, in proportion to the substitution of mechanical to manual labour.

This, we say, is an alarming account and anticipation, the more so, since he who so earnestly utters these dark prognostications presents nothing like an adequate remedy to counteract the evils predicted. With the exception of what he says about the culture of waste lands, and the cottage allotment system, we have seen no better answers proposed to the question—What is to be done?—than that great calamities must be suffered—that it is to be feared, an explosion will be permitted to take place, undirected by the guiding hand of any patriotic and sagacious spirit, and that society will regain a healthy and permanent tone only after a series of painful gradations.

Now, our opinion is, that the author has taken a very partial view of one of the most important subjects that can possibly interest a commercial country, and that his account of the past, the present, and the future, in reference to the condition of the labouring classes, is defective or exaggerated. For example, the manner in which his treatise speaks of labour, necessarily leads to a narrow definition—confining the term to manual exertion and toil—whereas some of the most profitable employments, the most anxious industry, and the most enlightened endeavours, have consisted in mental study, ingenious inventions, and scientific discoveries. What can be more preposterous than to say that a hand-loom weaver is a more laborious worker than such men as Watt or Arkwright were? How many hundreds of thousands of artisans have the labours of such geniuses provided employment, and bread, and independence for? To take a less illustrious example—let us endeavour to calculate how many persons the inventor of the plough for hoeing up potatoes, quoted by the author himself, has secured work for. This work consists not merely of the handicraft labour of smiths and carpenters. The wood has occupied land, and required cultivation; it has been cut down and conveyed by some means from the plantation or forest to the artisan's manufactory. We need not trace the history of the iron portion of the materials, but confine ourselves to the wood; and even here, the expanding and ramifying results of the invention of the implement under discussion will be found to baffle our calculations. The means by which the tree has been transported from one place to another, perhaps required horse-power. The horses must have been reared, fed, and guided; their harness alone stretches very far beyond the cultivators of the cattle whose skins have yielded the leather. Then take the tools of the carpenter, and the hands and skill required in their manufacture; and long before we have arrived at the hoeing of the potatoes, when horse-power is again employed, more persons have been brought to labour, than the same extent of ground ever called for, when it was cultured by the hand only—not to speak of the admitted superior completeness and efficiency of the work, which must repay several or it may be many labourers.

A better illustration of our views, perhaps could not be quoted, than the threshing machine. Our assertion is, (and every farmer of intelligence has confirmed the statements, whom we have questioned on the subject), that this efficient instrument requires more hands and horses, to be on the farm, than where the simple but rude flail has alone been used. The class properly called threshers have suffered, but more men are employed—more labour has been created, especially if we take into our account all the artisans and remote parties connected with the culture and the manufacture of the materials necessary to the perfection of the machine. If the various persons and horses requisite to the working of a threshing machine, do as much work in two or three hours, as the same persons would accomplish during a long day, what is the consequence, but that the same strength will be directed, in an enlightened and profitable manner, to other operations connected with the farm? The thing seems so clear, that we wonder how a person of reflection can for an instant argue, that such inventions and mechanic powers have diminished the amount of labour among the mass of the working classes. Unquestionably the channel of industry may be changed, but, the amount of employment will be greatly increased. To come nearer the author's immediate subject—is it not the fact, that while the hand-loom weavers have been grievously reduced, in consequence of the introduction of the steam-looms, a greater number of human beings have obtained employment tending to enlarge the human mind and increase the comforts of life than previously? In our calculation, one great class must consist of seafaring characters; nor can we leave out of view that national pre-eminence of which we are in possession, and without which our happiness as a community would be fearfully reduced.

But the author admits that our national pre-eminence is maintained, and that in the meantime, our commercial wealth is augmented; although, as we have endeavoured to show, he most groundlessly and improbably argues that this pre-eminence and wealth have been upheld or increased by a diminution of labour, merely because the hand-loom weavers have as a body been ruined. He joins this averment about the diminution of labour, with a still more important result, flowing directly, as he asserts, from mechanical inventions, viz. that the independence, the morality, and the happiness of the labouring and manufacturing classes have been already sadly deteriorated, and without some vigorous remedies, are ere long to be totally ruined. He is so opposed to the Utilitarian doctrine in behalf of the division of labour, that were his views carried to their legitimate consequences, no state for men to live in can be so happy, as that where every family is a separate community, and every man a jack-of-all-trades. Sure we are, that if his objections to a hoeing plough, or a steam-eagine for the manufacture

of cotton fabrics be good, the happiest and most moral condition for our race must have been that half-barbarous one, when each farmer made his own plough, twisted the harness for his cattle out of the oziers that grew in his undrained fields, manufactured his own clothing, and was dependent for all his subsistence upon the produce of his own culture alone.

In his first chapter, on "The Moral, Social, and Physical Conditions of the Domestic Manufacturers, before and after the Application of Steam-power," the author draws this parallel:—

"The domestic manufacturers were scattered over the entire surface of the country. Themselves cultivators, and of simple habits and few wants, they rarely left their own homesteads. The yarn which they spun, and which was wanted by the weaver, was received or delivered, as the case might be, by agents, who travelled for the wholesale houses; or depôts were established in particular neighbourhoods, to which they could apply at weekly periods*.

"Thus, removed from many of those causes which universally operate to the deterioration of the moral character of the labouring man, when brought into large towns—into immediate contact and communion with his fellows, and under the influence of many depressing physical agencies—the small farmer, spinner, or hand-loom weaver, presented an orderly and respectable appearance. It is true that the amount of labour gone through was but small—that the quantity of cloth or yarn produced was but limited—for he worked by the rule of his strength and convenience. They were, however, sufficient to clothe and feed himself and family decently, and according to their station; to lay by a penny for an evil day, and to enjoy those amusements and bodily recreations then in being. He was a respectable member of society; a good father, a good husband, and a good son.

"It is not intended to paint an Arcadia—to state that the domestic manufacturer was free from the vices or failings of other men. By no means; but he had the opportunities brought to him for being comfortable and virtuous—with a physical constitution uninjured by protracted toil in a heated and impure atmosphere, the fumes of the gin-shop, the low debauchery of the beer-house, and the miseries incident to ruined health. On the contrary, he commonly lived to a good round age, worked when necessity demanded, ceased his labour when his wants were supplied, according to his character, and if disposed to spend time or money in drinking, could do so in a house as well conducted and as orderly as his own; for the modern weaver or spinner differs not more widely from the domestic manufacturer, than the publican of the present day differs from the Boniface of that period, whose reputation depended upon good ale and good hours, and who, in nine cases out of ten, was a freeholder of some consequence in the neighbourhood.

* The sedentary occupation of these primitive manufacturers gave rise to studious and reflective habits. Some of the best practical botanists of the day, and several very eminent mathematicians, were found amongst the Lancashire cotton weavers.

"The circumstance of a man's labour being conducted in the midst of his household, exercised a powerful influence upon his social affections, and those of his offspring. It but rarely happened that labour was prematurely imposed upon children;—a man's own earnings, aided by the domestic economy of his wife, generally sufficing to permit growth and bodily development to be to some extent completed, before any demand was made upon their physical energies. This permitted and fostered the establishment of parental authority and domestic discipline. It directed the child's thoughts and attachments to their legitimate objects, and rendered it submissive to that control which is essential to its future welfare. When it was enabled to join its exertions to those of its parents for their mutual support, it did so with no idea of separate interests, but with a free acknowledgment that the amount of its earnings was entirely at the disposal of the head of the family. Thus remaining and labouring in conjunction with, and under the eye of, its parents, till manhood and womanhood were respectively attained, it acquired habits of domestication exceedingly favourable to its subsequent progress through life; home being, to the poor man, the very temple of fortune, in which he may contrive, if his earnings are not scanty indeed, to live with comfort and independence.

"At the present time may be seen a daily spread of knowledge, joined to a gradual depression in the scale of social enjoyments; vast and incessant improvements in mechanical contrivances, all tending to overmatch and supersede human labour, and which threaten to extirpate the very demand for it; a system of toil continued unbroken by rest or relaxation for twelve or fourteen hours, in a heated mill, and an utter destruction of all social and domestic relations. At the time to which we are alluding, there was a calm and equable flow of occupation, alternating between the loom and the greensward—an intelligence seldom looking beyond the present—an ignorance of nearly every thing but the most common arts of life—a knowledge chiefly traditional—a proper station in the social arrangement—a demand for labour full as great, if not greater than the existing supply—a rate of wages quite equivalent to the simplicity and limited range of their wants—and all the social and domestic relations in full force, and properly directed.

"The great question here is the measure of social and domestic happiness, for these are but synonymes of social virtue. They coexist and have an intimate dependence one upon another. Degradation in these conditions will ever be simultaneous with moral declension—a declension incompatible with the performance of a great majority of man's best and most sacred duties.

"If the comfort of the poor man is to be estimated by variety of wants, by his living in an artificial state of society, surrounded by all the inventions resulting from a high degree of civilization—by having these brought to his door, and every facility afforded him for procuring them—the aboriginal and home manufacturer sinks very low when compared with the present race. If, on the contrary, comfort and domestic happiness are to be judged by the fewness of a man's wants, with the capability of securing the means for their supply, the tables are turned in favour of the domestic manufacturer.

"If the comfort of these states of society is to be calculated upon another ground—namely, the nature of their separate wants and habits—it brings into light very striking contrasts. The present artisan shows a high order of intelligence, seeking his amusements in the newspaper, the club, the political union, or the lecture-room; looking for his stimulus in the gin and beer shops; taking for his support a limited supply of animal food, once a day, joined with copious dilution of weak tea, the almost universal concomitant of the spinner and weaver's breakfast and evening meal, in many cases indeed being nearly its sole constituent; he is debarred from all athletic sports, not having a moment's time to seek, or a bodily vigour capable of undertaking them; he has an active mind in a stunted and bloodless body; there is a separation of the labourer from his family during the whole day, and a consequent disruption of all social ties; and this too joined to a similar separation amongst the various members of his household.

"The domestic artisan possessed a very limited degree of information; his amusements were exclusively sought in bodily exercise, quoits, cricket, the dance, the chace, and numerous seasonal celebrations; he lived in utter ignorance of printed books, beyond the thumb'd Bible and a few theological tracts; he sought his stimulus in home-brewed ale; he had for his support animal food occasionally, but subsisted generally upon farm produce, meal or rye bread, eggs, cheese, milk, butter, &c. the use of tea being quite unknown, or only just beginning to make its appearance; he had a sluggish mind in an active body; his labour was carried on under his own roof, or, if exchanged at intervals for farming occupation, this was going on under the eye, and with the assistance of his family; his children grew up under his immediate inspection and control; no lengthened separation taking place till they got married, and became themselves heads of families engaged in pursuits similar to his own, and in a subordinate capacity. Lastly, the same generation lived age after age on the same spot, and under the same thatched roof, which thus became a sort of heir-loom, endeared to its occupier by a long series of happy memories and home delights—being in fact looked on as an old and familiar friend; and, in the end, they crowded the same narrow tenement in the quiet and sequestered church-yard, suffered to moulder in peace beneath its fresh and verdant turf, and swept over by the free, the balmy, and the uncontaminated breath of heaven."—pp. 13—19.

Many other passages might be cited, in which are repeated or amplified sentiments in entire accordance with the above; but yet it does appear to us, that while the author adduces general facts, he neither guards them sufficiently, nor grounds them soundly. Something like inconsistency and contradiction may be discovered in the compliment paid to the primitive manufacturer, spoken of in the extracted *note*, and the admissions regarding the intelligence of present artisans. Persons ignorant of books, with sluggish minds, were not likely to be eminent for studious and reflective habits. But let this pass. We ask, is it clear, or has it been es-

established by satisfactory evidence, that the increased intelligence and enterprize of the present manufacturing population are inconsistent with an equal elevation of feeling and of character? We admit that the condition, and consequently the character of the hand-loom weavers, whether of cotton, linen, worsted, or silk, &c. amounting in all to a very numerous host, have been greatly deteriorated, when compared with their former state. But we deny that the nation and her dependencies at large have been otherwise affected by the results of this intelligence and enterprize—taking them in the shape of steam-engines, if you will—than most advantageously; and surely only in this extended sense, can the subject be canvassed in an enlightened or judicious manner.

The author declares that the health, both moral and physical, of the factory-labourers has been also much injured. On this subject he admits, however, that there are conflicting opinions, although he relies upon certain general principles chiefly, in support of his belief. But when he adduces general principles, we ask how he would check the march of civilization and the spirit of improvement so illustriously exhibited in the mechanical inventions of this country? or, what at this day must have been its condition in relation to other countries, if its manufacturers had not been greatly in advance of their neighbours? or, were we now to falter or fall back upon the half-barbarous period so much lauded, what would soon be our status among nations, morally, politically, and physically? We deny that great advancement in the mechanical arts is necessarily or naturally incompatible with national prosperity and happiness, while in the case of Great Britain it is essential to her very existence as an independent kingdom. Nay, were her steam-power quenched, the civilization of the world could not escape the most serious injury; or had it never existed, instead of England, and pre-eminently the artisans of England, being now intent on improving their condition and that of the whole community, by mechanical inventions and just political reforms, we might have found their loyalty and patriotism of no higher merit than what was evinced by the hand-loom weavers at the period boasted of by the author, when in Lancashire, out of the 30,000 volunteers who stepped forward to repel the gigantic power of Buonaparte, two-thirds of the number were artisans of this class. Not that we mean to impugn the motives of these men, or to deny the necessity for their alacrity, but only to maintain, that while the artisans of the present are more enlightened and not less loyal, their services to the country have taken a more peaceful turn, and shown to the world that power and conquest can be most certainly and permanently secured by practical intelligence.

The author repeats again and again, at least in substance, that the domestic artisan forty years ago was infinitely superior, as a

moral and social being, to the manufacturer of the present day ; and the great burden of the blame is thrown upon automata becoming, as he says, substitutes for human agents. We shall not return to a consideration of what seems an erroneous doctrine about mechanical powers superseding human agency, or having any other effect than making new demands upon it. But as regards the assertion about the social and moral condition of the manufacturers under the domestic, compared with the mechanical or steam system, somewhat poetically described in the extract given, as greatly superior, even after the labourers have been lodged in the quiet tenement situated in the church-yard, we would ask a few questions, first :—Are the labouring classes more immoral than they were forty years ago ? Are they throughout the breadth of the land more unhappy ? If the answers be in the affirmative—but which the author has not by any means made clear—have there not been other causes at work than the automata he so fiercely assails ? Had the old poor law nothing to do with the degeneracy and discomforts of the labouring classes in England ? The same question we repeat regarding the change which took place between the war and the peace establishment prices—as also with respect to the great influx of the destitute Irish, who, while they have endured more, can subsist on less than the artisans and labourers of Great Britain. The corn laws, and the changes that have taken place in our monetary system, together with other monopolies and restrictions, ought not to be overlooked. Indeed, nothing appears to us more absurd than to say, that great discoveries in science, and improvements in the arts, can be attended by any thing but general benefit, only excepting the parties who, as the pivot on which the change has turned, are concerned—unless it be to expect that men of genius and enterprize should in the present enlightened age be scared from their high and engaging passion in pursuit of knowledge and the furtherance of civilization, by the author's anathemas or dark forebodings respecting steam power. We are sure any act of the legislature even, would be vain, that attempted to check the march of mind. We know that every combination of the workmen themselves, in ignorant hostility to the use of machinery, has only forwarded its conquests and stimulated the ingenuity of enlightened men ; clearly because the human mind is not to be crushed, but awakened by any physical opposing force, or stern enactment.

The truth seems to be, that with our great increase of population, had it not been for the wonderful strides of a mechanical nature, made and making, the manufacturers of this country, since the termination of the great continental war, could not, under the existing burdens, have maintained a competition with those in foreign parts ; and that, instead of the poverty and misery endured

by the hand-loom weavers, the whole manufacturing population would have been paupers, and the nation bankrupt ; while, as to the alleged increase of immorality occasioned by the great mechanical factories, the author, we think, deals in exaggerated accounts, and neither gives due allowance for the many wise measures that have been, and will doubtless be adopted in their internal management, nor for the change of aspect which vices assume under different circumstances, with their concomitant change of virtues and acquirements, nor for what must have been the nation's moral condition within the last twenty years, had it not been for these same decried establishments.

There are, however, very many valuable suggestions to be found in the present volume ; and perhaps the observations are still more important, considered as affording subjects for reflecting minds, on which to mature their ideas regarding the labouring population, although, we are of opinion, that the result of not a few of these reflections would be different from that come to by the author.

The following observations seem to afford grounds of hearty approval, in certain parts, and of an intangible nature in others. We quote from two very distant parts of the work, but both speak of remedial measures in behalf of the manufacturing and labouring community.

" It is to the soil we must look as the means for regenerating our labourers—for again making them happy and peaceable—for again making them large consumers of our home and colonial produce—and, above all, for again making them moral and independent members of the community, and devoted adherents of their country and her institutions.

" In thus urging the restoration of the domestic manufacturers to an improved industrial status, by making their labour available to themselves, and, in equal ratio, beneficial to the state, it must not be supposed that this being done all is done : but it is the first grand step. It would be indeed vain to lessen the burden of a man's taxation ; it will be in vain to lower the price of his bread, whether by unshackling the corn trade, or changing our monetary standard ; unless at the same time we afford to the poor man a means of employing himself. Adult labour is becoming daily of less value, since the gigantic and plastic power of steam has been applied to the arts ; and hence man is condemned to the hand-loom, or left dependent upon the exertion of his wife and children. Open a path for his labour, and unfetter capital, which may be beneficially employed in calling forth its energies, and directing its efforts to a multitude of purposes, still waiting for enterprize to become important addenda to our national resources, and he will be saved. But if the labourers are permitted to sink—if they are to be overwhelmed by the progress of scientific discovery—if the adaptation of mechanical contrivances is to thrust them back into idleness—if pauperism is to spread its influence still deeper and deeper—if workhouses are to be their future homes—then is the sun of England's prosperity on the decline : her enormous capital, the skill of her artisans, the enterprize of her merchants,

her unrivalled resources, her wise institutions—none can save her. She may go on manufacturing, she may accumulate wealth, but if large bodies of the community are permitted to degenerate, at a pace equal to that with which they have gone down during the last half century, most disastrous results must speedily develop themselves.

“ Our artisans are yielding step by step before mechanism, whilst, at the same time, an universal pressure, caused principally by the absorption of domestic manufacture into factories, is forcing immigration towards the manufacturing districts, and by this means adding to the obstructions in the labour market. And yet nothing is done:—the only answer given by Government to the hand-loom weavers is, that it is better to work for a pittance however small, than to starve; and the only remedial agent, as yet proposed, is one certain to be attended with great immediate suffering. The Poor Law Amendment Act does nothing whatever towards remedying the *distress* which has come upon the labouring population; and it is from this that the heavy pressure on the poor-rate has arisen. It can benefit industry only by shutting up the surplus labourers in poor houses, and these, we humbly conceive, are dreadful substitutes for the cottage-homes of England.

“ We would, on the contrary, say to our suffering operatives, who, be it ever remembered, are the victims of agencies far beyond their influence, ‘ We know you to be distressed; we know, too, that this distress has arisen from a variety of causes, over which you have had no control—namely, loss of home manufacture, restrictions and trade monopolies, oppressive taxation, changes in the currency, destruction of small farming, and the loss of your proper position. To the last to some extent we can restore you; for the rest, so many conflicting interests are at stake, that time is required for their proper adjustment.’—pp. 56—58.

“ The most important benefit which the men would derive from coalescing with their masters, and agreeing to some certain rules for their mutual regulation, is that they would very soon think each other trustworthy, and those feelings of hostility and bitterness which now exist between them, and which are kept up by combinations—delegates—secretaries—would be done away with. It will be in vain for the men to expect to do this so long as they submit to the dictates of parties interested in keeping up mischief between them and their masters.

“ The moral revolution which this would at once produce would be an excellent basis on which to rear a superstructure of social arrangements, which might snatch the men and their families from their present degradation. One thing is quite certain, that if they do not adopt some plan of this nature, they will miss the opportunity, and will condemn themselves to a life of servitude to an iron master, who is already more than threatening them. Let them remember that already the steam-engine, though applied to the same purposes as human labour for so very few years, performs as much work, in simple power, as many millions of human beings! Let them farther remember, that each steam-loom is nearly four times as effective as the hand-loom; that improvements are hourly taking place in its applicability of machinery—giving it endowments—approximating it with the most delicate operations of the human hand; and let them remember, also, that the moving power never tires:

that to it eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, or twenty hours are alike! To endeavour to arrest its progress would be madness: they cannot turn back the stream of events—the onward current of mechanism—their efforts would be equally impotent and ruinous. They may, however, compete with it on more equal ground if they choose, and may prevent the accelerations of its career by working steadily, orderly, and systematically. Every effort which they have made to retard or destroy the progress of machinery has only hurried on the march of improvement; and if they persevere in such a course of proceedings, they will become its victims, bound hand and foot, and resembling, in their condition, the serfs—the *glebæ ascripti* of a former period. Their attempts to break up the social confederacy by violence and outrage, and thus bring on such internal disorder as would deprive the nation of its manufacturing pre-eminence, would be not less fatal to themselves than to their masters.

“Let the masters, then, combine—let them elevate their own character—let them become great and wealthy; for greatness and wealth, when joined to correct knowledge of the wants of those around them, are the best masters. Let them, by every means in their power, aid the moral and social regeneration of their men; and let them be met frankly and fairly. Let the mill artisans be assisted to shake off habits which destroy them physically and morally; let them cultivate home; let them become good husbands and good wives; and they will, in a single generation, produce offspring who will, in their turn, inherit their good qualities. Let them discountenance agitation, combination, and political quacks. Let them become a sober and orderly race: let them, if they will, appeal to the legislature for enactments to regulate their labour, if excessive—and by so doing they will be their own best friends. With economy and foresight, the means they possess are sufficient to supply their wants, and the requisites of their stations; and were these doubled, without economy, they would be no real gainers. Let them bear in mind that all the members of their family have a resource in the mill; and though the individual earnings may be in some instances small, yet that collectively they are considerable. Let families reunite: let them eschew the gin and the beer shops, the political clubs and union rooms, and they may yet be a happy and contented population. But, if they do not, one thing is certain—that they will be, ere long, ground down to the earth, and present the most humiliating and miserable spectacle the world has ever yet seen, save only the slave-gang and the Indian miners under the deadly yoke of the early Spaniards.”—pp. 288—290.

The improvement of waste lands, and the allotment system, would go to the relief of a very considerable proportion of the labouring population. We cannot allow, however, that because land is waste, that it could always be profitably cultivated, either for the cultivator of it, or the community. Nor can we approve of making artisans small farmers, or of encouraging them to occupy above a small allotment of land. Neither is it possible that numerous persons, employed in a large factory, can always be conveniently situated so as to possess such allotments. At most, it seems to us, that the looking to the soil as the means of regenerating our labourers, can

only be a remedy on a limited scale, and that in the great crisis between machinery and human labour, at which the country has arrived, or to which it is rapidly approaching, the common sense, the self-interest, and the experience of masters and workmen, will discover the best remedies, although we cannot see how the general injunctions urged by our author, in the latter part of the above extract, can afford either party any definite information.

In this volume, which treats of the moral and physical condition of the manufacturing population, the situation of adults and infants, of males and females, is separately considered in a variety of bearings, to which of course we cannot, with any connected particularity, refer, although, as coming from a medical gentleman, and one who has carefully and extensively studied his subject, every chapter deserves a diligent and serious investigation; the more so, that he sets his face manfully against many of the doctrines of our most esteemed political writers and authorities regarding mechanical power and its results in the present state of our country. As a specimen of the ingenuity with which he combats some opinions regarding the health and rate of mortality experienced in the mill factories, we quote the following paragraphs:—

“The fallaciousness of the opinions deduced from the existing state of the population, held by men of considerable information, is very strikingly shown by one circumstance. Mr. M'Culloch, and other writers of his school, from observing the improvement in the value of human life, and coupling this with its known rate of increase, have come to the conclusion that the health and comfort of the people at large must have materially improved. Joining this fact to a consideration of the change which has been going on in the occupation of the people, namely, their rapid conversion into manufacturers—a conversion so rapid and extensive, that whilst the entire population has increased from 1801 to 1830 rather more than 50 per cent., in the manufacturing towns and districts this increase has advanced 140 per cent.—they suppose that the increased longevity of the whole must indicate that manufactures are decidedly healthy, notwithstanding since steam became the moving power, they were of necessity confined to particular localities for the convenience of fuel, and crowded into towns and populous districts for a supply of hands.”—pp. 196, 197.

The author adopts, and admits the accuracy of certain tables, which go to the support of Mr. M'Culloch's statement, and then adds—

“These details are amply sufficient to shew the rapid growth of the population engaged in mill manufactures when compared with the general increase of the inhabitants of the kingdom at large, and with that division more immediately connected with agriculture. The numerical disproportion which is steadily progressing shews very clearly, when joined to the diminished rate of mortality evidenced by the general increase, that there can be nothing in the processes of manufacture, neces-

sarily destructive of human life. On the contrary, it may be asserted that the improvement in its average duration is intimately dependent upon the conversion of the bulk of the population from agriculturists to manufacturers.

“Paradoxical as it may sound, it by no means follows that because the duration of life is extended, the people are a more salubrious race than their forefathers, whose lives averaged hardly 1,35. It is indeed true, that many of the fatal diseases which formerly at certain times nearly depopulated whole provinces, are no longer in active and extensive operation: plague, sweating sickness, petechial fevers, small-pox, the scourges which, during their periodical visitations, destroyed hundreds of thousands, are themselves gone to the ‘tomb of the Capulets.’

“This salutary change has been brought about not by improvement in the art of medicine—though very great and very admirable discoveries have been made, and, above all, the treatment of disease has been much simplified and become more rational—but has been in a great degree produced by the alteration which has been gradually going on in the habits of the people, and their modes of living. The rush-covered floor, generally unflagged, a receptacle for the filth of weeks—the animal diet, the ale drinking, the popular sports and seasonal celebrations, each in their way induced a state of health unfavourable to longevity. The narrow and crowded streets, the small and low rooms, with their contracted windows and thick walls, nearly dark and badly ventilated, the want of proper drainage, and half occupation, were all predisposing causes for the generation or propagation of mischievous contagions. War, famine, want of medical aid amongst the poor, were other abundant sources of destruction.

“Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the population of Great Britain enjoyed much better health than it does at the present period, and this too notwithstanding the diminished rate of mortality. Taken as individuals, they were more robust, fuller of organic activity, enjoyed in much higher degree the feelings of existence; but, in consequence, their diseases were of a much more acute character, and infinitely more fatal in their tendency.”—pp. 191—201.

The argument amounts to this, that in agricultural districts life is physical enjoyment, and disease hasty death; whereas, among manufacturers crowded into towns, and employed in large mills or mechanical establishments, life is one long disease, and death the result of physical exhaustion. But if the author’s disheartening picture of the employment and interior of a large factory were to be believed in, we should expect, instead of a long life suffering one long disease, a short life under a short affliction.

The last chapter of the volume treats of the influence of machinery on the value of human labour—the substitution of automata for human labour—and its extent and ultimate consequences, &c. The author lays much stress on the arguments here employed, many of which are, however, little more than repetitions of predictions of a disheartening kind. He sums up the results flow-

ing from automatic industry by an enumeration, each item in which we feel admits of qualification, or partial contradiction, which may be safely left to the enlightened reader's leisure.

"The first fact which meets us is—that the poor rates of the kingdom have arisen, during the progress of mechanical adaptation to processes hitherto demanding human labour, to the enormous sum of nearly 8,000,000*l.* sterling per annum. The second fact is—that a tide of demoralization has swept over the land, displaying itself in the agricultural districts by incendiarism and other forms, the details of which have been rendered familiar to the public by the Report of the Poor Law Commission, and in the manufacturing districts, in shapes we have already spoken of. The third fact is—that from the impossibility of finding adequate remuneration for labour, no less than 351,056 persons have left our shores for Canada between 1812 and 1832; and that from the 7th of May 1833, to the 24th of September, 1834, upwards of 30,000 emigrants departed from the port of Liverpool alone. The fourth fact is—that there are one million of human beings dependent on hand-manufacture, who are literally starving in the midst of the magnificent edifices housing the steam engine and its workers, without the slightest hope or chance of improving their industrial condition. The fifth fact is—that two millions of hand-loom weavers in Hindoostan have been driven from their labour by machinery here, multitudes of whom have perished by famine. The sixth fact is—that there are hundreds of thousands of domestic manufacturers connected with the bobbin-net, woollen, silk, flax, linen, and iron trades, now suffering extreme privations, and who will be shortly driven from their peculiar province of industry by competition with steam-production. The seventh fact is—that the absorption of the household manufacture of the kingdom into factories has completely deranged the social system of our labouring community. The eighth fact is—that the breaking up of the industrial occupations of the people has led to so much idleness and dissoluteness, that the legislature (overlooking the cause) has determined to cover the country with workhouses, a measure which takes us back two centuries in the career of civilization. The ninth fact is—that crime has proceeded at a fearful pace; the commitments in 1811 (as early as data are in existence) being 5,337, and in 1832, 20,829. The tenth fact is—that discontent, violence, and organized unions threatening the very safety of manufactures, universally characterize the artisans of the present day. The eleventh fact is—that drunkenness and irreligion have made fearful advances amongst the depressed operatives."—pp. 323, 324.

In another part of the same chapter, when speaking of the staple branch of manufacture, the cotton trade, the author makes use of the following observations. "The time too must come, though it cannot come very quickly, when the trade will reach its maximum. Great Britain will long retain her pre-eminence as a manufacturing country, in consequence of the progress she has made already, which places her immeasurably in advance of the whole world. Her wealth, the industry of her people, the enterprise of her merchants, the possession of coal, the skill of her

machinists—these will long secure her the lead.” Mark what follows, which seems not a little characteristic of the writer’s inconsistencies, as regards other portions of his book, and even the very paragraph we are quoting from. “In retaining this, (pre-eminence and lead) however, the population engaged in the manufacture will have to suffer greatly. Other nations, in their turn, will devote their energies to the same purpose ; and though their present inferiority as to roads, canals, skill, and enterprize, combine to render their competition not very formidable, this will not long (*long* is the word) continue.” We were going to be tempted into an argument upon the latter portion of this contradictory paragraph, and to maintain, that while our mines are unexhausted, our island sea-girt, our manufacturers enterprising, and the encouragement of our maritime trade upheld by the produce of improving steam-power, it is absurd to talk of the cotton trade having reached its maximum, or of any other country, not equally enriched, or more fortunately situated, competing with us. But we must leave off, after quoting one other preposterous, but by no means original assertion, which never fails to impart to us a strange feeling of distrust respecting the head and the heart of the person who makes use of it. It is in the present instance put into these words—“Twenty millions have been voted as the redemption money of the West Indian slaves ; the condition of the domestic manufacturers is beyond comparison inferior to that of the late slave population of the colonies.” By what process of legitimate analogy any one can come to such a conclusion, baffles our comprehension. The condition of a brewer’s horses would furnish a better comparison, and that would be no comparison at all.

ART. II.—*The Physical and Intellectual Constitution of Man Considered.* By EDWARD MERYON, F.R.C.S., &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1836.

THE varieties discovered in the appearance and character of men, have naturally led philosophers to inquire into the causes of such phenomena. It requires no great penetration or extent of investigation, to perceive that the external world has a powerful influence over both the body and mind of man ; and a little farther reflection teaches, that our race is so intimately connected with the history of surrounding nature, that a knowledge of the one must lead to no inconsiderable degree of light upon that of the other. The splendid science of geology, although probably but in its infancy, has been made to reciprocate its evidences with the nature and constitution of the human family. Adventurous speculators, and sanguine students, indeed, are apt to see their way so clear, from the lights afforded by geological discoveries, as to be thoroughly

convinced that they know, from the bowels or rather the crust of the earth, the precise stage which the first existence of man held in the march of time, and in the succession of creation ; and maintain that it was of comparatively a recent date. Others, who adopt the literal interpretation of the Mosaic history, are alarmed by these announcements, and have not failed to show that geological data are still by far too meagre, or contradictory, to warrant a doctrine which they think goes to affect the credibility of Revelation. We do not at all intend to enter into this controversy, which has been of late years so keenly upheld, but only as respects the present writer on this subject, to intimate that he has condensed and followed the opinions of those who think they can point to a time when, there is great reason to believe, the whole globe was a chaotic mass in a state of igneous fusion ; that by a succession of formations—each epoch being probably very distant from the other—the great work of nature has been directed to the adaptation of the surface of the earth, till it became fitted for the abode of man. In so far, therefore, he adopts the geological theory, in opposition to the belief of the literal interpreters of the Mosaic account.

When coming, however, to the more important and extended chapters of his volume, which treat of the physical and intellectual varieties observable in the human species, we find the author's opinions to be in consonance with the succinct history left by Moses, which literally declares one origin to have been common to mankind. He even speaks of the beautiful accordance of certain sciences with the sacred history of our race, as being most consolatory and ennobling to the mind of the observer. We are far from objecting to his conclusion ; but still, must it not be remembered that, as regards the plain and literal meaning of the Mosaic history, injury to its credibility may just as effectually be offered, by the author's doctrines about the epoch of man's creation in the progress of time, as by attacking the sacred record in its account of the origin of the great human family ? The volume is not, therefore, a very consistent advocate for the literal interpretation of Scripture ; and if once there be allowed an allegorical meaning to one part of a connected discourse, how are we to know where to stop, and what is plainly true or false ? There is, however, a good deal of spirit and ardour discovered in the work, although it can only properly be called a condensed compilation of other men's views, with sometimes bold and ingenious suggestions, showing not merely that the writer has studied well the greatest authorities, on the several subjects handled, but that he is capable of thinking for himself on the same themes, and of pushing his independent researches still farther.

Our readers are all aware that, according to some physiological writers, man, instead of forming a single genus, and a single spe-

cies, and therefore constituting a class distinct from all other tribes of animals—is held to have sprung from the same as that of the ape. The opinion is, however, not worthy of refutation. Other philosophers, struck with the wonderful diversity in the human race, have maintained that these argue a number of distinct species, and cannot be reconciled with the doctrine of one common origin to all. This last class of objectors to the Mosaic account is addressed and answered at length by the author; and to a few of his arguments we call the attention of our readers, after remarking, that it is amazing how any rational being, who considers the physical, intellectual, and moral capacities, even of the most degraded savage tribes, compared with the most enlightened, can ever remain unimpressed with the uniformity of the great lineaments of their common nature; especially when all may learn that there are no points of difference between the several nations of mankind, which are not found to exist, at least in an equal degree, among quadrupeds.

We need not refer to the author's classification of the varieties of the human species, or his views about their subdivisions, since this discussion would lead us into a comparison of the arrangements of different high authorities, such as Linnæus, Buffon, and Cuvier; and require too minute an inquiry into geographical distributions and physical organizations. We may advantageously, however, quote his concluding remarks on the modifying influences of natural causes, whether physical or moral, in diversifying the appearances and characters of different nations.

“Seeing, then, that the physical agencies which we have now considered are capable of exerting their influence only by increasing or diminishing the development of parts, and that they cannot effect a transposition, addition, or subtraction of organs; seeing, also, that man universally possesses a determined physical conformation, in the number and situation of parts, exactly alike, whether we examine them in the European or Mongol, American or Negro, Hyperborean or Malay; seeing, moreover, that the modifications of development are such as may be explained by the foregoing agencies remaining in operation through a long succession of ages; finally, inasmuch as the moral agencies we have mentioned appear sufficient to account for the different states of civilization, we are necessarily compelled to admit (as far as these modifications are concerned) the possibility of identity of origin; nor are the distinguishing characteristics whereby we recognise the different varieties—the same to-day as they were two or three thousand years ago—in the least degree capable of invalidating our conclusion, because the same modifying causes are still in operation; and if it be asked (as it often has been) why we do not see the Negro change by change of climate, I repeat, that it would be an anomaly in nature if climate could so alter the economy of the organs as in one, two, or three generations to subvert the nature of as many preceding hundreds; the various functions of

his body may be changed when he passes to a colder climate, but it does not therefore follow that the organs which are subservient to these functions should necessarily be as suddenly changed in their development. His nature may bend to passing circumstances; time only can change that nature.

"Since, then, all the modifications of conformation consist entirely in the relative development of organs, and not in difference of anatomical arrangement, it appears that such varieties may be satisfactorily accounted for by those agencies which we have just considered; and as particular characteristics have been acquired under the influence of causes which for ages have exerted their modifying energies, so likewise do we observe that those characteristics are tenaciously preserved through a long succession of years, the above causes being no longer in operation. It requires, therefore, no great stretch of imagination to suppose that centuries only can efface those marks which centuries only had produced; need we then wonder that the isolated Jew should still retain his distinguishing features, or that we may now recognise the same characteristics in the modern groups of mankind which, by the most ancient monuments, we are led to believe were possessed by their progenitors, notwithstanding the many revolutions to which their nations have been exposed.

"The physiological character of nations agreeing thus far with the recorded events of profane history, may, I apprehend, be further extended to bear evidence to the Mosaic representation of the extension of the human race, tending as it does to prove the unity of man's species. If, moreover, we refer to our geological investigations, we are led to look on man as a recent inhabitant of the earth; and philology teaches us that the cradle of literature may be referred to Asia. All these facts go far to show the correctness of Moses, as of all other inspired writers in their representations of the condition of our earliest ancestors; for if, in after times, races of men had been found, differing anatomically from other men, it would have been a fair presumption that they differed also in their origin, which anatomy disproves. If also, as Dr. Nares has observed, 'in the uncertainty to which those must have been liable, who either knew nothing of Adam, or disputed the history of Moses as preserved amongst the Jews; they had it manifestly at their option to make the world (i. e. the scene of human existence) ten thousand, or ten thousand times ten thousand years older,' which age geology disproves. Again, as Dr. Nares further suggests—'If in some unexplored regions of the earth, records might be discovered, or some descendants of a pre-adamitical race be found, more advanced in learning than the inhabitants of the east, it would have followed that Moses as well as St. Paul were uninspired.' Now were we to appeal to the history of any science capable of enlightening us on this subject, we should be borne out by an unconditional attestation from either that no such records, and that no such descendants exist or have existed. History, as well as the philological sciences, attest the one, while geography and the science of geology confirm the other."—pp. 120—124.

The case of the Jews is very striking. They possess the same characters in all parts of the world, whether, as the author says,

fair in Britain, brown in Spain, olive in Syria, or copper-coloured in Egypt. And there is evidence to show that at least two thousand years ago, they were the same, feature for feature, as they are now. Their social and religious history, by its uniformity, must have preserved a great sameness of character, while climate and other natural external causes must have affected their stature and complexion.

The author proceeds to consider in detail, the physical characteristics of particular nations, as affected by natural causes. Here he applies certain principles previously laid down, belonging to the modifying agencies referred to in the above extract.

After noticing what he holds to be the influence of climate on European nations, and giving a number of examples in support of his doctrine, he proceeds to consider the physical characteristics of the Asiatic continent, where very unequivocal effects of climate are to be seen ; and here we may quote a passage illustrative of the manner of his speculations.

“ The Caucasus being the most temperate region of Asia, appears, in accordance with our previous observations, the most favourable for the perfect development of man. Nature has there clad the valleys with a luxuriant vegetation, game and fish are plentiful, and fruits of the most delicious kind are of spontaneous growth. The inhabitants, as Sir G. Chardin has described them, are valiant, robust and jovial : the women are adorned by nature with graces no where else to be found ; but voluptuous in the extreme. Circassia also, on the northern declivity of the Caucasus, is equally mild and fertile, and is peopled by tribes, pre-eminently beautiful, both as regards that form and delicacy of complexion, for the preservation of which they are so studiously careful.

“ In exemplification of our assertion, in the former chapter, that it may have required the continued operation of climate through a long succession of ages, to have brought about particular modifications, it affords us no small degree of pleasure in appealing to the elaborate treatise lately published by Dr. Kirby. The passage to which we particularly refer, is however derived from Dr. Buchanan, who says, ‘ At Cochin there are two classes of Jews, the white and the black Jews. The latter are supposed to have arrived in India soon after the Babylonian captivity, at least, they have that tradition amongst them, which seems confirmed by the fact that they have copies only of those books of the Old Testament which were written previously to the captivity. The white Jews emigrated from Europe to India in later ages. Now here is a singular fact, that in the lapse of so many ages, a white or tawny race has become black.’ It appears that Mr. White has endeavoured to account for this fact, by stating, that the Jews have gained proselytes in every country in which they have resided, and being at liberty to marry those proselytes, this would produce mixed breeds. But, as Mr. Kirby justly remarks, ‘ though the Jews, in our Saviour’s time, would compass sea and land to gain one proselyte, this has not been their character since the destruction of Jerusalem, and we never hear now of their making proselytes. In-

deed, these black Jews of Cochin seem to have been settled there long before any white ones came to that place.' Hence, we say again, that it would be an anomaly in nature, if climate could so alter the economy of our organs, as in one, two, or three generations, to subvert the nature of as many preceding hundreds, and therefore the question, 'why do we not see the Ethiopian at once change his skin with the change of climate?' which has so often been proposed by physiologists, is absurd."—pp. 145—147.

The prevalence of the east winds of the tropics, he supposes, affects powerfully the colour. He also says, in reference to what has been called the vegetative functions of the negro, and the intellectual in the European—that as the latter by moderate exercise may strengthen his mental endowments, and by overworking cause them to give way, the former also, when so situated that his predominating functions are moderately exercised, lives long in the enjoyment of perfect health, but when living in the parching atmosphere of Nigritia, where they are too actively performed, the negro becomes prematurely old. After having passed in review the tribes of Africa, and endeavoured to prove that climate may have greatly affected the natives, by its continued influence through a long succession of ages, he refers to sacred history, from which it may be collected that Ethiopia was peopled by the descendants of Ham, on whom a curse was imposed that they should be servants unto their brethren. And having shown that the climate towards which they were directed, keeps up an excited state of the vegetative organs and functions, and a corresponding debasement of the intellectual, he supposes that the prophecy has been worked out by their climate forbidding any great achievement of intellect; which is quite consistent with the procedure of the Deity, who accomplishes his judgments by what to the unobservant passes for chance or blind nature.

There seems to be no absurdity or improbability in attributing the intellectual capacity, in some degree, to the temperature and other peculiarities of climate. Accordingly—

"The depressing influence of an icy atmosphere, while it contributes to the stunted development of the body, is also the cause of that obtuseness both in physical sensibility and mental powers, which characterize the inhabitants of those inhospitable countries towards the poles. Thus the assumption of Dupaty, that the outward corporeal man is the true model or shell of the intellectual man within, is fully verified in them. Their barren soil is ill adapted to call forth the cravings of ambition, and their nature forbids any advance in civilization. The generation of animal heat is the grand function of the body, as the acquisition of a stimulating diet is that of the mind: hence, the Hyperborean is excluded from all those temperaments, which physiologists have devised for the classification of the human family; and if in addition to those already enumerated, the Gastric were superadded, it would appear no inappropriate designation for the constitutional peculiarities of this voracious tribe.

"The history of an individual is the history of the whole race—his entire mind is applied to ward off the sufferings to which the temperature of his climate exposes him; and being thus protected, he lives on in happy ignorance and barbarous independence, equally dwarfish in mind and body.

"In hot climates, on the contrary, where the vegetative functions predominate over all others, the biliary secretion is naturally excited, and for reasons which we have before stated, an irritable constitution is generated, and is characterized by a certain sensibility to external impressions. The inactive life to which the natives of tropical countries are constrained by the warmth of their climate, favours the development of the bilious temperament, the attributes of which, in those regions, are fraud, perfidy and fanaticism. Hence, the grand cause of the moral degradation and oppression, in which almost all the equatorial nations are living; and that they continue so, is the inevitable consequence of their infatuation and indolence, too weak either to conceive the means or adopt the measures for relieving themselves from their galling yoke."—pp. 181—183.

The author thinks that the melancholic temperament is a natural production, as well as the effect, in many cases, of diseased action in the system; and this he illustrates by the constitutional peculiarities of the American Indian. He describes the melancholic, and says, that the skin of such a person assumes a swarthy and unhealthy hue; the hair becomes straight; the features acutely marked; the pulse slow and contracted. Corresponding with such torpidity, there is a disposition to seriousness and reflection; a sullen calmness marks every action, and a gloomy suspicion every look; while the sensibility to external impressions is very obtuse. Now, all these peculiarities he finds in the American Indian. The gloom and moisture of almost impenetrable forests must have a tendency to produce this temperament. In the low and damp countries of Europe, the human body assumes a rounded form, chiefly arising from the great bulk of the cellular tissue which covers the muscles. The blood of such persons, owing to the lymphatic system being charged with nectary fluid, and the fleshy parts being considerably softened, moves with diminished energy; hence the pale white skin, and a corresponding torpidity of the mind and body.

In the course of his observations, the author notices a number of influences, all which, more or less, affect the intellectual condition of particular nations; such as social institutions, languages, government, religion, science, &c. For example, the nature and quantity of food taken by different countries is co-efficient with the infinite diversities of atmospheric influences, in modifying the mental capabilities. Thus the inhabitants of southern Europe live principally on fruits and vegetables, the acescent nature of which favours the development of the bilious temperament; whereas in the more temperate part of the same quarter of the globe, a mode-

rate proportion of a mixed diet gives energy to all the vital organs, and the mind holds in these countries a healthful supremacy. The artificial life, again, of a highly civilized state, has the effect of generating in many of its members a highly irritable constitution.

Altogether, the subject of the present work is one of deep and curious interest; nor has the author failed to throw around it many engaging illustrations. We are glad to see the ability with which he vindicates the character of science, not only as a modifying cause in the prolongation of life, but as an agent in improving and elevating the whole social system, by its benign operation upon the faculties, sentiments, and propensities of man.

"To those who may be desirous of extending their inquiries into the effects of the social system as it is now constituted, the elaborate work which has lately emanated from the pen of M. Quetelet will afford the most perfect information. The faculties, sentiments, and propensities of civilized man are there reduced to a state almost amounting to mathematical demonstration. From his investigations it would appear that the intellectual faculties are alone progressive, and that all other attributes of man which are not founded on science are essentially stationary, and their laws of development immutable. Now, as the moral sentiments are necessarily influenced by the advancement of science, it follows that the development of the one is in direct ratio to the development of the other; so that, as the faculties expand, new sentiments are acquired, and a new world unveils itself as the physical man is lost in the splendid endowments of the intellectual. Finally, the propensities either towards virtue or vice are equally attributable to the social state: great events are accompanied with great actions; and, with respect to vice, M. Quetelet has deduced from the most extensive observations, that the same number of crimes are annually re-produced with such constancy, that it is impossible to escape observation; even those crimes which at first sight appear likely to be least dependent on human foresight, such as murders, seeing that they are generally committed from spontaneous strife, and apparently owing to the most fortuitous circumstances. Nevertheless experience shows that not only murders occur in like numbers, but even that the same proportions are observed in the instruments with which they are committed; much more, then, must crimes which are perpetrated consequent on forethought be re-produced with regularity, because the same causes are in constant and unvarying operation. In consequence of crimes being thus annually committed with such frightful regularity, it is inferred that the cause resides in the constitution of our social organization, or, in other words, that society prepares the crime, and that the guilty transgressor is but the instrument which executes it. This is a degrading picture of humanity; but inasmuch as it bears with it the consolatory assurance of a diminution of crime in proportion as our social institutions advance towards perfection, it admonishes the legislator relative to the solemn duty which is imposed on him, and points out to the subject the means of assisting in the great work of social amendment, which will be most effectually accomplished by diffusing through all grades of society every means of intellectual improvement."—pp. 222—225.

ART. III.—*The most Striking Events of a Twelvemonth's Campaign with Zumalacarregui, in Navarre and the Basque Provinces.* By C. F. HENNINGSSEN, Captain of Lancers in the Service of Don Carlos. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1836.

NOTHING can be more clear than that these volumes, coming as they do from an avowed and active supporter and defender of the interests of Don Carlos, must be looked upon with distrust, in as far as disputed opinions and facts are concerned; between the two hostile parties whose dissensions have so long continued to distract and deluge with blood the whole of Spain. And nothing can be farther from our intention, than to endeavour to arrive at a true statement upon the disputed questions. We do not disguise that our best wishes are in favour of the queen's party—not because of the personal merits of individuals that can be adduced on that side, but on account of the value of certain doctrines, to which we are attached, and which it would be dangerous, it seems to us, were these to be crushed or repudiated in any part of the Peninsula. At the same time, the voice of the majority of a nation, in respect of intelligence and influence, should predominate; and whatever form of government, or whatever head of the state is most agreeable to that majority, should unquestionably gain the ascendancy, without foreign control; provided the peace and welfare of neighbouring states are thereby in no manner compromised or menaced.

The statements regarding this majority, our readers well know, are very conflicting. But if we are to mark the past history of the civil war, the natural inference would be, that the two parties are somehow so nearly matched, that neither of them has yet, nor does it appear likely, that either of them can soon drive the other from the field. We must confess, notwithstanding the strong leaning of the author, that he does advance many things which tend to convince us that the Carlists are by no means the insignificant party that their opponents have represented them to be; and we shall now proceed to lay before our readers some of his statements and descriptions, without attempting to set him right, on ground that is so disputable and unknown. Neither shall we enter at any considerable length into the history of the brave man with whom the author spent twelve months of a campaign, but confine ourselves chiefly to certain more general descriptions, and to us more agreeable information.

The author informs us that he served under Zumalacarregui for one year, having thrown himself, with more enthusiasm than prudence, into a party whose existence was then precarious, but which he left when it had grown, under the general's guidance, from the dwarf, to struggle on full equal stature with opponent.

Having taken notes on the spot, during the campaign, of all that particularly interested him as regarded the civil war, and the character of its leader, whose exploits he considers worthy of immortality, he has detailed them in their present shape, that the public may be enlightened as to the real chances of success which the devotion and energy of the Basque people give to the cause of Don Carlos. There is thus avowed a strong partisanship, and a particular object held in view quite consistent with that partiality, in the present publication ; and although we do not learn from these pages, why at the end of the *one year* he abandoned his "*red beret* and sword for a round hat and walking staff," we have no doubt that the present effort is supposed, at head-quarters, to be as likely to forward the Carlist cause as our Captain's sword could ever individually do.

The portions of the work which we are about particularly to notice, are a chapter or two that describe the state of society in Spain, and parts of the country. Some personal sketches and anecdotes will also be noticed, from which the character of the people may be more distinctly discovered, than from any general outline. And whatever may be thought of the Captain's political creed, or partialities, there can be no denying that he is a man of mind and reflection, a close observer, and a spirited writer. Many of his delineations are indeed highly picturesque ; nor could he any where else have found subjects more favourable for his pencil, than the country, the people, and the times his descriptions regard.

The very first sentence of the work carries evidence of characteristic shrewdness on the part of the writer. He says Spain, whether on account of its people, its political history, or the nature of the country, is infinitely farther from France than the distance in the post-book, or the Pyrenees that divide the two kingdoms, would seem to indicate ; and that it requires a long and familiar knowledge to estimate them justly. They have exalted qualities, and great defects, he continues to say ; but to appreciate both, one must have become acquainted with them during those moving scenes which stir up the passions in men's bosoms to the surface. He holds that Spain is considerably behind the rest of Europe in civilization, and also in its virtues as well as in its vices ; and that the stranger who only visits the large towns, or while travelling in his carriage, knows nothing of the nation. Now, this is all very probable ; but the reader cannot escape discovering the purpose for which these observations are thrown out, especially after perusing the following statement.

"At the present moment, society in Spain may be divided into two classes—the agricultural and that which, in French, is so appropriately termed the "*industrielle*," which includes all those concerned in the artificial part of a nation's prosperity—those who traffic, who manufacture,

and who administer to the luxury of those classes which we are in England accustomed to look upon, if not as exclusively respectable, at least as the most so in the nation, but which, producing nothing, in reality are living on the sweat of the labourer's brow. These, instead of being classes of predominant weight, ought rather to be subservient, in every country, but more so in Spain, where, excepting the peasantry, and those who, living in the midst of the peasantry, far from cities, mingle aristocratic blood and pretensions with their simplicity, are orders totally degenerated and demoralized—selfish, treacherous, and effeminate. A Moorish ferocity is all that remains of their former high spirit and courage—the national love of honour is dwindled to a self-sufficient vanity, and the national avarice now pierces through, without those redeeming traits of magnificence and generosity which were perceptible in the old Spanish character. Licentious in manners and in morals—cold-hearted, sordid, and dastardly, they have not the vices or the virtues of barbarians: universal corruption has destroyed their civilization. This seems a melancholy picture; but those who have mingled with their titled nobles, their statesmen, their higher orders of clergy, their commercial classes, their citizens generally, their military, and their rabble, will, I fear, not find it overcharged.

“Sweeping as this judgment may seem, it is not, however, the character I must give to the Spanish nation in general, but to a portion of the community which, happily, only forms about one-tenth part of it, although including all that we are wont to term the ‘respectability,’ and possessing the wealth, the commerce, and the government of the state. By this fraction, as it comes immediately under the eye of the traveller, he is too apt to judge of all Spaniards. But there is a wide and striking difference between the classes I have mentioned and the immense majority of those who cultivate, on a larger or a lesser scale, the soil, consisting chiefly of a peasantry simple and untainted by the corruption which for the last century has enervated the inhabitants of her cities. Independent and high-spirited, the Spanish peasant, isolated from those congregated masses amongst which all revolutions of manners and ideas for the better or the worse so speedily take place, has remained the same, or but little changed from what he was centuries ago. He has many defects, chiefly arising from his southern sky and his southern origin: he is indolent and cruel, but his faults are redeemed by many noble traits; and, on the whole, I have found in his character more to admire than to blame.”—vol. i, pp. 3—5.

Our readers need not be astonished to hear that the author makes the whole of the peasantry Carlists, that is—about nine-tenths of the population. He admits that the Christinos possess the wealth of the kingdom, all the strong places and *materiel*, having adopted the cause of the queen's government from personal interest, “none, I may truly say, from attachment;” whereas the peasantry possess all the virtue, the original stamp of the Spanish character, and when roused exhibit flashes of its former energy and independence, at the same time being all royalists and legitimatists. There is much more to the same purpose; and all that we shall say

of the Captain's picture is, that others, and on the side of the queen too, must be just as well acquainted with the whole of Spain and its inhabitants as he can be, and that they no doubt think as independently and wisely as he does, when they deny that what is termed the "*industrielle*" class, is in Spain totally degenerated, or that the peasantry are all Carlists, or all so superior in character. When he confines himself chiefly to the northern provinces, we believe a great part of his account is correct.

We are then told that by the laws of Spain no female can wield the sceptre, and that the people feel it to be an insult to Spanish dignity to be governed by a woman. Now, the author must know that he has not fully nor fairly stated the first part of the above proposition; and as to the second portion of it, the dignity of many women is of a much higher order than that of some Ferdinands and men of the name of Carlos that might be instanced. A people struggling for their own privileges, may be expected not to be over-nice about abstract principles of dignity. Can it be supposed that where commerce and agriculture are destroyed, and when personal comfort and safety is continually encroached upon or in jeopardy, that a people will regard any other name or principle than such as promises the greatest relief and prosperity? But the author shuts our lips by saying, that royalism in the Spanish peasant is a feeling not now easily conceived by the rest of Europe. It is a pity, we can only say then, that they should stand out against superior information.

It does not appear to us that the Captain makes it apparent why Don Carlos has not already advanced upon Madrid, after having stated and insisted that nine-tenths of the country are decidedly in his favour. He is much more satisfactory when maintaining that the queen's forces shall only be able to subdue the northern provinces by the extermination of the male population, the transplanting of families, burning of harvests, and destroying every human habitation, which, after all, he believes, would require a larger army than was ever marshalled under any man since the days of Xerxes. And in describing what he calls the real state of things, he presents us with some powerful pictures. Let us take him up in Navarre.

The population of Navarre is stated at two hundred and eighty thousand souls. After saying something about its mountainous character, its valleys, crops, &c., we have this picturesque sketch.

"From one valley to another lead many roads; and sometimes, on account of the natural obstacles, they deviate so much, that they are double the distance of the innumerable paths which cut straight across the mountain, but difficult for anything save a goat or a Navarrese to tread—rugged and steep, and at times so narrow, that you may almost span the way with your extended fingers, with perhaps a ravine of some hun-

dred feet gaping or a torrent roaring below. From one cluster of villages to another, the distance is usually from five to twelve miles; but generally there are formidable defiles and deep precipices to encounter ere you reach them. In winter, the way which has been worn in the ascents of the solid rock, and into which the rain has beaten the soil, forming a succession of reservoirs of mud a foot or two in depth, considerably impedes the traveller's progress; and in summer presents a rugged and irregular flight of steps, where every instant the iron of the mules' or horses' shoes is slipping on the naked stone. Men who have to traverse such ground, particularly if they have to carry the baggage of regular troops, are exhausted by the shortest marches, while the people of the country go through wood and ravine, straight as the fox or wolf, and can always overtake, without the possibility of being overtaken. In some places the ground is so much covered, that an invading force has no idea of the proximity of the enemy. That enemy has his spies and guerillas, and the invaders cannot detach men on expeditions of discovery, because when a few hundred yards from the main body they are always liable to be cut off. Go which road they will, still he has always time to take another—to leave them if pursuing, exhausted with the chase, in localities where to encamp or to quarter is equally incommodious or perilous.

“The villages differ considerably in size and cleanliness; the church and steeple being a very prominent feature in the midst of the group of houses, which are either built in reddish or greyish stone. Generally the *pueblos* or villages are in clusters, and it has a pleasing effect on the ear of the stranger when, at the termination of the hour, he hears it tolled forth in a wide valley from innumerable brazen tongues, as it were, echoing one another. In the north the villages are usually built in hollows; in the south, on the contrary, they seem to prefer a rising ground to the valley. The houses are of a middling size, and the shell solidly built, but incommodious. Perhaps the curate's house is partly painted white, and has, by way of luxury, a few panes of glass; but even this is rare in the mountain-villages. The ground-floor is occupied by the stables: the kitchen, which, in the real Basque cottages, is only the base of an enormous chimney, being on the first or second story. One singular feature of every house, however mean, is the arms rudely sculptured over the doorway.”—vol. i, pp. 52—54.

“The furniture is rude and simple; but in some houses a few chests, inlaid with ebony and ivory, and of antique workmanship, show that their forefathers were either wealthier or more luxurious than the present generation.” Must not the comparisons which such relics suggest, occasion a discontent with their later fortunes, and a desire for the improvement of their privileges? This the author, however, denies, and intimates that their loyalty and hatred of female sovereignty goes before all feelings and cares. A people so ignorant and secluded, never surely can form the right arm of the Spanish monarchy, though united with the other insurgent provinces in the north.

The author goes on to say, that two-thirds of the labour in

Navarre seemed to him to be done by women. But whether this is caused by the war having drained the province of the men, or is a symptom of barbarism, we are not informed. They are an extremely indolent people, it would appear, and whether rich or poor, old or middle-aged, there is little variation in the peasant's costume. He wears a cap, breeches, and jacket, of the coarse brown cloth used by the Franciscan Friars, having round the waist a red or blue sash; if young, he sports a *beret*, or blue round cap, woven all in one piece, and black velveteen trowsers. In the mountains, sandals, manufactured of hemp, are worn instead of shoes, and in winter a piece of cloth is wrapt around the leg, which is tied by a horse-hair cord. Their mode of living is sober in the extreme.

"So long as he has got his paper cigar, and can lead this life of dreamy idleness, he lets the world wag as it will, and smokes away. Yet, when once awakened, it is certain that he seriously arouses. Does he adopt the precarious and uncertain trade of a smuggler, or even muleteer, he will traverse thirty, forty, or fifty miles in the four-and-twenty hours, walking day and night without thinking it any hardship; sleeping on the bare ground, and supping on a piece of bread and pimento, with a draught of wine from his goat-skin. He is equally active in time of war, for which, from habit or natural taste, he has a decided inclination. The old and middle-aged are all men who have carried arms in the war of independence, which proved so fatal to the conquerors of Austerlitz and Marengo. Brave and disciplined as were the troops of the empire, then the finest in the world, and able to sweep their enemies like chaff before the wind on the field of battle, the number that fell, and fell unavenged, seems scarcely credible. There is not a pass or valley which is not pointed out as the spot where many of the French invaders lie buried. I have often watched the countenances of the elders of a village: although they have now sunk back to their natural expression of nonchalance and indifference which seems so congenial to their character, still they bear deep traces, like the old crater of a burnt-out volcano, of a more stormy period of their existence. Although they are not very communicative, still, on knowing their habits and entering into their feelings, I have drawn from them startling recitals of *la antigua guerra*, or 'the old war,' of which the campaigns of the British army formed only a brief, and comparatively a bloodless, episode. The war of the constitution which followed did not allow their natural taste for a half-brigand life to subside.

"The courage of the Navarrese, and not only of the Navarrese, but of the Spaniards generally, is of a nature that requires some explanation. Of late years they have made the worst regular troops in Europe; but this springs from a total want of confidence in their own officers, who are drawn from those classes I have described as utterly demoralized, and who have often abandoned or betrayed their followers, or sacrificed them through ignorance. It is also true, that generally, in a fair, stand-up fight, the Spaniards will not behave with the determination of French or English soldiers, who like a few decisive actions, and then to have done. The reluctance of Napoleon's marshals and generals towards the close of

his career to enter on fresh battles, in which, when once engaged, they behaved with so much heroism, is a striking proof of this disposition; and the French veterans with whom I have conversed, as well as some French deserters serving in our ranks—as brave men as ever wielded a musket—bear me out in the assertion, that whenever the troops of that nation have reaped a harvest of glory they grow tired of fighting. This I believe to be the case with all the nations of the north. Their soldiers have cheerfully run the most imminent personal hazard in the actions in which they have been engaged; but, after a time, they like to sit under the shelter of the laurels they have gathered. The courage of the Spaniard, on the contrary, although it will not urge him with such determined bravery in the face of danger, will lead him to run a greater risk by remaining for years, or a whole lifetime, in warfare, the continuance of which sweeps his race from the earth, with more certainty than the most bloody battles of a brief campaign or two.”—vol. i, pp. 60—65.

The author thinks that the language of the Navarrese may be that of the Gauls before they were overrun by the Latins and Franks, although it bears no affinity to any with which he is acquainted. It is harsh, but expressive and rich. There is no doubt this people are very ancient; that is to say, from very remote times they have possessed the same mountains unconquered. The traditions, poetry, and legends that must abound among such a race are no doubt bold and imaginative in the extreme. The author, however, has not favoured his readers with any such stores, although the above extracts shew that he was no dull observer of what comes most readily under a stranger's eye.

We must now turn our attention to a few notices of Zumalacarregrui, who is here said to have been born in 1788, of a poor but noble family. At the age of eighteen he quitted his home, during the War of Independence, to enter the army as cadet. Under Mina he rapidly rose to the rank of captain. His talent for organizing and disciplining troops became conspicuous; and on that account he was frequently changed from corps to corps, and latterly advanced to high command. There is no occasion for tracing his career minutely; but the following portraiture is given of this modern Cid, which is full of character.

“He was a man at that period in the prime of life, being forty-five years of age, and of middle stature; but, on account of the great width of his shoulders, his bull-neck, and habitual stoop, the effect of which was much increased by the *zamarra*, or fur jacket, which he always wore, he appeared rather short than otherwise. His profile had something of the antique—the lower part of the face being formed like that of Napoleon, and the whole cast of his features bearing some resemblance to the ancient basso-relievos, which are given us as the likeness of Hannibal. His hair was dark, without being black; his moustaches joined his whiskers; and his dark grey eyes, overshadowed by strong eyebrows, had a singular rapidity and intensity in their gaze—generally they had a stern and thoughtful expression; but when he looked about him, his glance seemed

in an instant to travel over the whole line of a battalion, making in that short interval the minutest remarks. He was always abrupt and brief in his conversation, and habitually stern and severe in his manners; but this might have been the effect of the hardships and perils through which he had passed in his arduous struggle, and the responsibility he had drawn upon himself. I have heard from those who were well acquainted with him before he became the leader of a party, as well as from his widow, whose testimony might be considered, however, too partial, that he had much changed in temper during the two last years of his life. He had always been serious, but without those sudden gusts of passion to which he was latterly subject; and also without that unbending severity of demeanour, which became afterwards a striking feature of his character. Those who have undergone the painful experience of a civil war, like that which for two years has desolated the north of Spain, will agree with me in thinking that the scenes of strife and massacre, the death of his partisans, and the imperious necessity of reprisals on fellow countrymen and often on friends, whom the virulence of party opinion armed in mortal contest; exposure to innumerable hardships and privations, the summer's sun, and winter's wind; the sufferings and peril in which his followers were constantly placed, and his serious responsibility, were enough to change considerably, even in a brief space of time, Zumalacarrégui's nature. It was seldom that he gave way to anything like mirth; he oftenest indulged in a smile when he led his staff where the shot was falling thick and fast around them, and he fancied he detected in the countenances of some of his followers that they thought the whistling of the bullets an unpleasant tune.

"His costume was invariably the same—the *borsina*, the round national cap or beret of the provinces, of a bright scarlet colour, woven of wool to a texture resembling cloth, in the shape of that represented in the engraving, without a seam, and stretched out by a switch of willow inside; the *zamarra*, or fur jacket, of the black skin of the Merino lamb, lined with white fur, and an edging of red velvet with gilded clasps; grey, and latterly red, trowsers; and the flat heavy Spanish spur, with the treble horizontal rowels, originally used by the caballeros to ring on the pavement when they went lounging through the streets in their gay attire. The only ornament he ever wore was the silver tassel on his cap. As he rode or walked, according to his wont, at the head of his column, his staff, about forty or fifty officers, following behind—and then his battalions threading the mountain-roads as far as the eye could reach, with their bright muskets and grotesque accoutrements—the whole presented a scene novel and picturesque. The general's stern and uncommon features, his fur jacket, and cap, resembling at a distance a red turban, gave more the idea of an Eastern chief than a European general. One might have imagined Scanderbeg at the head of his Albanian army; and certes his semi-barbarous followers could have been no wilder in dress and appearance than the Carlists in the early part of the campaign."—vol. i, pp. 87—91.

The portrait is stern enough, in all conscience; and if such be a just specimen of Spanish generals and soldiers engaged in the pre-

sent civil war, little wonder need be expressed at the tidings of barbarities that have thrown an indelible disgrace, within the lapse of the last two years, upon the descendants of a people renowned for heroism and noble courage. Every one knows that these barbarities have not been confined to either side of the hostile parties; and the volumes before us adduce abundant instances that strike both ways. Cases are stated to the dishonour even of Zumalacarreghi himself.

On one occasion, when an ensign answered him rather insolently, the reply was a stroke "on the head with the edge of his sabre. The blood trickled down; and, although the wound was slight, I did not feel less indignation for the cruelty of this treatment." We should be very willing to learn that our author got disgusted with a service wherein such cruel tyranny could be practised by the general.

Still, as already stated, the cruelty has not been all on one side. What are we to think of the government that has employed troops—Carabineros—who use a kind of bayonet that inflicts mortal wounds without fail? It is long, four-edged, and about the thickness of a foil. About three inches from the point are several teeth like those of a saw; and although the wound it deals does not so quickly disable a man as one from the ordinary bayonet, yet it is incurable, and the victim dies a miserable death. Zumalacarreghi, says the author, never allowed these bayonets to be used in the Royalist army. Here is a scene, however, in which the general acted a part worthy of Claverhouse himself. The passage has farther claims upon our emotions. It regards the death of General O'Doyle, one of the government officers.

"O'Doyle, a middle-aged man, was said to be a Swiss; but his extraction, from his name, I should imagine to be Irish. He behaved like a brave man on the field, but with less firmness afterwards. When he was led up as a prisoner, a Carlist officer was mean enough to make some insulting observation. 'You are bearing arms, but you have never been a soldier, or you would know that a real soldier obeys his orders, if they came from hell itself.' The officer was more severely reprimanded by the murmurs of the bystanders. O'Doyle the next morning begged to see the general; and when admitted to an interview, stated that he was a soldier who fought for those who paid him—that the fate of war had thrown him into the hands of the Royalists—and that he would serve them, if admitted to that honour, as faithfully as he had served the queen. Zumalacarreghi answered him briefly, that it was out of his power to spare his life. He then began to implore, with clasped hands, '*La vida, por Dios! por Dios!*' Zumalacarreghi turned his head in disgust, and said, '*Un confesor luego*'—to confession; and the wretched man was led out, and, after being half an hour with his confessor, shot; as well as his brother and the other officers. His execution took place on the very field where he had been defeated. Poor O'Doyle's was a

melancholy fate, but it is impossible to deny the singular retribution of his punishment. Even a quiet grave was denied him; although he was buried—or rather a little earth and a pile of stones were placed over him, by way of distinction, through the deference which the soldier bears to the rank of even his dead enemies. I remember, on passing three months after near the spot, witnessing the disgusting scene of bodies disinterred, and in most cases cleaned to the bone by the birds and beasts of prey. The dogs, as is often the case near a battle field, sallied from the adjacent villages at night to feast upon the slain. The pile raised over O'Doyle and his brother had been thrown down, and the two bodies, dragged amongst the stones, were half devoured. What made the scene of action more appalling was, that the bodies were always stripped of everything except the *corbatín*, or leather stock—this and the chako being the only part of the equipment the Carlists could never be induced to wear—they would take everything excepting these articles from the dead. I remember seeing in that very plain many skeletons, the flesh having been picked from the bones, but the leather collar still remaining round the neck.”—vol. i, pp. 244—246.

Zumalacarreghi's death-wound was a bullet through the leg, which was at first considered to be trifling; but about eleven days afterwards he died in a manner characteristic of his life. He was delirious, and seemed to fancy himself leading on his followers in some desperate action; he breathed his last calling his officers by name. Some of the queen's troops now triumphantly inquired—“Have you made sausages of his blood, brigands?” and the besieging army swore “that the heart's blood of a Christino should flow for every drop that their chief had shed.”

There are many sickening details of butchery and barbarism in these volumes. It seems to us, however, that the author preserves generally a discreet silence about the character of Don Carlos. We have not observed that he has entered into any defence of his celebrated sanguinary proclamation. To be sure, in one place, he declares Carlos, whom of course he calls the king, to be “a remarkably conscientious man, and who, though he may often err in judgment, would not, to gain his crown, commit the slightest act which he considered wrong;” but with the exception of this announcement, which is enforced by his being said, on the occasion in question, to have given positive orders to spare the people of Bilbao, “as above a third of the population were Carlists,” and to storm the extreme works, where the military defending them would only suffer, there is little said about his clemency. We cannot indeed wonder that the Captain should have peculiar ideas of humanity, after volunteering his services in such a cause; especially after hearing him charge this decision of Don Carlos as weak, and a specimen of the false mercy “which the Bourbons have so often been guilty of.” The Don's famous proclamation, which the world views as worthy of an assassin, if not defended or canvassed by

our author, may be presumed, after such opinions as we have now hinted at, to be extremely politic, and an exception from his prevalent "false mercy." A parting word must be quoted, for the ear of Colonel Evans and his "ragamuffins."

"Regarding the Auxiliaries, we are told that the great knowledge Colonel Evans possesses of the country is to work miracles—a topographical knowledge at best; and what is that to the knowledge Mina, El Pastor, and a hundred other officers on either side have, not only of the mountains, roads, and villages, but of every path, rivulet, and almost the number of stones on every bridge*. Of Mina's talent as a leader he knows nothing, or at least has yet had no opportunity of developing it; and the oratorical powers he possesses, however useful among his constituents at Westminster, will be of little use among the mountains and peasantry of the provinces. Some boldly affirm that his plan to *bring the war to a conclusion* is, to seize on certain commanding positions. To those who know the country, this requires no comment. For the information of those who do not, I shall take the liberty of observing, that at the time the Queen's army was infinitely more numerous than it is at present—when the Carlist army, without a single gun, did not amount to six thousand men, Rodil, being commander-in-chief, garrisoned every large town, and fortified every commanding military position in the country, as far as it was possible, and yet found that it was entirely fruitless. Now that the Carlists are thirty thousand men, possessed of artillery, which no longer renders it possible to fortify mere houses and convents, what is Colonel Evans, who, after all, is in a subordinate capacity, to do with his six or eight thousand ragamuffins?

"As far as regards the men, they are still perfectly undisciplined; and, natural as bravery and decision is to my countrymen, supposing this first obstacle already got over, I have no hesitation in saying, that of all the troops in the world to contend in a guerilla warfare, they are the most unfitted. Supposing that they could defeat the Carlist battalions, they will only reduce it to this. It then becomes no longer a stand-up fight, but a war in which their antagonists will be hunger, fatigue, disease, and the knife—and, worst of all, the sudden transitions from want to plenty. Are these, I demand, the antagonists the British soldier is calculated to battle with? And these, it must be remembered, are very far from being British soldiers. It has been fallaciously hoped that the name of these auxiliaries and the sight of red coats alone would have a wonderful effect; but we must remember that the troops of the French empire had at least as wide a reputation at the period of their invasion, and struck, on account of their excesses, infinitely more terror than our own; yet this carried no discouragement into the hearts of the Spaniards; and the hundreds of thousands of these conquerors of Europe who perished with-

* On inquiring of a Carlist officer, who had served with Mina, whether this quality was exaggerated, he replied, "We are now on the bridge of Sumbilio—if you were to go to Mina at Cambaud, he could tell you how many inches it is long and wide, and how many stones there are along the parapet."

out the glory of a single fight, fill an eventful page of Napoleon's history, and might have proved a useful lesson.

"The mountains of Navarre are not the worst; the war would only recommence in Catalonia or Galicia, if the King were to support himself thither, and if it were possible to drive him out of the insurgent provinces. It became a saying amongst the French soldiers, that the Navarrese were like worms—cut them in two, and two Navarrese rose up against you."—pp. 286—280.

ART. IV.—*A History of Slavery, and its Abolition.* By ESTHER CORLEY. London: 1836.

THE abolition of slavery in the British colonies reflects the highest credit upon the character of the English people, who could with so generous a magnanimity recompense these owners of their fellow-men for the sacrifice they have made to the humanity of the age; but what can we say of the United States and Brazils, who still hold in bondage millions of the human race? Let us calculate that the influence of example will operate, and that they will see the folly, the injustice, and the wickedness of any longer upholding that system which is so degrading to themselves, inasmuch as it degrades their fellow creatures.

The subject and history of slavery is a curious speculation; and we propose to trace with our authoress how far slavery prevailed among the nations of antiquity—what its state in Europe during the middle ages, and its further history to the present day.

It is certainly a well ascertained fact, that as nearly as we can trace back the history of man, we discover the existence of slavery. One of the most obvious causes of this, lay in the almost incessant wars which were early carried on between tribes and nations, in which the prisoners taken upon one side and the other were either slain or reduced to slavery. Thus the Latin word which we translate *slave*, indicates by its etymology that the captive who was brought into bondage, had been preserved from death.

Among the Jews, slavery appears to have been tolerated, and certain regulations are enforced respecting it by the law of Moses. The Mosaic institutions, however, were predicated upon the previous existence of slavery in the surrounding nations, rather than designed to establish it; and the provisions of the Jewish law upon this subject, effected changes and modifications which must have greatly improved the condition of slaves among that peculiar people:—

"Among the special laws given to regulate the condition of slaves among the Jews, we find, (1.) That the Israelites were to treat them with humanity and kindness, whether they were of their brethren, who had sold themselves for debt or restitution, or foreigners whom they

had purchased, (most probably, at first, captives in war,) Lev. xxv. 39—46. (2.) If a master struck his slave with a rod or staff, so as to occasion immediate death, he was to be punished by the magistrate; but if the servant survived a day or two, and then died, the master was acquitted of any intention to murder, and the loss of the slave was deemed a sufficient punishment, Exod. xxi. 20, 21. (3.) A slave who lost an eye or a tooth, or other member, by a blow from the master, thereby gained his or her liberty, Exod. xxi. 26, 27. Under this law, interest as well as humanity would restrain a master from any act of violence toward his servant. (4.) All slaves were to rest from their labours on the Sabbath, and on the great festivals, Exod. xx. 10; Deut. v. 14. (5.) Slaves were to be invited to partake with their masters of certain sacred feasts, viz., the Feast of the Second Tithes, and the Feast of Weeks, Deut. xii. 18; xvi. 9—12. These were feasts of gratitude and rejoicing for the ingathering the fruits of the earth, and other bounties of Providence, with which God had blessed his people. There was, therefore, a peculiar propriety in permitting the servants, who had shared the toils of sowing and reaping, to share also the pleasures of harvest home. (6.) In their conduct towards a female slave—if a captive was taken in war, whom the captor admired, and desired to possess as his wife, he must not immediately marry her, but keep her in his house a full month, in order to give time for consideration, and for observing her temper and disposition, as well as trying the constancy of his attachment; after this, he might take her to wife; but, if he grew weary of her, he must neither keep her as a slave nor sell her, but let her go free. If poverty compelled the parents of a young Jewess to sell her into servitude, which was seldom done, except there was an engagement that the person who bought her would take her as his wife, if he afterwards did not choose to fulfil this engagement, he might not sell her into another family, but must permit her to be redeemed. If he had betrothed her to his son, he was to deal with her as a daughter; and, in case of failure, she was at liberty to go forth free, without money, Exod. xxi. 7—11. (7.) Hebrew slaves, however acquired, could only be retained seven years, or until the sabbatical year.”—pp. 53—55.

There were several modes by which the Hebrews might be brought into slavery. If any one was reduced to poverty, he might sell himself. A father might sell his children. Insolvent debtors might be delivered as slaves to their creditors. Thieves, who were unable to make restitution for the property stolen, were sold for the benefit of the sufferers. Prisoners of war were subjected to servitude; and if a Hebrew captive was redeemed by another Hebrew from a Gentile, he might be sold by his deliverer to another Israelite. At the return of the year of Jubilee all Jewish captives were set free. This, however, has been stated by some writers not to apply to foreign slaves held in bondage, over whom the master had entire control. He might sell them, judge them, and even punish them capitally, without any form of legal process. Thus the law of Moses provides, that, “if a man smite his servant or his

maid with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall surely be punished; notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished, for he is his money." And this restriction is said by learned writers to have applied only to Hebrew slaves, and not to foreign captives who were owned by Jews. In general, if any one purchased a Hebrew slave, he could hold him only six years; but for the redemption or emancipation of foreign slaves there seems to have been no provision; and if a Hebrew captive at the time of his being entitled to his freedom declared his love for his master, and his unwillingness to go free, his master brought him before the judges, and then to the door-post of his own house, and bored his ear through with an awl, and he thereby became his servant forever after. There were various other provisions in the Mosaic laws upon the subject of slavery. Among other things, they declared the terms upon which a Hebrew who had been sold could redeem himself, or be redeemed by his friends, and his right to take his wife and children with him when discharged from bondage; but it is unnecessary to repeat these provisions in order to show the nature and extent of slavery among the Jewish people.

In Greece, slavery existed from the earliest period of her history, of which we have any knowledge. It was general there before the days of Homer. The various states had different codes of laws, but in them all the slaves were a majority of the people. The proportion of slaves to freemen probably differed in different states, and in the same state at different times. An historian states at one period the proportion to have been as 400 to 30. In Athens, another writer states, there were three slaves to one freeman; at one time, in that state, when there were but 10,000 free citizens of an age to pay a capitation tax, there were 400,000 slaves, including women and children. In Sparta the proportion of slaves was much greater than in Athens.

For a few more minute particulars regarding slavery in the Grecian states we will quote from our author:—

"Slavery among the ancient Greeks was both extensive and rigorous. It is a remarkable and lamentable fact, that the most strenuous asserters of their own liberty have been the most cruelly oppressive over others. Hence it was a common proverb that, 'At Sparta, the freeman is the freest of all men, and the slave the greatest of all slaves.' Slaves were obtained by conquest in war; by sale of themselves for a subsistence, or in payment of debts; and by the perfidiousness and cupidity of persons who traded in slaves, and who often stole persons, even of noble birth, and sold them. If any person were convicted of betraying a freeman, he was liable to punishment; but either means were found to evade detection, or the slave-dealers must have procured their victims from some distant part, to which the privilege of protection did not extend, for, on the first day of every month, the merchants brought them to the market at Athens, and exposed them for sale in a part of the forum appropriated for that purpose, the public crier calling together purchasers.

"Among other superstitions of the Spartans, it was an annual custom to whip a number of boys on the altar of the goddess Diana, with such severity that the blood gushed forth in profuse streams, and they sometimes died under the cruel infliction, the parents standing by and urging them to courage and constancy, so that a cry or groan was scarcely heard from any of them. In the earlier days of the Spartan republic, these boys were free-born Spartans, but in more delicate ages the offspring of slaves were substituted.

"The Helots were the most cruelly degraded and oppressed of all slaves. They were originally so called from Helos, a town of Laconia, which the Spartans conquered, and, taking all the inhabitants prisoners of war, reduced them to the most abject slavery. The name was not afterwards confined to this unfortunate people and their descendants, but seems to have been used as an expression of contempt towards the vilest slaves in general."—pp. 29—31.

A trade in slaves was a legitimate branch of business; and in Athens there was a regular market for carrying on this kind of commerce. Those who were bought and sold were either barbarians, or the descendants of conquered Greeks.

The condition and treatment of slaves varied in different states. In Sparta, they were exposed to the most wanton cruelty. The severities under which they suffered, seem at this day to be almost incredible. All the labour among that nation of warriors, both in the house and in the field, was performed by slaves. They were a kind of public property, and subject to insult and abuse from every citizen in the state.

"It was the policy of the Grecians, as it has been of all slave-masters, to keep the slaves at a very great distance; to instil into them a mean opinion of themselves; to extinguish, if possible, every spark of generosity and manhood; to withhold from them the blessings of education; to accustom them to blows and stripes, hard labour, and want. Even friendship among themselves was discountenanced, lest they should excite each other to rebellion. It was accounted an insufferable piece of impudence for a slave to imitate a freeman in dress or behaviour. Even their hair was cut in a particular form to distinguish them from their masters; and the coat of a slave was only allowed to have one sleeve. They were denied the means of knowledge, and then reproached with being rude and ignorant; so that it was a phrase of reproach commonly applied to a stupid person, 'You are as ignorant as a slave.' In spite, however, of these cruel efforts to crush the spirit of man, and retain it in servile ignorance, there were some who rose superior to their difficulties, and proved that nobility of soul and greatness of understanding are not confined to any rank or quality. *Æsop*, the celebrated fabulist, *Alcman*, the poet, and *Epictetus*, the famous moralist, were all Grecian slaves.

"Slaves were neither permitted to plead for themselves, nor to be witnesses in any cause; yet, if they were suspected of being privy to any secret transaction, it was customary to extort confession from them by torture; and, because these tortures were often so violent as to occasion the death of the slave, or disab- him from being serviceable to his mas-

ter, the party requiring a slave for this end was obliged to give security to the master, sufficient to compensate for the loss of his slave. Thus, the suffering, dying slave, was not regarded as the injured party, but the master, from the loss of his services."—pp. 32, 33.

These slaves were so numerous as to be objects of fear to their masters; and measures, alike cowardly and cruel, were adopted from time to time, to diminish their numbers. It was common for the Spartan youth to arm themselves with daggers, and go into the country around the city, and waylay and murder the Helots whom they found abroad in the night-time. And if at any time a Helot indicated by his deportment or disposition to rise above his condition, a summary mode was speedily resorted to of dispatching him, and so relieve the state of the danger. At one time we are informed that some hundreds of the most intelligent Helots were massacred, after having been crowned with garlands in the mockery of triumph. They were not permitted to partake in any exercise or duty which was considered merry or honourable; and that they might not for a moment forget their condition, they were subjected, we are told, to the lash every day, together with many other indignities:—

"A slave was not permitted to be called by any name that was in use among citizens, or by any name connected with what was at all considered great and noble. It was recommended to give slaves and dogs short names, that they might be the more quickly pronounced. Hence, if slaves by any means recovered their freedom, it was common to change their names for others that had more syllables, or an additional name was assumed in some way connected with the place, author, or circumstances of their liberation.

"Above all things, especial care was taken that slaves should not bear arms; and this precaution was not without reason, since the number of slaves in Greece was nearly twenty times that of free citizens. The only wonder is, that they did not revolt and subdue their oppressors; but it is a proof how far the policy of tyranny had succeeded in crushing the native spirit of freedom. On some occasions, however, when the state was in extreme danger, some of the slaves were armed in defence of their masters and themselves, and were successful. Some efforts were made by the slaves in different places, when opportunity presented, or some insufferable oppression roused them, to recover their liberty, sometimes almost to the utter subversion of the country, and at others to the destruction of the slaves. In Attica, not less than a million of slaves perished in the attempt. Sometimes, in war, the slaves deserted to the enemy, hoping, in some degree, to better their condition, which could scarcely be rendered worse. If taken, they were made to pay dearly for their desire of freedom, being bound fast to a wheel, or a pillar, and unmercifully beaten with whips, sometimes even to death. It was customary, also, by way of punishment, to brand or mutilate slaves; sometimes the part offending, as the hand for theft, or the tongue for offensive speaking; but, generally, upon the forehead, where it was most visible. Some-

times they were thus branded, not as a punishment for crime, but merely as a mark to distinguish them, in case they should desert their masters. Working in mills was a common punishment for slaves. This labour was very fatiguing; the present easy methods of grinding were unknown, and the grain was beaten to meal between two heavy stones worked with the hand. This was, no doubt, usually performed by slaves; but, in an ordinary way, lightened by a frequent change of hands. The punishment, in all probability, consisted in being kept constantly to this excessive toil, and other cruelties were practised upon them to render it the more intolerable."—pp. 34—36.

For any insult and injury, however cruel and gross, they were without any legal redress; and while in some of the Grecian states, a slave upon being too roughly treated by his master, could insist upon being sold to another, the Helot of Sparta had not even this poor relief. We are in the habit of speaking and thinking of the period when Grecian liberty prevailed in the Grecian republics, as a golden age in the history of man. But while many of her free citizens were indeed among the bravest, the noblest, and the wisest the world has ever seen, there was a vast population scattered through her cities and agricultural districts, more degraded than the slaves of the West Indies in our own time. The gallant and immortal band who fought and died for liberty at Thermopylæ, had been themselves the cruel and uncompromising taskmasters of abject and degraded slaves at home.

The condition of the slaves at Athens was somewhat better than the Helot of Sparta. The laws, however, in regard to them were always extremely severe, and some of them would strike any one at this day as exceedingly unreasonable and cruel; yet they nevertheless were the most lenient of any throughout the whole Grecian states.

"The slaves at Athens were treated with more humanity than in most other places. If grievously oppressed, they were allowed to flee for sanctuary to the Temple of Theseus, whence to force them was an act of sacrilege. If they had been barbarously treated, they might commence a suit against their masters; and, if it appeared that their complaint was reasonable and just, the master was obliged to sell his slave, and give him the chance of finding a better master. If injured by other persons, not their masters, slaves were allowed to proceed by a course of law. They were also allowed more freedom in conversation among themselves, and permitted to enjoy many of the ordinary pleasures of life; and, moreover, were solaced with the hope of one day regaining their liberty. They were permitted to acquire property and hold estates, only paying to their masters a small annual tribute; and if, by their industry and frugality, they acquired a sufficient sum to purchase their ransom, their masters had no power to hinder them from so doing. In some instances, the diligence and fidelity of the slave was rewarded by the generosity of the master in the free bestowment of liberty; and, on several occasions, when slaves by their courage and constancy rendered essential service to the state, they were uniformly rewarded with liberty.

and generally advanced to considerable dignity and reputation ; though such as obtained their liberty by purchase, or by favour of an individual, were rarely advanced to the rank of citizens, or, at best, had to endure much dislike and opposition,"—pp. 36, 37.

When we turn to Rome, the picture of slavery is somewhat changed, but can hardly be said to be much improved, especially in the earlier part of her history. Even while claiming to be a free republic—while her citizens challenged privileges which proud and independent freemen only could claim, slavery existed in Rome, and was recognized and regulated by her laws. After its first introduction, it was principally sustained and perpetuated by means of captives taken in war, by the sale of debtors who were unable to satisfy the claims of their creditors, and by the issue of the slaves themselves. The number of this class in the empire was, at some periods of the Roman history, truly astonishing. In the time of Claudius, while there were twenty millions of citizens and forty millions of provincials, there were sixty millions of slaves. In the time of Augustus, an African widow left four hundred slaves at her death. A freedman left thirty-six hundred yokes of oxen, two hundred and fifty thousand smaller cattle, and four thousand one hundred and sixteen slaves. It is stated by Pliny, according to Gibbon, that he had known many persons who owned from ten to twenty thousand slaves. They were chiefly barbarians, taken in the wars which Rome was so constantly carrying on, and must have been purchased at a comparatively inconsiderable price.

The prices of slaves, however, varied according to their capacity of being useful, or able to minister to the pleasures of their masters. Some of them were taught the arts, some were tradesmen, and some of them physicians, and notaries or public writers. In the Justinian code, there was a scale or price current, regulating the value of slaves, whenever a price was to be judicially fixed upon that kind of property. A physician was estimated as worth about three times as much as a common servant.

The prices of slaves, as given by Blair, a recent writer upon this subject, varied from those fixed by the legal standard. Thus, a fool was sold for 16*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* The cook of Apicius, so famous in the history of gourmands, was estimated at 772*l.* Sabinus paid 817*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* each for *learned* slaves ; and a distinguished actor was estimated, in one instance, at 1614*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*

The control of masters over their slaves was, for a long time, absolute and complete, even to the inflicting of capital punishments without trial or appeal. In a later period of their history, the latter power was conferred upon the magistrates.

"It was not lawful for free-born Roman citizens to sell themselves for slaves. Much less was it allowed for any other person to sell freemen. Fathers might, indeed, sell their children to slavery, and insolvent debtors

were sometimes given up to their creditors; but their state was not that of absolute slavery, and, if freed from it, they could be reinstated in their former privileges; but if any allowed themselves to be sold, for the sake of sharing the price, they were condemned to remain in perpetual slavery.

"4. The children of female slaves became the property of the master. No regular marriage was allowed among slaves, but they were encouraged to live in promiscuous intercourse, and their wretched children inherited, together with their degraded births, the bitterness of slavery. In after ages, when the marriage of slaves was acknowledged, they were not allowed to marry without the permission and consent of their masters. The master of a family was called lord, or tyrant.

"Slaves not only did all kinds of domestic services, but were likewise employed in various trades and manufactures, and some were instructed in literature and the fine arts. These usually sold at a great price: a learned slave sometimes sold for several hundred pounds, though the price of a common slave was as low as four drachmas, about three shillings of our money. One can scarcely forbear smiling to read of a physician-slave, a surgeon-slave, a schoolmaster-slave, a grammarian-slave, a scribe-slave, &c. for thus they were commonly distinguished, according to their several employments. Is it not almost incredible that it should be possible to enslave and constrain the services of persons of liberal acquirements? yet we have abundant evidence that such was really the case. Indeed, it has been observed that the slaves of antiquity were often more learned and more polished than their masters. The Romans were instructed in science and the fine arts by their Grecian captives, and, generally speaking, the more polished nations have fallen under the yoke of less civilized enemies. The conquerors were mere barbarians, in point of intellect and civilization, in comparison with the nations they vanquished, and even of the slaves they found in those conquered countries. What a reflection on the modern abettors of slavery!

"Among the Romans, masters had an absolute power over their slaves. They might scourge or put them to death at pleasure; indeed, prisoners of war were sometimes saved from the edge of the sword, only to shed their blood in the amphitheatre, where, for the brutal amusement of spectators, they were compelled to fight with each other as gladiators, or to contend with wild beasts. In a battle with the ancient Saxons, many were reserved for the purpose; and an orator bitterly complained 'that twenty-nine of these desperate savages, by strangling themselves with their own hands, had disappointed the public of the amusement.' The lash was the common punishment; but sometimes the slaves were branded in the forehead, and sometimes were forced to carry a piece of wood round their necks wherever they went. When slaves had suffered any of these punishments, they were ever afterwards subjected to a name that perpetuated them as 'the beaten,' 'the branded or stigmatized,' &c. When beaten, they were suspended, with a weight tied to their feet, so that they could not move or resist. By way of terror, a thong or lash, made of leather, was commonly hung in sight of the slaves. Another mode of punishment was to shut them up in a workhouse or bridewell, under ground, where they were obliged to work a mill for grinding corn."—pp. 40—42.

The laws, however, in regard to slaves, were at all times extremely severe; though, towards the latter part of her history, we find them somewhat mitigated. Thus, if a master was murdered in his house, all his slaves under the same roof, or within hearing of the house, were condemned and punished as murderers. In one instance recorded in history, four hundred slaves in one palace were executed for not preventing their master's murder. If a man was murdered on a journey, all the slaves who were with him were put to death, nor did it make any difference though their innocence was proved.

"If a master of a family was slain in his own house, and the murderer not discovered, all his domestic slaves were liable to be put to death. It is on record that, on one such occasion, no less than four hundred slaves were put to death. The number of slaves was immense. Some rich individuals possessed, not for use, but ostentation, ten thousand and even twenty thousand slaves."—p. 42.

If a slave was cruelly treated by his master, he might, at some periods of the Roman history, insist upon being sold to another master. The process of manumitting slaves was easy, and frequently adopted. Many of the richest men in Rome were freedmen. But a freed-man had no right to civil or military honours, nor was he considered as worthy of a seat in the senate. The stain of ignoble birth was not obliterated until the third or fourth generation.

"When a slave was freed by the voluntary act of his master, or redeemed from slavery by the benevolence of another person, he was called the freed man of such an one, and the patron retained various rights over him. If the patron was reduced to poverty, the freed man was bound, in the same manner as a son, to support him, according to his ability. The patron, also, was expected to support his freed man, if poor; and if he failed to do this, was deprived of the rights of patronage. If a freed man died intestate, without heirs, the patron succeeded to his effects. If a freed man proved ungrateful to his patron, he was condemned to the mines, or at least reduced to his former condition of slavery."—pp. 45, 46.

The condition of the slaves in Rome varied, as we have already stated, from time to time; but slavery, in one form or another, existed and was recognized by law, till Rome herself fell a prey to the hordes of her invaders, and slavery assumed the form and character which it wore among the barbarians of Germany and the north of Europe.

Among the German nations, during the early ages, slaves were extremely numerous. They consisted of captives taken in war, insolvent debtors sold for the payment of their debts, or persons who had sold themselves. It was not thought proper for a creditor to hold his debtor in bondage, and the insolvent, therefore, was sold to some other person than his creditor. These nations were, also, so extravagantly fond of gaming, that they were often willing to

stake their liberty upon the chance of a game, and go into perpetual bondage, if the fortune of the play was against them.

In times of famine, also, people often sold themselves to obtain the means of support; and during the most turbulent periods of the dark ages, most of the small landed proprietors were compelled to submit themselves as slaves to some neighbouring powerful lord, in order to obtain protection from the rapacity of lawless marauders. Many voluntarily submitted themselves as slaves and vassals of monasteries and the church, partly for protection, and partly from motives of superstition and reverence for the papal institutions. In these several ways, the slaves became by far the most numerous class in the community, and about A. D. 1000, whole towns were filled with them.

In the early stages of German history, after the fall of the Roman empire, slaves were literally destitute of every civil right or privilege. They belonged to their masters, and could be sold like any other property, at his pleasure. If a master killed his slave, the act was not punishable as an offence, because the slave was not considered as a member of political society. Slaves were not permitted to marry, even for some centuries after these nations were converted to Christianity. They were distinguished by their dress, and while it was common for freemen to wear their hair long, slaves were obliged to have their heads shaved. They were not admitted as witnesses in court against freemen.

They were principally employed in the labours of husbandry, and were early called, from "*villa*," signifying among other things a *farm*, "*villains*." They were lodged *en masse* in their master's castle; and when we consider how destitute of comfort at that day were even the palaces of kings, it must be apparent that the slaves were in but few, if in any respects, in a better condition than the cattle that are owned and fed upon our farms at this day.

This may be considered as the earliest stage of slavery among the feudal nations in Europe. From being thus bought, sold, fed, and lodged like beasts of burden, they at length were permitted to occupy cottages, with some small portions of land connected therewith, upon which they were allowed to labour during the intervals of their employment in their master's service. They thus became so far connected with the soil upon which they laboured, that their masters ceased to have a right to sell them separate from it. But nevertheless they passed with the soil, whenever it was sold, as a part of the inheritance, nor could they, at this stage of their history, acquire or hold any property as their own.

The next step in the progress of the liberty of the working classes, was the giving to the occupants of the land an interest in its products, and permitting them to pay a fixed sum annually as rent for the same to the lord of the manor. All these stages were passed

through, before the labouring classes in England, or on the continent, were permitted to acquire any right or interest as freeholders in the soil. As lately as the twelfth century, a master could punish his slave capitally, without any trial; and even after that time the life of a slave was atoned for by a trifling fine. Charlemagne increased the fine for murdering a slave belonging to the crown lands, from forty-five to one hundred *solidi*. If any one put another's slave to torture, so that he died, he was by law obliged to pay to the owner of the murdered slave, two slaves in his stead, if such slave was innocent of the offence for which he underwent torture.

While Venice was growing rich from the commerce of the East, she purchased Asiatic luxuries by supplying the slave markets of the Saracens with slaves, whom the Venetians pretended to purchase of their heathen neighbours—it being then, as since, thought to be a sufficient reason for making a man a slave, that he was a heathen. This traffic continued till the close of the eleventh century.

It will be remembered, that the slaves of Germany and the rest of Europe were not guilty of being of a darker hue than their masters. They were often either of the same flesh and blood of their lordly tyrants, or the descendants of the more polished and effeminate nations of the south of Europe, whom their masters had conquered. And many a lord and noble of this day, could he trace his pedigree back to this early period, would doubtless find among his ancestors more than one abject slave of a feudal master.

We have some account, in the work under notice, of the way in which slavery was gradually abolished in England—part of which we quote.

“In the year 696, Withred, king of Kent, decreed, that if a master gave freedom to his slave at the altar, his family also should be free; he should take his liberty and have his goods. At a general synod, in the year 816, it was provided, that, at the death of a bishop, every Englishman of his who had been made a slave in his days, should be set at liberty, and that every prelate and abbot should set at liberty three slaves, and give them three shillings each.”—p. 79.

The Saxons, who conquered England and ruled over it for so many years, were a German nation, with German customs and institutions, and like their countrymen, they recognized the lawfulness of slavery. It is stated by Hume that the slaves constituted the greater portion of the population of England during the Saxon government. The wars between the different parts of the kingdom, while it was a heptarchy, and the invasions and wars of the Danes, may have contributed to this multiplication of their numbers.

The conquest of England by the Normans took place in 1066;

and we are told by historians that before this time it was common for the English to sell their own children as slaves to the Irish, and that this traffic continued until the reign of Henry II., when the Irish, in a national synod, agreed to emancipate their English slaves. We may here quote the language of William of Malmesbury, a writer of that day, upon this subject. "Directly opposite the Irish coast, there is a sea-port town called Bristol, the inhabitants of which frequently sail into Ireland to sell their people, whom they had bought up throughout all England. There you might see, with grief, fastened together by ropes, whole rows of wretched beings of both sexes, of elegant forms and in the very bloom of youth, a sight sufficient to excite pity even in barbarians, daily offered for sale to the first purchaser. Accursed deed! Infamous disgrace! that men, acting in a manner which brutal instinct alone would have forbidden, should sell into slavery their relations, nay, even their own offspring."

The reader cannot fail to remark the striking resemblance that existed between the commerce and traffic pursued by this "sea-port town," in the twelfth and afterwards in the eighteenth century, when the African slave trade had taken the place of the English.

The feudal system was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, and in the course of a few years prevailed through the kingdom. The Saxons were treated with great indignity by their conquerors, and the condition of the slaves was in no respect mitigated.

Whoever has read (and who has not?) the inimitable tale of Walter Scott, "Ivanhoe," will recal, at once, the description of the garb and appearance of one of the Saxon slaves, which is given in the first chapter of that work. Among other marks which distinguished his condition, was a brass ring, or collar, like the collars now worn by dogs, soldered fast about his neck, upon which were inscribed his name and the name of his *owner*. This refers to the condition of English society at the close of the twelfth century, and serves better than any general description could do, to indicate the depth of degradation and the severity of the bondage to which the lower classes were then reduced.

Traces of this state of society are now discernible in many of the provisions of the English law—especially in relation to the *tenures* by which estates are held; but it cannot be necessary for our present purpose even to attempt a sketch or outline of the changes which successively took place, before the present state of English freedom was attained.

By the middle of the fourteenth century the slaves, or villains of England, were become free labourers, and the distinction of names was virtually abolished by the time of Elizabeth, although until then, that condition called *predial servitude* existed in England.

Various causes conspired to bring about these changes in the condition of the people of this country, and among these it is said that the masters found by experience, as we believe all slave-holders must, that it was more profitable to receive rents for their lands in money, than to require the labour of their tenants in return for the expense of supporting them as slaves. It was first in towns and among artisans and manufacturers, that this change in the mode of paying rent for houses and lands was adopted, and it eventually became universal through the kingdom.

In some parts of Europe slavery disappeared earlier, and in others later, than in England. In Italy it had declined by the eleventh or twelfth century, and in the fifteenth, had disappeared altogether. In many of the states of Germany, the peasantry had gained their freedom before the end of the thirteenth century. In France the slaves upon the royal domains were liberated by a decree of Louis X., in 1315. But servitude of certain descriptions was not wholly discontinued there until the revolution of 1793; for until that time the peasantry in some parts of the kingdom were taxed at pleasure by the lord of the manor on which they resided. In other places, the peasantry could not leave their habitations without being liable to be pursued and taken by their lords like fugitive slaves; while in some districts the lord succeeded upon the death of his vassal to his whole estate, in exclusion of his kindred. Dreadful as was the storm of that revolution, it swept away these relics of a barbarous age, and left a soil for the growth of civil liberty.

In Prussia villanage was not abolished till 1739. In Bohemia and Moravia it was abolished in 1783, and in Baden in 1785. It still continues in some portions of Russia, in its most offensive form, though we are not prepared, nor is it necessary for our purpose, to show the number or condition of the serfs in that empire.

We have now passed over in review the whole state of slavery as it existed at various periods in the history of the world, and brought it down to the time when the African slave trade began; upon which subject, as well as the means used to abolish the horrible practice, we must refer our reader to the work itself; which, however, is very imperfectly executed, and does the authoress no credit as an impartial compiler.

ART. V.—*Notes of a Visit to some Parts of Haïti, Jan. Feb. 1835.*

By the REV. S. W. HANNA, Island Curate of St. George's, Jamaica.
London: Seeley & Co. 1836.

EVERY ordinarily informed person has a general idea of the history of Haiti, or St. Domingo, the French name of the island. But few possess a correct measure of information as regards its present condition, or the precise and real steps by which it has arrived at

this state ; for prejudice and party-spirit upon slavery have so darkened or warped men's minds, that candour and care have been seldom extended so far as to collect and look at the true facts of the case. And yet at this particular epoch in the history of our West India colonies, when a great and momentous experiment is making, regarding which there is still much diversity of opinion, a full and correct knowledge of Haiti, in which a freed coloured and black population have for several years been engaged in self-regulation, would undoubtedly throw a valuable light upon the disputed points in question, as respects British interests, and offer rich suggestions for the consideration of our statesmen and philanthropists in behalf of the West India apprentices.

It is not to be expected that Mr. Hanna's Notes, which were taken during a visit to Haiti, that did not extend beyond one month, can afford very multifarious facts, or profound views respecting the actual condition of the island, or suggest, without farther inquiry, rules that can be with safety analogically applied to our West India Colonies. But the unpretending little volume has this valuable quality, that it narrates facts, just as they fell under the author's observation, and with perfect impartiality. It is left to every one to draw what deductions he pleases from the narrative ; and deductions will be drawn, as they are entitled to be, of no small value, even from such meagre facts ; for some of them are as significant as any finger-post or weather-sign can be. Nor, do we suppose that we can weaken the authority of the reverend gentleman, nor exhibit a different inference from the whole narrative, than what every candid mind will come to, if we even so early as this in the analysis of these notes, introduce his own conclusions. They are in these words : " On a careful review of all that I have witnessed during my visit to Haiti, the following are the general impressions left upon my mind. I shall note them in a very few words. The country is one of the richest and most beautiful under the sun. The people, from a variety of unhappy circumstances concurring, are in a low state of civilization, but they are a well-disposed, quiet people, very kind and very hospitable, and capable of as great advances in every moral and intellectual attainment as any I am acquainted with."

Mr. Hanna informs us that on the 8th of January 1835, he left Jamaica, along with Captain Owen of His Majesty's ship the *Thunder*, for Haiti. The captain went for the purpose of surveying a portion of the southern coast of the island, and the author for the sake of his health, after a protracted indisposition ; but although his journal during this excursion was necessarily hasty, and kept by starts, we venture to say, that he never employed a month more efficiently for the benefit of his fellow creatures than that in which it was his pastime to take notes of all that most deeply interested

him in St. Domingo. We pass over a clear and impartial sketch of the history of the island in question, that has been very properly prefixed to the notes, by which every person may obtain a general knowledge of the revolutions to which it has been exposed, and be able to construe and apply with a satisfactory understanding, the circumstances in its present situation which the author has described.

On the 13th of January, one of the Thunder's boats landed at a small village, about twenty-three miles eastward of Cape Tiburon, the author being one of the party. They met with very civil treatment from several persons, both male and female, who "were far better clothed than the negroes of Jamaica on working days." After the party embarked, a number of stones of a considerable size, some of them one or two pounds' weight, were thrown from a height at the boat, and might have inflicted severe wounds. The boats' crew however, soon pulled out of their reach; but there was this excuse for the aggressors, that they were not of the party with which the visitors had had communication, and might be ignorant who they were; the people also live at present in great dread of the French, and may have thought that the unceremonious visit of the boat, from a war-ship within half-a-mile of the shore, confirmed their fears, and authorized their rude assault. The author considerably and charitably adds, but "be this as it may, they have suffered so much from white men in times past, that it is no wonder they dread their approach." There is another remark used soon after, that ought ever to be borne in mind—"Statements made by foreigners respecting the habits and character of this people must be received with caution. Too many of them appear to be tainted with that unjust prejudice against the negroes and all related to them, that distinguishes and disgraces most of the whites of Jamaica." Many such judicious observations find their way into Mr. Hanna's journal, soon putting the unprejudiced reader upon the best terms with him; and the following sentences will afford to many also a favourable idea of Captain Owen and his Lieutenant. "It is very pleasing to me to be with Captain Owen and my excellent kind friend Lieutenant Allen, with whom I read the Scriptures every day. Captain Owen pays much attention to his crew in these matters." Having now made our readers somewhat acquainted with the characters of the visitors, we proceed to a more particular familiarity with the people of Haiti.

"About half-past four, we landed at a wharf at Cayes. The appearance of this town, as we approach it from the sea, is not unlike the western part of Kingston (Jamaica), the neighbourhood of the Leeward wharfs. In the harbour we saw three or four square-rigged vessels, French and American. We saw also a number of boats, scattered in various directions over the surface of the harbour. The crew of one of

these, consisting entirely of blacks, called aloud as we passed them, 'English man-of-war coming in;'—this sentence being, I presume, the utmost extent of their knowledge of the language. The wharf was crowded with black and coloured men, 'pour voir les étrangers.' They were very polite to us, and many of them were well, most of them comfortably dressed—there being nothing like rags or nakedness. A large proportion of them appeared to be soldiers. We walked from the wharf, first along a street running parallel with the water's edge, and then up the principal street of the town to the governor's or commandant's house. A black officer accompanied us as our guide. The main street is very good and wide, consisting of large wooden houses, displaying no wealth or luxury certainly, but no deficiency of neatness, and even respectability. In the lower stories of these houses were shops, with every kind of dry goods exposed for sale, chiefly printed cottons, muslins and silks, of gaudy colours. The 'marchandes' were negro and coloured women, many of whom were splendidly attired, so far at least as rich colours, and lace, and silk, and dazzling yellow head-dresses, and sky-blue shoes could constitute splendour. At some of these shops I inquired the prices of various articles; though I bought nothing, I found the people every where obliging and polite.

"As we crossed another street, a black man in military uniform called aloud to the one who accompanied us, and demanded who we were. Our companion replied, 'People from a man-of-war.'—'Of what nation?' was the next demand. 'English,' it was answered. 'Then,' rejoined the first speaker, 'you may proceed.' The officer who made these inquiries, was, we were informed, 'the captain of the port.' On our arrival at the commandant's, we found outside a guard of honour, consisting of very unmilitary looking soldiers, in blue uniforms—their caps covered with a quantity of red cotton or woollen net-work, and tassels. They were for the most part seated on chairs and long benches. There was no sentry promenading. We were introduced to the general immediately on our arrival. His name is Borgella. He politely pointed to chairs and asked us to be seated. He is almost white; indeed I should have taken him for a white man had I not known to the contrary. He is advanced in years, and corpulent. The apartment was well furnished, though its contents were rather showy than really valuable. There was a very beautiful French 'pendule' upon a mantel-piece. Suspended against the walls were several prints of Napoleon, not ill-executed. In the ante-room also we were shewn by the general, a portrait of Columbus executed by one of the old masters. This picture, the general told us, he had found at the city of San Domingo, on his first assumption of the government of that place. It had been but lately returned to him from France, whither he had sent it to have it copied and engraved."—pp. 8—12.

Captain Owen had letters from the secretary to the president of Haïti, authorizing his survey, and offering every assistance which the government could render, which, of course, served to secure the attention that continued to be bestowed upon the surveying party; nor did General Borgella fail, on being informed of the treatment

they had received at the place where they were pelted with stones, to assure them that steps should be taken to prevent the repetition of such an outrage.

The author held various conversations with several of the natives, both soldiers and civilians; and he says they were in general intelligent, and in many points of interest, in the every-day affairs of life, by no means ill-informed. They felt great anxiety respecting a French squadron which was known to be cruising in the neighbouring seas, fearing a hostile visit from that nation. It is to be borne in mind, that according to an arrangement entered into with Charles X., France, upon the payment of one hundred and fifty millions of francs, in five annual instalments, on the part of the Haitian government, stipulated to resign all pretensions to the island, and to acknowledge its independence. But although ten years have since then elapsed, only a small portion of the debt has been liquidated. Yet, we are not aware that France has meditated any intention of a warlike enforcement of the terms of the bargain, although the natives seem to live in dread of such an appeal.

The author learned from a Mr. Towing, an English gentleman, who lives near Cayes, that scarcely any sugar was made in the country, and that it was in a very depressed state. The chief export is coffee. There is also a considerable quantity of mahogany shipped from some parts of the island. We find a number of very expressive national traits set down in these pages. For example—

“Yesterday evening our host, Mr. Roberts, informed us, (and his prejudices are so manifestly against the people, that his testimony on this head is the more valuable), that people may travel in perfect safety through the country with the largest sums of money. His language was, ‘I could go from hence to Port au Prince, three days’ journey across the mountains, with a thousand dollars, without fearing the slightest molestation, though the means of travelling, as well as the roads, are very indiffer-ent.’

“Dr. Daglish, the physician, who dined with us yesterday (I believe he is an inmate of the house), is fond of fowling—yesterday he shot three or four brace of snipes—one of the birds was claimed by a black or coloured person, also engaged in the same employment. Dr. Daglish, who really shot the snipe, immediately said, ‘Oh, you shot it, did you: then put it in your bag, and say no more about it.’ All the gentlemen present concurred in saying that thus you must deal with the Haitians. ‘When they show a disposition to oppress (which is, however, but seldom), it is wisdom to yield, for your head is in the lion’s mouth, and there is not sufficient firmness and impartiality among the authorities of the country, to afford protection.’

“The whites are, in some respects, a proscribed race. No white man is permitted to possess property in lands or houses in this country. This is the positive law of the land. I have further been informed, though I could not assure myself of the fact, that no coloured woman can marry a white man, without forfeiting her privilege of citizenship.

"The executions of criminals, though infrequent, are conducted in a very barbarous manner. The mode of putting to death is by shooting. The culprit is placed at a considerable distance from the soldiers, and literally made a target for their practice. A man is to be shot at this place to-morrow, for maliciously setting fire to a dwelling-house. These particulars respecting executions I had from Mr. Roberts and Dr. Daglish, and I have no reason to question their correctness."—pp. 17—20.

The state of the people of Cayes, in a moral point of view, is stated to be of the most lamentable description. In this respect, Mr. Hanna says, the island is even worse than Jamaica. There is no ecclesiastical head in the country. Cayes, which is considered to be the government of second importance in Haiti, has a public school for the children of military officers, but very few attend it. The town of Jacmel, compared with Cayes, appears to considerable advantage. Though the streets and roads are perfectly horrid, the cleanliness of the houses is remarkable. The shops are neatly, often elegantly arranged and well stocked—some with provisions, others with various kinds of dry goods. Perfumery appears to be in much repute. Mr. Hanna found the people of Jacmel quiet, civil, and even obliging, resembling the French in their efforts to understand and set at ease a stranger. Both men and women every where were singularly modest in their apparel; and nothing at all like the shameless exposure of person, constantly to be seen in Jamaica, did the author witness. The lowest classes were well and decently clad; the higher, of course, were still more remarkably so. The women, who are fond of dress, as almost every where else, have a great fancy for gay and gaudy colours.

One third part, at least, of the people appear to be soldiers, ill-armed and accoutred; their uniform of faded blue, frequently ragged, and their firelocks in bad repair. The appearance of the military is sufficiently grotesque, according to the author's description, and their discipline anomalous.

"Riding into the country early this morning, I met not far from town, a trooper, accoutred with blue jacket, military cap, &c. mounted upon no nobler animal than an ass. His holsters and pistols were regularly strapped into their proper place, 'en avant de la selle.'

"A little farther on I encountered another, galloping lustily upon a pony a very little larger than his rider. This last was most gallantly equipped with a new trooping saddle, and immense scarlet saddle-cloth with bright yellow binding, covering two-thirds of the charger's back and sides. The man's feet almost touched the ground;—his steed was indeed but a span higher than the before-mentioned donkey. His holsters, which were covered with leopard-skin, quite hid the creature's shoulders, and no small portion of its fore legs. As the warrior hastened past, he condescendingly vouchsafed me a military salute, bowing 'even to his saddle-bow.' Both this and the first whom I met, were black men; the one a private soldier, the other an officer of rank.

"This evening I rode to the open space in front of the President's house, and witnessed a military display. The troops performed various evolutions in, as it appeared to me, rather a disorderly manner. On the whole they certainly did no better than the militia of Jamaica at a monthly muster, and this, I conceive, is bad enough. Yet the people of this country are a nation of soldiers. I have remarked already that one third—I might have said two thirds—are soldiers; but what can be expected of troops, when the very sentries on guard sit in chairs, with their muskets laid across their knees or resting against the seat? This is the universal practice: chairs are regularly placed for the sentries.

"The troops whose exercises I witnessed this evening were no better appointed than those I had seen on former occasions: their dress and accoutrements were in the most shabby condition—many were slipshod—some wore buff slippers, and there were even some without either shoe or slipper. The band was, though far from good, better than might have been anticipated from the appearance of those who manœuvred in the ranks.

"The soldiers whom I saw on parade yesterday, perfectly accorded with my first notice of their equipment and discipline. The officers are better appointed, but with frequent exceptions. One amused me: he was a little old negro man, perhaps sixty years of age, and with the most striking features of the African fully developed in his countenance. His height perhaps five feet two or three inches—certainly not more. He wore an old cocked hat, beneath the edge of which protruded the everlasting Madras kerchief bound round his head. His blue coat and trousers were fast exchanging their primitive colour for one approaching to that of soot: his sword was of the rapier species, and one of the most slender of its kind, and sundry rents in the scabbard afforded partial glimpses of the rusty blade. He had also on one shoulder a tufted mass of worsted, which, to quote a phrase current among naval officers, 'did duty' for an epaulette. He was in command of a portion of the troops stationed just before me. Several marchings and counter-marchings took place, all of an ordinary character—certainly displaying little military adroitness.

The General, who rode an ambling pony in the middle of the square, soon took leave, and as he passed along the lines the trumpets were blown, the drums beat, (the Haitians are excellent drummers, and no wonder, since they practise from morning till night,) and the soldiers ported or presented arms—I forget the proper term.

"Apropos to the little old officer. I have often seen just such another person in the exalted situation of watchman at a cane-piece corner in Jamaica, seated in rags and wretchedness before *the principal hole* of an old trash-roofed hut, and engaged in cooking that delectable Negro delicacy, a cane-piece rat. The contrast between the circumstances of the present individual and those of *his double* in Jamaica was exceedingly whimsical—the more so as the two may be separated by a distance of 200 or 250 miles, not more. Let any one imagine the meeting of these persons—a dialogue between them—the mutual communication of their history, experience, &c.

"Things in this country have quite a *tipsy lurry*, or a *tipsy* appear-

ance, at least in the eyes of foreigners. It reminds one of Teniers' temptation of St. Anthony, in which every thing wears a wrong aspect, or has got into a wrong place. Here are to be seen officers in magnificent uniforms and deep borders of gold lace associated with officers in shabby old blue coats, such as no one but a beggar would wear in England, with appointments of every kind corresponding ;—troopers with scarlet saddle-cloths and leopard-skin-covered holsters, mounted upon asses—military characters filling civil stations, and exercising the functions of civilians, ex. gr. generals holding the offices of judges of the law courts, and officers of the customs—harbour-masters, colonels in the army—white foreigners engaged in extensive commercial transactions, and living in the most affluent circumstances, in houses which belong (by the law of the land) not to them, but to their reputed wives—and blacks generally where, everywhere else, one is used to see whites."—pp. 37, 38, 56, 57, 71—74, 96, 97.

In referring to Mr. Mackenzie's work on Haiti, a gentleman of education and colour, who was sent out by Mr. Canning to fill the office of Consul General in the island, Mr. Hanna says, that much is omitted in it that might have been said in favour of the people—its partiality and misrepresentation consisting, not in telling what is false, but in withholding the whole truth. A Mr. Frith, whose experience in the island is of longer standing than a quarter of a century, expressed to the author the same opinion of Mackenzie's work. We can also readily credit the statement, that most of the European protestant residents in Haiti are, in a moral point of view, still lower than the natives.

Many of the people have most ridiculous names, either conferred upon them or their ancestors, in derision, by the French, or the fruits of their own whimsical choice ; such as " Francis Monkey," who may be the progenitor, and his name the patronymic of heroes, statesmen, and philosophers ; and yet, could we trace the origin of some appellatives among ourselves, perhaps the sentiment conveyed would not be more flattering or honourable. Many singularities belong to the Haitians, some of them worthy of imitation perhaps by more enlightened nations, others to be reprobated everywhere. For example, laws are proclaimed by a drummer perambulating the streets, whether these be local or general, police regulations, or legislative enactments. It is customary too to hold the assizes only when a jail is full of prisoners ; an oppressive measure to those who may be innocent, or slightly guilty.

As to the population of the island, the author received contradictory statements. By the government census, it amounts to one million ; but General Borgella, who is perhaps the most intelligent of the officials in the country, is said to estimate the number at seven hundred and fifty thousand. With this functionary the author and his party had a second interview, some time after the first, and though his bearing on the former occasion was polite, it was re-

served and ceremonious ; but at the second interview it was cordial and warm, Captain Owen's visit perhaps being now more justly understood. Very many notices are to be found of the island and the people, which show that there is a foundation in Haiti for the most sanguine hopes, and the most valuable fruits, morally and intellectually considered ; nor can we look upon the following anecdote of Borgella, without confirmed good opinions of the capacities of the race to which he belongs, and of the island where he is an example and a ruler.

"I am happy to have it in my power to adorn my pages with the following pleasing anecdote of General Borgella.—In February, 1812, Sir James Yeo, then commanding the Southampton, captured a large Haitian frigate filled with soldiers, which he carried into Port Royal, Jamaica. This frigate belonged to Borgella and his adherents, and had been taken by them from Christophe the black tyrant—she had a regiment on board, which she was engaged in transporting from one part of the island to another.—Borgella himself was absent from the place where his command lay when the news of the capture was bruited ashore. As the slaughter on board the Haitian frigate had been very great, the fury of Borgella's party was excited to the utmost. They seized the English residents, and marched them to an open space of ground, intending to put them to death forthwith. It is even said that cartridges had been delivered to the troops who were to shoot them. A dispute however took place among the officers, respecting some point of etiquette, and the delay resulting occasioned a reprieve to the hapless foreigners. At this juncture Borgella arrived, and his very first act was to order *the instant liberation of the English and the restoration of their property*. He knew that they had not been parties to Sir James Yeo's proceeding, and he was too upright and too humane to permit them to suffer for the guilt of another. Such was the conduct of a native of Haiti, a descendant of the maltreated and much-abused Africans. All that I have heard of this chief has been to his advantage—every one rounds his praise. Should he survive Boyer it is probable he will fill the Presidential seat, for no other man in the island is so universal a favourite. I could not but regard him with feelings of respect, and considered myself highly honoured in being permitted to converse with one who is, without exaggeration, an ornament to human nature."—pp. 119—122.

Indolence, and the want of a proper direction of the capacities of the Haitians, are evils and defects greatly to be lamented. The country and the people are deeply interesting, both on account of what they are at present, of what they are susceptible of, and of what, it is not to be doubted, they are destined to become. From the facts advanced by Mr. Hanna, it is quite clear that the negro, like every other human being, is the child of habit. "If well brought up, he will exhibit the same steady industrious conduct that men under similar circumstances do everywhere ; if left destitute of proper instruction, he will be equally inclined to indolence and idleness."

No one can possibly read the small volume before us without experiencing an increased interest in behalf of our sable brethren throughout the world, and for the people of Haiti in particular. We are in hopes, indeed, that these few pages, so artlessly yet pleasantly set down, will be the means of stirring up in this country that active benevolence, which grows in magnitude, strength, and riches, just in proportion as it is called upon and exerted. We have our eye upon the Missionary philanthropists, in these observations.

The appeal to British hearts cannot be better enforced than by quoting the whole of the Appendix to the "Notes."

"During the Author's stay at Jacmel, he was informed of the existence of a small congregation of Wesleyan Methodists at Port-au-Prince, under the charge of Mr. S. D. Bauduy, a coloured native of the island, brother-in-law of M. Joubert, Secretary of State of Haiti. To this gentleman he addressed a letter, requesting information concerning the moral and religious condition of his countrymen. Mr. Bauduy in his reply, after making some observations of a general nature, stated that he was suffering under severe indisposition, and that he found some difficulty in expressing himself in English, but that he hoped to write more satisfactorily at a future period. His second letter the author received after his return to Jamaica. As it tends to confirm the statements set forth in the foregoing pages, and furnishes evidence of the *tolerant* character of the Haitian Government, but especially as it points out an admirable method of introducing a knowledge of the saving truths of the Gospel among *the most benighted and most injured people on the face of the globe*, he has thought it of sufficient importance to lay before the Christian Public of Britain.

"He presents it without any correction of the slight inaccuracies of the writer's style, believing that it will thus carry with it the greater interest. To the passage printed in italics he invites particular attention.

"Port-au-Prince, Feb. 19th, 1835.

"Reverend and Dear Sir,

"Your epistle on the 24th of last month was duly received. I regret that circumstances prevented me to write to you when I received your's, and since the few lines which I wrote then were sent, the fever laid hold of me, so I could not write earlier than I now do. I thank you for your kindness in writing to me, and shall at any time be happy to hear from you and from all those who are employed in the vineyard of the Lord our common Master.

"The people of this island are without moral and religion; and this can easily be proved by their own words and actions. A great many do not care how they get money, provided they get it. All kinds of vices are in use, and some are not ashamed to say their religion is what they like best; so whatever they like is their religion. Most of them may well be called honest Pagans.

"There were in this town, about eighteen years ago, two Wesleyan Missionaries. They preached at several places in the mountains, plains,

and small towns, and established a Society here. In 1818 the first persecution arose, when President Boyer went to the South of this Island, and during his stay there, the Missionaries were much molested, and on the President's return, as they could not obtain any assurance of protection, through encouragement from the President, they thought it best to leave this place. Ever since their departure from Haïti till 1824, the Society was publicly persecuted and imprisoned. In 1824 I left Haïti by invitation of the Missionary Committee, and during my absence a great change took place, which I believe happened at the emigration from the United States. On my return I found the Society in full possession of religious privileges, and we are ever since protected by the laws, as well as the Magistrates of the country. They cannot persecute us openly, and if any wicked people wish to disturb us they come by night, standing at a distance, and when they have thrown one or two stones on the roof of our preaching-house, they go away fearing to be seen.

"We are only two Wesleyan Ministers in this Island. I have in my former informed you of Mr. Tindall's coming to this Island at Port-au-Plaat, to labour amongst the American emigrants. There are two congregations in this town, one American and the other Native. There are also a few Baptists, but they meet with the Methodists.

"The laws and government are not against any denomination, but in favour of all, and the laws will not only protect religious meetings, but their Ministers also. Our laws are positive on these points.

"*I believe that one of the best plans which could be adopted to introduce religious principles throughout this land would be the establishing of schools by the approbation of the Government. The teachers who may be sent out for that purpose would find both opportunity to instruct children, and preach the glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ.* There are no charity-schools in this country.

"If your friends in England were willing to begin with an establishment of this kind, and were they disposed to know the President's mind on this subject, I would cheerfully communicate to him what documents soever they would send for that purpose.

"Finally brother, pray for me. May the Lord Jesus, your God, bless you abundantly, and make you happy in the full enjoyment of his grace.

"Your's in the Lord,

S. D. BAUDUY."—pp. 147—153.

In another part of the volume there is an instance of Haitian courageous humanity described, which must tend to engage the feelings in behalf of the race to which the heroine belonged. "On the 10th of June, 1770, the town of Port-au-Prince was utterly overthrown by a dreadful earthquake. From one of the falling houses the inmates had fled, except a negro woman, the nurse of her master's infant child. She would not desert her charge, though the walls were even then giving way. Rushing to its bedside she stretched forth her arms to enfold it. The building rocked to its foundation!—the roof fell in! Did it crush the hapless pair? The heavy fragments fell indeed upon the woman, but the infant escaped

unharméd, for its noble protectress, extending her bended form across the body, at the sacrifice of her own life preserved her charge from destruction!"

ART. VI.—*Reminiscences of a Literary Life; with Anecdotes of Books, and of Book Collectors.* By the REV. T. F. DIBDIN, D.D. 2 vols. London: Major. 1836.

THE Doctor is one of the most artificial, egotistic, affected, pompous, and feeble authors, it was ever our fate to encounter. Seldom have we waded through two such ponderous volumes as the present, and seen less that was worth putting into print. The very best thing that they will bear to have said of them is, that where they are readable they are only gossipy about himself and his patrons—this gossip being as bald and tame as ever the English language was tortured to give out. It is true, that we never expected any thing better than solemn dulness and prosy twaddle from a bibliomaniac; but we did not anticipate that "*Anecdotes of Books, and of Book Collectors*," could have been so pointless, lean, and languid as they are made to appear in the pages of this black-letter book-worm. What service has the Doctor and the whole of the Roxburgh Club done to the cause of literature? It cannot be expected to be much, when an antique binding, a particular date or press, is of more consideration in the case of a scarce book, than intrinsic merit. If these trifling men have sometimes stumbled upon a rich morsel, what use have they made of it? The utmost that can be said of them as a body is, that they have to a small extent been pioneers to men of mind, who knew how to make use of their materials; and yet much credit is not due to them on this score; for their exclusive mode of dealing was to hoard rather than to publish any little treasure they discovered.

These volumes direct the attention to the personal and to the literary life of the author. We shall, in our gallop through them, arrange our notices and extracts as nearly as possible according to this order.

The Doctor's father, Thomas Dibdin, was the Tom Bowling of his younger brother, Charles Dibdin, whose sea and sailor-songs will be admired while Britain has a navy. Of the ocean poet, however, he gives a most meagre and unsatisfactory account, which is the more remarkable, since he died in 1814, in his sixty-ninth year, and after the Doctor had been many years an author. It is not for us to inquire how it came that our bibliomaniac only conversed once with his uncle; but this may be presumed, that a few anecdotes of the author of "*Poor Jack*" would have been worth all that the Doctor has given of himself, ten times told.

The father took to the sea, and though at the age of twenty-five he is said to have commanded the "Eagle Gally," a sloop of war, in after life he was unfortunate. The Doctor was born at Calcutta in 1776, and early left an orphan, when his mother's brother became his affectionate guardian. We need not trace the course of his education particularly; suffice it to say, that he for a time entertained certain military aspirations. But a different lot was reserved for him; for at a proper period in his history, he was matriculated a commoner of St. John's, Oxford. There does not seem to have been any thing remarkable in his academical career, unless we except his hand in the establishment of a literary club, designated "The Lunatics," of which Bishop Coplestone, Lord Moncrieff, Sir John Stoddart, and some others of considerable note, were members. The club, however, seems to have been eminently dull.

After having quitted the University, the Doctor commenced the study of the law under Basil Montague, and next became a provincial counsel at Worcester. His professional practice seems not to have been encouraging; so that after about two years' exertion in this way, he turned his views entirely to the church and to literature.

"Thus I set forward upon a new road in the journey of life. My excellent neighbour and friend, Mr. Field, (a medical practitioner in high repute), applauded my motives and seconded my views; and as I had not taken my Bachelor's degree, it was thought advisable to consult the Bishop of Worcester, the well-known Dr. Hurd, whether, in case of a title offering, he would ordain me without such a preliminary measure being carried into effect. I called upon that venerable prelate at Hartlebury, with a view of having this point settled one way or the other, and waited his appearance in an ante-room. I had read Gibbon's acute remarks upon his Letters on Romance and Chivalry, and upon the Art of Poetry by Horace—and seemed to feel a particular curiosity to see the friend and the editor of Warburton, then far advanced in the vale of years. I shall never forget his appearance. It was as if a statue had

'Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air.'

He was habited in a brocaded silk morning gown, with a full-dressed wig, stooping forward, and walking and leaning upon what appeared to be a gold-headed cane. His complexion had the transparency of marble, and his countenance was full of expression, indicative of the setting of that intellectual sun which, at its meridian height, had shone forth with no ordinary lustre. He was then, I think, in his eightieth year. His reception of me was bland and courteous; but he deemed the taking of the *degree* an absolutely essential preliminary measure. On asking me what was my then course of studies, and on receiving my reply, he added, 'you cannot do better.'

"There was, therefore, but one intelligible plan to be pursued. I bade adieu to the society and to the environs of Worcester; took my degree with as little delay as possible; and, in pursuit of a title, established my residence at Kensington, where I continued an inhabitant for the next

twenty-one years of my life. Many inducements then operated to this establishment, which, long ere I left it, had ceased to operate; but *there* I pitched my tent, and *there* my destiny fixed me, for a succession of alternate pleasure and pain, such as is the usual lot of mortality. I was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. North) on the 24th of December, 1804, and cast about seriously to maintain, if not to improve, the little reputation I had acquired by the publication of the *Introduction to the Classics*, of which the second edition had just made its appearance. In other words, I determined upon commencing author in right earnest."

This brings us to the Literary part of the Doctor's life. Like other young men who receive a liberal education, he believed himself a poet, and wrote verses; but from the specimens given, it cannot be matter of astonishment that even he himself began to suspect that his muse was foggy and dull. We may quote two verses from a piece that was praised in the *Analytical Review*; and though as poor and stupidly conceited as any display can well be, they are yet not the worst among the bad.

TO A LILY OF THE VALLEY.

"FAIR flow'r! that bloom'st amidst a humbler shade,
Still breathing sweetness to the moss-crown'd side;
How shall each reptile plant decline the head,
Or gaudier raise their stems through pomp and pride!
Go, gentle flow'ret, and in Emma's breast
There add a modest grace, a blooming charm;
Secure reposing in that warmest nest,
What frost shall nip thee, and what wind shall harm?"

The mention made of these wiseacres, the *Analytical Reviewers*, must not be supposed the only notice which our author bestows upon the critical fraternity of former times. The following account does afford a most characteristic specimen of the Doctor's inflated style, and vapid satire, not to say any thing of its apparent exaggerations in point of facts.

"In dining, one day, at a friend's chambers, where several distinguished and rising young men, both in literature and in their professions, were invited, there sat a gentleman—to me wholly unknown—of a middling time of life, with a sort of saturnine complexion and searching look, who was placed at the right hand of the master of the feast, and who dealt out his discourse with a sufficient mixture of positiveness and severity. He had dark eyes and yet darker whiskers; and not only was his voice loud and penetrating, but his *dicta* seemed to be listened to with something like reverential attention. My neighbour whispered in my ear that 'he was an Editor of one of the *Reviews*.' This intelligence riveted my eye to his person and my ear to his conversation. At that moment there seemed to be no one in the room but He. After dinner, we discoursed of the influence of *Reviews*. 'Sir (said the unknown, turning to me, in reply to some observation which I had made) their influence is inconceivable. I am one of that *Corps Diplomatique*. I know a young man, at this mo-

ment, not quite of age, who has a *volume of poems* in the press. I know it will be sad trash; and I am whetting my critical knife to cut it to pieces the moment it sees daylight.' Had I been made of yielding materials, I must of necessity have fainted away; but, contrariwise, I stood to the charge, and promptly and gallantly replied, that 'I could not comprehend how a man could be whetting his knife to cut to pieces *that* which he had not *seen*, and which, when seen, might possibly blunt the edge of his weapon.' His rejoinder struck me as terrible; although I have long since learnt what common-place stuff it is. 'Poh! young man,' said he, 'I see clearly you know nothing of the world. There are at this moment six unfledged authors begging and praying for a good word from me.'

"I was petrified: horror-struck; not less at the insolence of this critical dictator, than at the meanness of those young spirits who could 'beg and pray' for his commendation. I said little during the rest of the evening, but stole away somewhat earlier than was 'my wont,' and retired to my pillow, rather than to my rest, with the image of this 'saturnine-complexioned' and savage-hearted critic before me. 'How could *He* know of my having a volume of poems in the press? Had my printer been faithless, and conveyed a copy to him surreptitiously?' A greater night of torture was never experienced by any malefactor on the evening preceding his execution. With mingled feelings of surprise, anger, disdain, and contempt, I was impatient till 'the grey morn' had lifted

. . . 'her pale lustre on the paler wretch.'

My fears, as to my printer, were entirely groundless; and all other fears were well nigh subdued, when my printer sagaciously remarked, that 'there were surely *other* young men with volumes of poems in the press besides *myself*'; and that 'he could bring a Reviewer into the field to say *clever* things for me, to the full as effective as the unknown critic's *cutting* things.' The whole affair now seemed to be so evenly poised, or perhaps to wear so ludicrous an aspect, that I desired nothing better than the arrival of the moment when the shell was to be broken, and its occupant admitted to daylight and air."

Was there ever any thing in language and sentiment that had more of bathos in it than this? If an editor was capable of being guilty of such trifling vanity, sure he was only fit for the society of such a man as he who gives the above silly and tasteless record of its exhibition.

There are several instances of gross ignorance of literary facts in these volumes, but the most ridiculous features in them belong to the self-complacent accounts which the author indulges in, where he turns mole-hills into mountains, and describes with awkward pomp childish fancies. His principal work, the "*Bibliomania*," must needs be connected with extraordinary circumstances. Some of our readers may know that it was written in the form of a dialogue, and numerous characters were introduced under feigned names. Thus Mr. Rennie was *Archimedes*, Baron Bolland was *Hortensius*, Mr. G. Chalmers was *Aurelius*, Dr. Gosset was *Lepidus*, &c. "And yet, why not conclude these sketches with

the introduction of the author himself under the character of *Rosicrusius*?"—asks the Doctor: and then we have the following delectable picture.

"Pass we on to a short gentleman, busily engaged yonder in looking at a number of volumes, and occasionally conversing with two or three gentlemen, from five to ten inches taller than himself. What is his name?"

"*ROSICRUSIUS* is his name; and an ardent and indefatigable book-forager he is. Although just now busily engaged in antiquarian researches relating to British Typography, he fancies himself, nevertheless, deeply interested in the discovery of every ancient book printed abroad. Examine his little collection of books, and you will find that, as Pope expresses it in his *Dunciad*,

‘There Caxton sleeps, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp’d in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;’

and yet a beautiful volume, ‘printed at Basil or Heidelberg, makes him spinne; and at seeing the word Frankfort or Venice, though but on the title of a booke, he is readie to break doublet, cracke elbowes, and overflowe the room with his murmure.’ (Coryate’s *Crudities*, ed. 1776, vol. i, sign l. 5.) Bibliography is his darling delight, ‘*una voluptas et meditatio assidua*’ (Le Long’s *Bibl. Sacra*, ed. 1788, p. xx.); and in defence of the same, he would quote you a score of old-fashioned authors, from Gesner to Harles, whose very names would excite scepticism about their existence. He is the author of various works, chiefly bibliographical, upon which the voice of the public (if we except a little wicked quizzing at his *black-letter* propensities in a celebrated North Britain Review) has been generally favourable. Although the oldmaidenish particularity of Tom Hearne’s genius be not much calculated to please a bibliomaniac of lively parts, yet Rosicrusius seems absolutely enamoured of that ancient wight, and to be in possession of the cream of all his pieces, if we may judge from what he has already published, and promises to publish, concerning the same. He once had the temerity to dabble in poetry; but he never could raise his head above the mists which infest the swampy ground at the foot of Parnassus. Still he loves ‘the divine art’ enthusiastically, and affects, forsooth, to have a taste in matters of engravings and painting! Converse with him about *Guercino* and *Albert Durer*, *Berghem* and *Wollett*, and tell him that you wish to have his opinion about the erection of a large library, and he will ‘give tongue’ to you from rise to set of sun. Wishing him prosperity in his projected works, and all good fellows to be his friends, proceed we in our descriptive survey.”

Once upon a time this short gentleman and a number of the bibliomaniac interlocutors enacted a scene, where the Doctor’s fertile and elegant invention displayed itself triumphantly. He gave a number of the patrons and supporters of his bibliomaniac works, a quaint invitation to dine with him, and to carry away with them their respective copies, “in large or small paper, bound by Charles Lewis, in morocco or in russia, as the orders might have been given.” These formed in his back parlour “a comely and heart-cheering pyramid.” About a dozen guests obeyed the summons.

"Somewhat of an extraordinary surprise awaited them on their arrival. A tray, filled with several of the choicer wooden blocks, which had been used in the printing of the work, was handed to each guest, with an urgent request that he would *help himself* to one, two, or three of these woodcuts, as taste or inclination led, as a memento of the day—which might, indeed, on very many accounts, have been called the ELEVENTH DAY. My worthy friends helped themselves liberally, as I wished them to do. Some were for converting these blocks into SNUFF BOXES, others for framing and glazing them, or making them the substratum of a drinking cup.

"But the surprise greatly increased when another tray, filled with similar materials, was presented, with a request that every visitor would take a block, and—*throw it into the fire*. They looked astonishment. A thrill of horror seemed to pervade every bosom. Remonstrance and entreaty were resorted to, in vain. I led the way to this unparalleled act of incendiarism, by throwing the ugly and frightful figure of *Lucifer* (p. 219, vol. i), into his natural element—the flames. Mr. Baron Bolland followed with the largest and most expensive block—that from the *Triumphs of the Emperor Maximilian*, about a foot square—and paused and hesitated ere he cast it upon Lucifer. These were already beginning to *enlighten* us, when Mr. Hibbert approached with the *full plumaged Knight*, of nine inches in length, from the same work—and destined to follow the same fate. Sir Francis Freeling brought forward the expressive physiognomy of *Baptista Porta* (seen at p. 158 of vol. i), but twice hesitated ere he committed it to the flames. Mr. Alexander Chalmers groaned inwardly as he advanced 'with measured step and slow,' with the large woodcut of the *Dancing Bear*, seen at p. 215; but Bruin was at length tossed upon the pile, heels uppermost. Mr. Henry Drury seemed to move '*oculis aversis*,' as he threw *St. Gregory performing high Mass* (p. 67) into the midst of the crackling elements. But why further particularise?—or I might tell how my friends, Messrs. Utterson, Boswell, Pontons, Markland, and Haslewood, fed, in turns, the 'rising flame.' Before we descended to dinner, the fire had consumed property, which may be fairly said to have cost its owner upwards of one hundred pounds sterling."

We were going to say that the reverend gentleman must be in his second childhood. But this marvellous sacrificing scene took place so far back as 1817, when old age could not have set his mark upon the author. The whole affair was so puerile, and its description is so ridiculously affected, that we must declare its inventor, and the fond cherisher of its display, as the rarest *block* of all. He tells us that he is short in point of stature, and we tell him, he is sufficiently stunted in mind to suggest a disparaging simile. Just mark with what a chuckle this literary lion dwells on large or small paper copies of his lumbering expensive works; morocco or russia binding is better in his eye than the eloquence and originality of genius. But why all this block-burning? Lest the value of his gorgeously bound and embellished volumes should be lowered—that value not consisting thus confessedly in any thing intrinsic, but in the scarcity of copies—the Doctor sagaciously enough calculating

that there were a sufficient number of wealthy fools in the community to pay an exorbitant price for books, the chief merit of which was the pleasure they might afford to the eye.

If our readers are very anxious to have a specimen of the manner in which the Doctor estimates authors and books, an instructive and expressive one may be found in what he says of the literature of the ages of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. After naming several authors, and saying that the wit of one age is not the wit of another, he adds, "Rabelais is beginning to be loathed; and no Englishman of a well ordered mind can read a second time the filth of Swift, or the equivoques of Sterne." Voltaire and others are disposed of just as summarily. There is nothing like a qualification in this sweeping criticism. What then are we to think of the critic but that whatever he knows of books or has a taste for in them, is only addressed to the eye, and can have no communion with the soul?

The Doctor has heavy complaints to make of reviewers and others. He says he has been shocked, as well as surprised, by the perfidy of some to whom he has given no provocation. But yet he consoles himself amid the "darkness and distress" that has of late surrounded him, by calling to his remembrance the constancy of certain fair friends. The rhapsody is too like its author not to be extracted.

"Although the flowers of friendship be of slow growth, and at their budding of doubtful hue, yet I can conscientiously place EUPHEMIA almost as the crowning flower in the parterre of which I am discoursing. Her fortune, ample as it is, is yet not so ample as her heart. Her kindred taste, and highly intellectual pursuits—but she desires to be veiled; and the richest veil that Brussels or Mechlin ever manufactured, shall, if practicable, be furnished by her Encomiast for the concealment of her form. Her occasional neighbour, SOPHRONIA, composed of many materials in common with herself, but advanced in years—observant—shrewd—of enlarged experience and sound judgment—shall live for ever in my remembrance. SOPHRONIA has a heart as warm, and exhibits perhaps charities as extensive, as those of her of whom I first spake. She is not an indigenous plant (I should say flower) of this country; but she weathers our atmosphere as bravely, and enters upon all the cardinal points of moral and political discussion, as sagaciously, and as luminously, as those who affect a more exclusive and paramount intelligence.

"Nor is ANGELINA an indigenous flower of this soil. An early widow, and as beautiful as early, she yet retains both her singleness and her beauty. The noon-day is not so radiant as the morn, but there are blending and warm tints which yet characterise the atmosphere of her presence; and those who have seen her pictorial, or *engraved* resemblance, will not convict me of prejudice or flattery in this delineation of the Original. But her 'better part' presents a picture in which there is a union of colours yet more enduring. Angelina has a heart that always unloosens the strings

of her purse; denying to the poor and dependent nothing—"but her NAME." Long may her presence continue to irradiate the circles of the polished, and to make the heart of the disconsolate "sing for joy." Nor be the sedulous care, and affectionate anxiety and solicitude, of THEODOSIA forgotten—in softening the struggles, and extending the period of the life, of a beloved husband. Among the complicated duties and distracting trials of life's ever agitated state of warfare, none wear a more commanding form—none extort a more unqualified commendation—than *those* which have been, and yet are, so triumphantly exhibited by THEODOSIA—HERSELF, too, yet in the vigour of life, and as capable, as the most *debonnaire* of her daughters, of contributing to the charm and cheerfulness of the festive circle. The foregoing (with the exception of the first) are among my Parishioners.

"But there may be equal worth and excellence beyond these parochial precincts. SELINA is far away, and perhaps never to be reseen, or revisited; but the inmost recesses of my breast assure me that the remembrance of past days and past kindnesses can never be forgotten. The preceding pages have recorded an event, which, of all earthly occurrences, bath perhaps gone more sharply, and more deeply, to cut her heart in twain than any other. CLORINDA can infuse equal courage and comfort into a wounded spirit, by invigorating the understanding with wholesome principles, and by lighting up the fire of hope in the moment of lassitude and despondency. She has also a *pen* which readily answers the dictates of a cultivated intellect. MINORA is just warmly glowing above life's horizon, disposed to do all that is kind and courteous, and gentle and generous; her voice, the melody of a seraph's; her form, *that* in which chastity and virtue should seem by preference to dwell. Within the breast of FIDELIA the warmest sympathies and 'all gentle charities' reside."

Mr. Murray, the publisher of the Quarterly, and that journal itself, have excited, in former times, the wrath of this giant in literature to a high degree. He says he had both "right and reason" to expect fair play from them. He enumerates the kind things he had done for the Review; among others, "I had in an especial manner noticed many of its ablest articles in the pages of the 'Library Companion.'" And he adds, "all this might have blunted the edge of a coarse and ruthless weapon, which was exercised in tomahawking my volume." And, "that it did not lay in the breast of the publisher to have softened such acrimony, or to have diverted or omitted the attack altogether, is a position which I cannot bring myself to admit. I must be among the weakest of mankind to have taken any protestation to the contrary as based upon truth." The Doctor goes on to tell us, that "who the then editor was," he neither knows nor cares. All this looks like feeling very sore, and speaking very sillily. But little else that is better can be found in these *heavy* volumes, unless it be some of the letters of correspondents which the author has unceremoniously introduced, although they were confidential. We select one from Sir Walter Scott, in answer to the Doctor, who had sent him a copy

of his "Tour," with the request or condition, that he would be pleased to convey it to the *Author of Waverley*; a pretty device, to be sure, though somewhat impertinent, but which no man could better ward off than the individual so addressed, as the following will testify.

"Edinburgh, June 13, 1821.

"My dear Sir—Upon my return from a little excursion to the country, I found your splendid work, which I think one of the most handsome that ever came from the British Press—and return you my best thanks for placing it in my possession as a mark of your regard. You have contrived to strew flowers over a path which, in other hands, would have proved a very dull one; and all *Bibliomanes* must remember you long, as he who first united their antiquarian details with good-humoured raillery and cheerfulness. I am planning a room at Abbotsford to be built next year for my books, and I will take care that your valued gift holds a place upon my future shelves, as much honoured as its worth deserves, and for that purpose an ingenious artist of Edinburgh has promised to give your Tour an envelope worthy of the contents. *You see from all this, that I have no idea of suffering these splendid volumes to travel any farther in quest of the nameless and unknown Author of Waverley.* As I have met with some inconveniences in consequence of public opinion having *inaccurately* identified me with this gentleman, I think I am fairly entitled to indemnify myself by *intercepting this valuable testimony of your regard.*

"The public have called for a new edition of old John Dryden's Works, on which I bestowed much labour many years ago. I hope you will let me place a set of these volumes upon your shelves in return—which are just on the point of issuing from the press, and will wait on you in the course of a fortnight. I hope *Ames* does not slumber? I am always,

"My dear sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

This puts us in mind of a short speech made by the same illustrious man when in the chair at a public dinner. The health of the *Author of Waverley* was proposed and received with tremendous applause. It became the chairman to make some remark in reference to the extraordinary reception the toast had met with, and every one's curiosity was on the stretch to see how he should get out of the dilemma. It was thus: "Gentlemen, your reception of that very popular toast has been so warm and loud, that I am sure it must reach the ears of the *Author of Waverley* wherever he may happen to be."

ART. VII.—*The Claims of Dissenters on the Government of the Country; a Letter addressed to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Melbourne, First Lord of His Majesty's Treasury, &c. &c. &c.* By the REV. ADAM THOMSON, A. M. London: Effingham Wilson. 1835.

MR. THOMSON is a Minister of the United Secession Church in Scotland—the most numerous body of Dissenters in that part of

the empire. He has heretofore, by various publications, distinguished himself as a champion for the voluntary system, and again he returns in this pamphlet to the subject, and a number of kindred points concerning the relations between the Dissenters and the Established Church, and also concerning their claims on the government of the country. These claims are introduced after a sketch of the past history and the present condition, both in an ecclesiastical and political view, of the body to which he belongs—a variety of general principles as well as particular grievances and recommendations being largely dwelt upon. It would be impossible, within narrower limits than the pamphlet itself, to discuss all these topics in a manner satisfactory to ourselves, which would be to give reasons for approval of what we deemed correct in it, or of our dissent from what appeared to us unfair and inaccurate. Nevertheless, we must endeavour to offer some observations upon the points introduced by the author, and the manner in which he has treated them.

Mr. Thomson is a forcible and talented writer—a true Scottish controversialist. He deals in hard arguments, and strong words, put forth with abundance of zeal, but not always charitably or temperately. It cannot be denied that he urges many sound and admirable doctrines, any more, than that he neither presents the whole nor the exact truth on several important branches of his subject. Indeed, in the course of a careful perusal of the publication, although we could not but mark many passages, which seemed to us to require modification or amendment, as well as places where something more should have been said, it was, after reflecting on the impression left by the whole, that we discovered the nature of our chief objection to it. We asked ourselves, Does the reverend gentleman's representation of the Church Establishment and also of Dissent in Scotland, comport with our own observations and experience in that country, which have been extensive and varied? and the answer at once was, the picture is not faithful—that if Lord Melbourne takes Mr. Thomson for his guide, he will be misled—and that clergymen of one sect are not the best judges of the character of other sects on religious points, especially at a period when the community are roused to an unwonted and excessive ferment on the very questions discussed. Why, one who is a total stranger to Scotland, would naturally conceive from the pamphlet before us, that the Dissenters formed the most numerous, and the most moral, yet a persecuted body in that kingdom, and that their ministers were the most talented, learned, disinterested, and pious in the land. We say, such are the impressions which an entire stranger to the facts would derive from this "Letter"; but we add, that every impartial and competent witness, will testify otherwise, and that no Scotchman who is not a heated partisan can listen to

such narrow sentiments without feeling that their injustice is ridiculous, and grossly wide of the truth.

Are we giving a fair account of the conclusions to which the spirit and statements contained in this "Letter" guide the reader? Before, however, adducing our proofs, we must dispose of a very large portion of the discussion in a summary manner, and with a few general suggestions, rather than opposing arguments—the question involved being one that every person may fully consider, without reference to our author's work, at the same time that it is one which has been greatly canvassed in a vast variety of forms in recent times;—we mean the question between a church supported by the civil power, and the voluntary system.

Mr. Thomson again and again declares, that all ecclesiastical establishments are politically unjust, and also unsupported by the revealed will of God. Now, without at all meaning to enter into the merits or arguments on this much tortured subject, he must excuse us when we say, that he deals abundantly in assertion in both of these objections, without being fertile in facts or illustrations. For example, he instances the United States of America, as proving the efficacy and the excellence of the voluntary principle in the support and the extension of true religion. There is nothing novel in the averments he makes about that country; neither is there any thing novel in the answer, that though sectarianism has increased to an extraordinary degree in America, there is no proof that pure doctrines or Christian morals have equally triumphed. But admitting that Christianity has essentially been benefited by being left entirely free of state support or control in that country, is it a matter of course, that the same consequence would result from similar principles, if adopted in this country? Is a democracy, which is but in its early youth, to afford a measure by which the aged institutions in an old monarchy are to be politically tried? We have not discovered that the author has made such a doctrine manifest; and therefore we proceed to ask, in the second place, while he asserts that every thing like an ecclesiastical national Establishment is totally unsupported by Scripture, can he find any declaration which makes such an establishment unscriptural? If he does not say this in so many words, he does so in spirit, when he declares and reiterates, "that nothing of a religious nature can be sanctioned, unless by the express authority of God himself, as given in his Word." We leave this part of the subject, after propounding these questions—Where is there an express authority for infant baptism?—Where is there an express authority for keeping the first day of the week as a Sabbath?—Is there not in the very circumstance of nothing being expressly said, or indirectly intimated in the Bible regarding an Establishment of religion, a strong argument for the doctrine, that

were such institutions necessarily injurious and wicked, they would have been formally and peremptorily forbidden?—As in many other cases, has not man, for the best of purposes, in external matters of religion, been required to exercise his own wisdom, guarded, enlightened, and sanctified as it ought to be by such heavenly aids as are in other parts of Revelation offered to him, and to which he is most affectionately and urgently invited? But we desire to avoid all theological discussions, and therefore proceed to adduce some passages which appear to us illiberal, intemperate, and unjust, regarding the different parties into which the great mass of the religious community of Scotland is divided.

The author admits that the chief and definite cause of secession on the part of his Church, from the Establishment, was the enforcement of the law of patronage, which sometimes led to the settlement of ministers in opposition to the wishes of the people; nor can it be denied that the injustice and absurdity of such a law were sufficiently gross to warrant a strong expression of dissent, which resulted in the secession of a party, somewhat more than a century ago. But as respected doctrines, forms of worship, and principles of discipline, there have never been any acknowledged or declared differences. Since the period mentioned, the law of patronage has gradually alienated considerable numbers from the National Church, while the indolence, the lapses in conduct, and errors in doctrine of churchmen, and the incessant striving after popularity on the part of the Dissenters, without which they could neither secure followers, nor maintain themselves, have also served greatly to enlarge their body, till they have reached a large multitude. Any thing like the precise extent of this multitude is not known; neither what it amounts to, in comparison with the members of the Establishment, is at all ascertained. Mr. Thomson, in so far as we can judge of the parts of Scotland with which we are conversant, greatly overrates the adherents to his communion; and we can also add, that throughout the same districts the seceders have not increased at the rate of their proportion of the population, during the last twenty years, but on the contrary decreased. The author says, however, there is something even of more importance than the mere numbers who may profess certain opinions, which must be taken into account in judging of their weight.

“ But good character, with the moral and mighty influence by which it is uniformly accompanied, is of much more consequence, after all, than the mere numerical force of the supporters of any cause. It is therefore important to state, that Dissenters, who, though voluntarily, have to give rather expensive evidence of their sincerity, must, if not for the very existence, yet certainly for the growing prosperity of their cause, depend on the soundness and extent of their religious attainments; while it is indispensable that they evince the consistency of their pro-

fession by the morality of their lives. They belong chiefly to the lower and middle classes, who, in general, form the most sober and devout portion of the community—and that portion of it too, which, as your Lordship well knows, must be regarded as constituting, in every view, the main strength and glory of the nation. If I should not presume to claim for Dissenters any superiority in point of intelligence, and of moral worth, I am yet quite sure that their most inveterate enemies, unless they are both very ignorant, and very wicked themselves, will not have the hardihood to deny, that they will suffer nothing by a comparison with the generality of those ‘attending the churches of the Establishment.’”—pp. 23, 24.

This short paragraph admits of a great deal of nice consideration, and as we think, delicate amendments. The insinuations which it contains, and which in other passages of the “Letter” are repeated, in spirit at least, are more misleading than the inadequacy of its description. We must remark upon some of the things in this passage, put forth with such seeming moderation, but covert error. And first, we deny that Scottish Dissenters have to give “rather expensive evidence of their sincerity.” But to this allegation we shall have occasion to return, when considering the claim “to be freed from all civil disabilities on account of religious belief,” set forth towards the close of the pamphlet. We next fearlessly deny that the Dissenters are more distinguished by the morality of their lives, and their devoutness, than the adherents to the Establishment; at the same time, as a body they are considerably behind in point of intelligence. Take the two parties in rural districts, where the characters of people are most fairly represented and most fully appreciated, and the Seceders will (though with many honourable exceptions), be found to be more pragmatical and narrow-minded, and farther behind the spirit of the age, than their neighbours of the Establishment. We admit that within the last twenty-five years, there has been a considerable improvement both as regards their information and their feelings, and that the generation that has arisen within that space has, to a much greater extent than the author is likely to be ready to admit, gone over to the endowed church. In our early years it was a rare thing for a Seceder to enter an Established Church, even where the pastor was universally held to be a pious and an able man, though there might at the time be no service in the Dissenting Meeting-house or any other place of worship near. We have known of several instances where such a truant was called to an account, and obliged to *confess a fault*, as the phrase went, before he could be received back again among his own bigotted sect. We therefore say, that as a body the Seceders were behind their neighbours (and they still preserve a due distance in the rear) in charitable feeling—that therefore they were less enlightened, and in short weaker minded. This weakness, though not immoral, is at least inconsistent with high

attainments in mind, or displays of moral conduct, and allows the impartial observer to say of such characters, nothing better than that they are *well-meaning bodies*. We argue, indeed, that weak zeal may reasonably be presumed, when a man who has nothing to complain of as regards the character and ministrations of the Established clergymen nearest him, joins a Dissenting congregation, where a more able and pious labourer in the vineyard of truth is not to be found. Though there be in the law of patronage something unreasonable in the case supposed, it is not practically felt; and if there be political objections to the union of Church and State, to such a man the question is an abstract one, and by no means pressing upon his conscience. On the other hand, there are many evils connected with dissent, of immediate and practical weight to him, his family perhaps, and the community. The increase of religious rancour is ever to be lamented, as bad in itself and as having a contagious tendency.

In real life, such a Dissenter as we have now instanced is uniformly found either to be deficient in constancy, or of a factious disposition, or ready to be led away by the loud professions of those who are much tempted to court a spurious popularity, and are therefore apt to be time-serving.

The author has something to say of the loyalty of the Seceders. Now, although we do not charge them with any thing like rebellion, can he deny that they have seldom entertained ardent affections towards the present reigning family, or the persons in power under it? It is notorious, that many of their clergymen either prayed not in public, or prayed in a manner that was a mockery, for the two last kings. How they may frame their petitions to Heaven, since the commencement of the present reign, and more especially since Lord Melbourne came into power, we know not; but the cajolery and flattery offered his Lordship in the present pamphlet are rampant. Loyal indeed! Where was the loyalty of the Seceders during the late unexampled struggle with France? How many of them volunteered to defend the country, when threatened by an invader of unbounded ambition and unmeasured ill-will towards this country? Marvellously few.

We shall now string together a variety of passages, in which the author tells his readers what the Dissenters are, as well as what the Establishment is; let all competent judges say whether the account be faithful or not.

“The Dissenters, my Lord, glory in never having sought, as they have certainly never obtained, the assistance of any Government, in defending themselves or their cause at the expense of others. ‘The weapons of their warfare are not carnal, but’—they trust, they will be found—‘mighty through God, to the pulling down of STRONG HOLDS, casting down imaginations and every *high thing that exalteth itself against the*

Knowledge of God. And as they do not wish, nor need, that their religion should be defended by the magistrate's sword, neither do they seek that the pecuniary support of its institutions should be, by any legislative enactment, enforced by the magistrate's power."—pp. 30, 31.

There would be no use in seeking for that which they well know would not hitherto have been granted. But, continues Mr. Thomson—

"It must not, however, be supposed, my Lord, that because Dissenters have no funds of this kind, their efforts to support and propagate the religion they profess, must therefore be feeble and inefficient. What is voluntary, will often be generous. This remark has, generally speaking, been happily exemplified in the manner of supporting Dissenting churches. Without boasting of great liberality on the part of their adherents—for indeed very great liberality is seldom required to support their humble, unostentatious, and therefore comparatively inexpensive institutions—we can appeal to the successful working of the voluntary principle among our congregations, in almost all cities and towns, whether large or small, the greater proportion of which are in as prosperous a state as could reasonably be expected. In many country places too, will be found very flourishing congregations belonging to Dissenters. This is admitted, even by our enemies, for, indeed, it cannot be denied by any. But then, they say, What, on our system, becomes of sequestered places, where Dissenting congregations cannot be supported? And we might retort upon them, by asking, What, on their system, becomes of heathen places, where the people are destroyed for lack of knowledge, and whose instruction and salvation a strictly *national* Establishment never, of course contemplates?"—pp. 32, 33,

Here are more of those sweeping assertions, the extravagance of which is their best refutation. Then, after describing the efforts which the Scottish Dissenters have made to spread the gospel in their own country, it is added—

"Here, however, attempts are made to cool their most ardent benevolence, and to paralyze their mightiest efforts, by that very Establishment, which professes to provide for the wants of all, at least, within the bounds of the nation, and whose adherents are now attempting to 'move heaven and earth,' that they may secure public endowments, to be extracted by the compulsion of law, from the pockets of all, whether believers or infidels, protestants or catholics, in order, professedly, to spread and support the cause of *Him*, whose only direction on the subject—and that given exclusively to his disciples—is, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' When Dissenters, of whatever class, send devoted missionaries to the Highlands, and to others of the most sequestered parishes, where the endowed ministers are careless or heterodox these endowed ministers are the first and the fiercest in their opposition. They easily get the resident heritors, and others most likely to intimidate the poor, to join in their opposition. The old cry thus becomes general, 'these that have turned the world upside down, are come here also.' The consequence is, that those zealous servants of Jesus Christ, who give such undoubted evidence that they 'seek not their own profit, but the

profit of many, that they may saved,' are visited with every species of persecution, which the law of the land cannot easily prevent, but which the law of Christ—for it is the law of brotherly kindness—so explicitly forbids, and so pointedly condemns."—p. 35.

All the sinister and unworthy motives are on one side ; all the philanthropy and religion on the other. But, to adopt the author's phraseology in part, as it occurs in another place, we say, it is impossible that the charge against the ministers in question can be true, unless it were proved, either that their minds must originally be of a different construction, or that there is something in the established religion which necessarily leads to an entire prostration of Christian principle. What must Lord Melbourne think of the Dissenters of Scotland as a body, when such unmeasured charges are preferred against the Establishment by a late Moderator of the United Synod of the Secession Church? There are other passages in which persecution is broadly laid to the account of the Establishment. For example—

"There are, indeed, few things for which we should more frequently or more cordially praise Him, than for those arrangements of his providence, in consequence of which we are not now in the situation of many of our fathers—men 'of whom the world was not worthy'—who, because they were Dissenters from an intolerant Establishment, were, by the base and barbarous upholders of that Establishment, in their day, 'hunted like partridges on the mountains;' and when seized, thrown, like worthless felons, into a dungeon, or executed, like the worst of malefactors, on the gibbet, or at the stake. But we owe little gratitude to *men* for having nothing to fear from such bloody persecutions. We can feel no very overpowering sense of obligation to Rulers, for refusing to proceed against us, in a way which, even if they were not prevented by the enlightened views and kindly feelings of their own minds, the overwhelming majority of those whom they rule, would no longer permit. And we are certainly less than nothing indebted to some others, whose spirit and language and conduct it would be impossible to characterize in terms sufficiently expressive of reprobation, without seeming, for the moment, to adopt their own coarse and intemperate phraseology. But this I will say, that judging from the highly impassioned and tremendously menacing style of such reverend accusers, and would-be avengers of their Dissenting brethren, as Gathercole, whose book would have sunk into instant and universal contempt, but for the high *imprimatur* of the Lord Bishop of London; nay, and judging from the ebullitions of fury which have of late so frequently burst forth, even in our Scottish Protestant Associations, from more than one reverend orator of a similar stamp, it is quite plain, that it is more for want of power than 'heartly good will to the business,' in certain quarters, that the bloody scenes of Smithfield and the Grass-market are not to be repeated."—pp. 114—115.

It was not the Dissenters that were "hunted like partridges on the mountains," during the episcopalian persecution in Scotland, but

the Church. The Dissenters are not much above a century old, but yet the author so frames his tirade, that an uninformed reader, who believed him, could not but accuse that church of persecution to the death in times past, and some of its present ministers of harbouring the same horrid designs. Truly, Mr. Thomson, you must suppose that Lord Melbourne is not only very ignorant of the present condition of religious parties in Scotland, but badly read as to the past.

As to the additional endowments now prayed for by the Church of Scotland, the author is exceedingly indignant, although he professes a great anxiety about the religious instruction of the poor and of the people in certain districts, who are perishing for lack of knowledge. The following are the words which he puts into the mouths of churchmen on this subject :—

“ Let the Government show their countenance by securing still farther ‘ the might and mastery of an Establishment :’—let Parliament vote money for building new churches, with the decent and indispensable appendage of a steeple, so as to secure ‘ the heavenly sound of the church-going bell :’ let the people, since it must be so, get the choice of the ministers who are to labour in these holy and heavenly erections : let all the seats in them be occupied, ‘ without money and without price :’ in a word, let an attempt be made to give the poor in general, and the Dissenters more particularly, just the kind of gospel-preaching which they want ; and when they can get it, without losing *caste*, as heretofore, and not only without being exposed to odium, but without incurring expense, the paltry meeting-houses which disgrace the land will no more be in request ; the worldly-minded, whether of the richer or poorer sort among their former occupants, will speedily desert these wretched conventicles, and return to the Established Church—the beautiful Zion—and the Church of their fathers—destined to be again, what it was before, the glory of our land ; the ignorant and untameable bigots who remain in the hotbeds of sedition, and nurseries of schism, will be unable to support their ministers ; and then, (which is above all desirable) their ministers may go where they please ; they may go to America, where, by their own showing, they may contrive to live among Republicans like themselves ; or, if they will remain at home among loyal men and true, by whom they can neither be pitied nor maintained, let them be contented to submit to the contempt and starvation which they have so long laboured richly to deserve ! Yes ! these ‘ out-field labourers’—so they were once denominated by a great and good man, when, forgetting himself, as he always does, on coming within sight of this subject, he at once admitted those ministers to be useful and necessary, while yet he spoke of them in the style of insufferable haughtiness and contempt ; these ‘ out-field labourers’ must find no more employment in *any* field. The trifling wages very willingly given for their labour, must be forcibly taken from them. What parts of the unenclosed vineyard they had cultivated most, if not left now to lie waste, must be walled round by the order, the power, and the money of the State. Or, to speak plainly, the very congregations gathered, instructed, and blessed by the labours

of Dissenters, in many places which would otherwise have been left by the Church in a state of 'unexcavated heathenism' and utter desolation, must now be enticed to desert their best benefactors, and go to those who cared not for their souls when ready to perish, and would care as little for them now, but for the hope that from their intelligence and worth, they may be induced to prop a falling Church, at the expense of ruining their own, which has been so rising in beauty and strength, as to excite the keenest envy, the most awful alarm, and the inexpressible indignation of their mortal foes. In short, the sum of all their vapouring and petitioning may be thus expressed at once—*Dissent must be brought to an end, and the Established Church made to reign triumphant and alone.*"—pp. 78—80.

What shocking fellows must these same churchmen be, who would thus treat a sect who declare that they already endure "grievances which are neither few nor small," and "are visited with every species of persecution!"

The author urges a number of modest claims, considering that Lord Melbourne and his colleagues profess themselves friendly to the principle of a Church Establishment. Thus, he claims "that the civil government should renounce all legislative interference about sacred things;" and one reason adduced in support of this demand is, that "all experience proves, not only the utter inexpediency and uselessness, but the destructive tendency of all civil establishments of religion." Bold averments; but, as regards Scotland, as false as they are bold. Our assertion is as good as that of the author, and we leave the two to the judgment of the reader. His temper may be discovered throughout this "Letter," from the following sentence: "Are our staunchest hearers," asks he, "to be obliged to aid in contributing to the maintenance of old incumbents, and of new comers, from none of whom they ever will, and from the majority of whom, in any circumstances, judging from the present sample, they never could derive the slightest benefit whatever?" A person entirely ignorant of the history and state of Scotland would be apt to believe, from this and similar passages before us, that the ministers of the Establishment preached heresy and lived as profligates; that they were an idle, overpaid, and overfed pack; and that their origin and education were totally different from the origin and breeding of the dissenting pastors. But hear the author himself, when he is instancing the case of both, as they are bred to the ministry.

"Both are generally of very humble origin; and during the course of their education at school, and even during the earlier sessions of their attendance at college too—so long as their future destiny is unknown (for something depends on that even then), they are, in the view of their teachers and others, considered in all respects, as on equal terms, excepting what regards the difference of their talents and attainments, so that merit will gain its due rewards. But, in the nature of things, it must at times occur, that

out of a given number, some who happen to be Dissenters may be the students who have made the greatest proficiency; and is this the less likely, when they know that their ultimate success in life depends not on what a patron may do for them, but on what, under Providence, they are enabled to do for themselves? Suppose, then, a case, which has very often been realized, that some of them have far out-stripped their early competitors in literature and science, that they have carried off the highest prizes awarded to those of superior attainments at the university, and that, in every respect, they have stood pre-eminent by universal consent; yet, from the time that they have entered on their professional course, as Dissenting ministers, they have found that some of their acknowledged inferiors in the various branches of letters and philosophy have, all at once, risen immensely above them, as to their standing in civil society. Those who were before contented, or, at any rate, obliged to follow them, though with unequal steps, are now apparently far in advance, and, indeed, as regards earthly emolument and honours, have left them for ever to lag far behind. And now, 'dressed up in a little brief authority' as parish ministers, they may be found to look down with high disdain on the very men to whom they but so lately had to look up, in another sphere, as moving in an altitude which they could never hope to reach. Thus, in some instances, compliant mediocrity, or something even less, is, by law, raised to honour and high consideration; while contemporaries of superior abilities and acquirements, merely because there belongs to them the farther and still greater credit of being guided by the dictates of conscience, are degraded in society; so that though, in one sense tolerated by law, they cannot be so far tolerated by their old fellow-students, or by any of those on whom these their former compeers can have influence, as to expect even the common attention and civilities to which, from their talents, their learning, and their character, they would, in other circumstances, without all question, have been found entitled."—pp. 118, 119.

We have known several young men who at college were Dissenters, till their superior talents afforded them reason to hope that they would be promoted in the church, and who were therefore induced to betake themselves to the bosom of the Establishment: and they did rightly. So long as the same doctrines, discipline, and forms exist in both, were they to be unfaithful to themselves, and to prejudice their earthly prospects of comfort, and doing extensive good, through some abstract opinion in political economy, or the external rules of ecclesiastical government? On the other hand, we have known excellent young men of humbler talents, but who originally belonged to the church, become Dissenters, after having advanced far in their academical career, because it was the only field in which they could expect to find a living. Of this latter class, however, the instances are much more rare than those of the former; and it is therefore not to be wondered at, that, as a body the ministers of the Establishment are men of superior parts to those that are generally over the dissenting congregations; while their opportuni-

ties and moderate independence, after getting a living, are far more favourable to elevation of character, than is the condition of the generality of dissenting pastors.

But it is time that we look at some of the many and great grievances which the Dissenters in Scotland endure, as set forth by Mr. Thomson. Here is one which, to most of the inhabitants of Scotland, will appear a novelty :—

“ One special disability of no small magnitude, which is degrading to the Dissenting ministers, in the first instance, and ultimately operates most injuriously on many of their people, arises out of the existing *poor laws*. These laws allow a superior authority to the ministers and members of the Established Church, to which, on no principle of political expediency, and still less of common justice, they can have any claim whatever. This will be evident from the following short extracts, which are selected from a book of the highest authority in the case, and on which I shall take the liberty of making a few passing remarks :— ‘ The nature and amount of the relief to be afforded to any individual pauper, has been committed, in a great measure, to the heritors and *kirk-session*.’ Now, the *kirk-session* consists of the minister and all his elders in the parish; and as the elders may be multiplied at pleasure, it is easy to see that in what is called ‘ the board, or court ’ for the management of the poor, which ‘ is composed of the minister, elders, and heritors of each parish,’ these *spiritual* rulers may acquire a very great, and certainly a very unwarrantable preponderance in a civil matter. Besides, the elders, who should always be chosen from a regard to their religious attainments in knowledge and piety, without reference to their pecuniary circumstances, may not be liable to pay any proportion of the assessment for the poor; and thus, by virtue merely of their office in the Church, while free, because without property themselves, they are at liberty to tax the property of their neighbours.”—pp. 19, 20.

The heritors, as well as the *kirk-session*, have the chief management of the relief in question. And who hinders a Dissenter from being an heritor? Besides, in very many parishes, the greater part of this relief-fund is a voluntary contribution, gathered at the door of the Established Church, Sunday after Sunday, the members of the Establishment being the only contributors. It has been but rarely, and, we believe, only among the captious, that this complaint was ever before made. But it is said that the minister of the parish is entitled to call the meetings of the heritors and *kirk-session*, and that the Dissenters interested may not be aware of such a meeting being appointed. Now, where is there likely to be any real injustice sustained by this state of the law, when such notice must be given ten days before the meeting is to be held?

Here is another long list of grievances.

“ The mere reading of the following legal enactments in reference to some of ‘ the ways and means ’ by which a *kirk-session* can raise money, not only from their own members, but from Dissenters also, will be sufficient to secure sentence of condemnation against their injustice and

Iniquity.—‘Various dues are payable on occasions of marriages, baptisms, registering of births, &c., and the like, to the session-clerk, precentor, or beadle, or for behoof of the poor, as the case may be.’—‘Dues exigible on occasions of marriage or baptisms, are *leviable equally from Dissenters who have their marriages and baptisms celebrated by their own ministers*, as from those who have these ceremonies performed by the parish clergyman, and so avail themselves of the services of the officer, in respect of which the fees may be considered payable.’—‘In the cases where Dissenters have been found liable in these dues, they had the ceremonies of marriage and baptism *actually performed to them, though not by the clergyman of the parish*; but I am not aware of any case in which has been sanctioned the exaction of dues for proclamation of banns, from parties *who have contracted clandestine marriages*;’—so that, according to this, Dissenters are taxed by the kirk-session, in respect of which the fees may be considered payable, only preferring the good offices of their own minister in the case, to those of the Established minister—while those escape, who presume to break the law, and at the same time, countenance and encourage the lawless celebrators of the worst of all kinds of marriages, which have so long been the disgrace and curse of our country. To refer to only one case more, connected with this particular branch of the subject; ‘Kirk-sessions, by immemorial usage, may acquire the exclusive right of letting out mortcloths to hire within the parish, and of charging certain dues therefor, which are generally appropriated to the use of the poor.’ But, in this particular case, it is not likely that the Dissenting poor will share very liberally in the proceeds, although a great proportion of them must of course be extracted from the pockets of their brethren. Nay, what is yet more outrageous, a Dissenting congregation cannot be allowed even to furnish *gratuitously* a mortcloth for consigning the bodies of their poor brethren with the customary decencies to the grave, as this, to use the words of the expositor of this most barbarous law, ‘would effect an evasion of *the privilege of the kirk-session!*’ In a case of the kind referred to, which came before the Court of Session, ‘the Lords found’ that the kirk-session have the right of keeping and *letting for hire*, for the use of the *poor*, mortcloths within the bounds of the parish; and that the defenders (a congregation of Seceders) have no right to keep mortcloths, and give the same out to hire, *or even lend the same gratuitously* for burying *any of the dead* within the said parish, with certification, that they shall be accountable to the kirk-session for the ordinary dues of their mortcloth in the like case.”—pp. 122—124.

If any church establishment deserves support, it must be that one where no heavier grievances can be quoted than the above. If ever the union of church and state is to be defended, it will be best done by referring to Scotland, and to the objections and complaints which the Dissenters of Scotland make to the principle in such pamphlets as the one before us. In regard to the last quoted passage, it may be sufficient to state, that all the fees spoken of in it are extremely moderate; that several of them are for the benefit of

the poor ; and that some persons must have the management of these matters. Who, then, so proper as functionaries belonging to the Established Church ?

We could say a great deal more about the spirit, and particular details and arguments held forth in this " Letter ;" but perhaps enough has been objected to it, to show that at least Mr. Thomson, and probably all other hot partisans of voluntarism, are apt to be partial and incompetent writers on the subject of Church Establishments, and that the Seceders of Scotland are not the fairest historians of her national presbyterianism. These parties have taken advantage of the excitement that has of late been so prevalent on account of the enormous abuses of the Irish and English Churches ; not, we believe, that the majority and the sound part of Scotland's population side with them ; and not, we feel still more convinced, that the Establishment there has any thing to fear, provided the people be allowed to have a voice in the selection of their own pastors.

ART. VIII.—*Traité de Pathologie Générale, par E. Frédéric Dubois, (D'Amiens,) Professeur agrégé à la Faculté de Médecine de Paris, &c. &c.*

" *Docenti autem procedendum est à generalibus ad singularia quæque, dum inventa explicat ; ut inventori contrà à Singularibus ad generalia eundum fuit.* BOERHAAVE, *Inst Med.*" 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 1384. Paris. 1835.

A Treatise on General Pathology. By E. F. DUBOIS, of Amiens.

AT a time when we were congratulating ourselves upon the improved condition of the science of medicine, fully believing that the mummery which formerly characterized the profession had given place to direct, tangible, demonstrable truths, as simple as plain, and as interesting as the palpable principles of all other departments of natural philosophy, all our fine ideas are at once put to flight by the appearance in the medical world of a new absurdity, under the guise of the " Homœopathic Doctrine," which rivals in its mysticism every thing that has preceded it.

That a tissue of inconsistencies, such as Hahnemann has attempted to palm upon the world under the semblance of a rational system of pathology and therapeutics, should find a single advocate among men endowed with common sense, is most unquestionably a matter to be wondered at, and will, no doubt, constitute a curious subject for comment, when the history of the medical opinions of the nineteenth century shall hereafter be written.

Contradicting, as it does, the best established facts in pathology, and subversive of our every-day experience of the effects produced upon the organism by those agents which constitute the *materia medica*, nevertheless, the very novelty and mysticism, we had almost said the very absurdity of homœopathy, are well calculated to recommend it to minds that delight in whatever is marvellous, inexplicable, and obscure. Like many of the wild hypotheses that have preceded it, the present will have its day, before it is allowed to sink with them into oblivion.

That Hahnemann may have been, to a certain extent, a man of talents—that some important truths may be contained in his writings, or that in certain chronic affections the practice he recommends may be even better calculated to effect a cure, than the polypharmaceutic and perturbative modes of treatment pursued by too many physicians, are points we have no desire to dispute. It is to his system as a whole that we object—we deny the truth of its fundamental principles, and are prepared to prove that in many of its details it contradicts the plainest dictates of common sense—the most positive and best-substantiated facts. We doubt whether the few grains of wheat to be culled from the system would compensate for the labour required to search for them amid the mountain of chaff with which they are enveloped.

There are three very distinct propositions embraced in homœopathy. 1. That diseases, artificially produced, cause immediately to cease, radically and permanently, those spontaneous diseases which are analogous to them in character. 2. That the homœopathic remedies have the property of inducing, at the will of those who know how to employ them, artificial diseases of a very distinct and determinate character. 3. That remedies are efficacious, although attenuated to a degree which appears impossible (Hahnemann's own words) to vulgar physicians, whose minds embrace only gross and material ideas.

These propositions comprise the whole of the homœopathic doctrine—a doctrine which, like every other, however wild and ridiculous, is presented by its author as the general expression of results derived from experience. It may be very seriously objected to the homœopaths, that they promise and assert too much. They have, in fact, been so positive as to the accordance of their hypothesis with experience, and the absolute certainty of its results, that it is precisely the test of experience that causes those illusions, with which they have for a period amused all Germany, every day to vanish.

Other medical sectaries have been more wise, or at least more prudent—expecting their system to fail in some cases, they have left ample room for the occurrence of circumstances altogether accidental and independent of their will—they admit freely that the

concurrence of certain facts may place bounds to the good effects of their remedial measures ; while, on the contrary, the homeopaths assert positively that their system is infallible ; that the cures produced by it are equally certain, prompt, radical, and durable.

As an example of their therapeutics, Hahnemann assures us, no doubt with the best faith in the world, that a single drop of *drosera*, in the thirtieth degree of dilution, shook at each degree twenty times, endangered the life of an infant labouring under whooping-cough, to which it was administered ; but when the same was only shook twice at each grade of solution, a portion of sugar of the size of a poppy-seed moistened with it, was sufficient to obtain an easy and prompt cure of the disease (*Organon*, 339.) But this is not all. A person endowed with the greatest sensibility, may take, we are told, several grains of gold leaf without experiencing the least effect in consequence ; but from the trituration for one hour of one grain of gold, with one hundred grains of sugar of milk, there results a preparation which has already many virtues. Take one grain of this, and triturate it again for another hour with one hundred grains of the sugar of milk, and thus continue to act, until each grain of the preparation shall contain only a quadrillionth part of a grain of gold, and we have then, says Hahnemann, a remedy in which the medicinal virtue of the gold is so developed, that it is only necessary to take one grain of it, and enclose it in a bottle, and cause it to be respired for a few minutes by a melancholic in whom the disgust of life has produced a tendency to suicide, and in the course of an hour the patient will be emancipated from the influence of his evil spirit, and experience a renewed desire for living.

We have made the foregoing observations upon the novel opinions of Hahnemann, previous to entering upon the subject-matter of the work at the head of our article, judging it proper to make our readers acquainted with our opinion in relation to the medical notions of the German physician, as so much trickery has been used to bring them into public notice, and some apparent success seems to have attended those efforts. We will now leave this *abracadabra* of the nineteenth century to the merited contempt which must sooner or later overtake it, and proceed to the consideration of the volumes before us.

As a science, general pathology has existed only within a very recent period. Previously to the development, by Bichat, of the details of general anatomy, its real character and scope were absolutely unknown. Since then, however, numerous observers have devoted their talents and industry to its cultivation, by the result of whose labours this branch of pathology has now become invested with a peculiar degree of interest and importance.

Investigating the characters of the several morbid states to

which the different textures of the organism are liable, in connection with the causes by which they are produced, and the modifications in the functions and anatomical conditions of the parts affected, to which they give rise, it must be evident that general pathology constitutes an indispensable introduction to the study of special pathology. Without, in fact, an intimate acquaintance with the first, it will be impossible to acquire correct and satisfactory views in relation to the latter.

The work of M. Dubois is, we believe, the most recent treatise that has appeared, purporting to present a complete exposition of the science of general pathology. How far it deserves this character will, however, admit of some dispute. It appears to us that the author has, in some degree, mistaken the real province of this branch of pathology, and by describing diseases as they affect the different organs and apparatus, has intrenched to a very considerable extent upon that of special pathology. This, though it changes materially the character of the work, does not in the least detract from the importance of the several subjects which it embraces. It is the manner in which these are treated that will demand our attention on the present occasion.

The treatise before us is divided into three grand sections. In the first, "which corresponds to the older treatises on general pathology," the author examines disease in its most general point of view, in reference to causes, symptoms, anatomical lesions, &c.

"In the second section are comprised those diseases which may affect many systems of the animal economy, either successively, symptomatically, or simultaneously, becoming progressively, or, at once, general.

"In the third section, the diseases of each system are examined in a general manner."

Under the head of diseases, M. Dubois includes all the surgical accidents, fractures, wounds, burns, congelation, contusions, dislocations, &c. Although we do not object to a consideration of these being embraced in a system of general pathology, simply as accidents to which the different tissues of the organism are liable, yet there is a certain looseness in the manner in which they are introduced in the present work, which is calculated, we fear, not a little to confuse the mind of the student. The accidents referred to above cannot with propriety be considered as diseases; they may—many of them do invariably—produce a morbid condition of the different textures in their immediate vicinity, or in those more remotely situated, and hence they are to be ranked, in a system of general pathology, among the occasional causes of disease.

At the close of each disease, the author presents a general, and, we may add, a highly interesting sketch of its mode of treatment. This is likewise, in our opinion, travelling beyond the limits of

general pathology, though we confess we should not desire the omission of the very excellent therapeutical directions contained in the work before us. Pathology, according to its etymology, will, it is true, include every thing relating to disease, but it is now invariably used in a more limited sense. Arguments drawn from the effects of remedial agents are occasionally useful in illustrating the nature, causes, and even the seat, of diseases, but the general consideration of the treatment of the morbid states of the organs or tissues does not certainly constitute a legitimate branch of pathology.

The first section of the work is devoted, as we have stated, to the consideration of disease in general, without reference to its particular seat. In the initial chapter, after comparing the study of the physical with that of the medical sciences, and presenting a few remarks upon the division of pathology into different branches, M. Dubois presents us with the following as his views in regard to the province of general pathology :—

“ If general anatomy embraces all that relates as well to the structure of the organism, considered as a whole, as to the different systems of which that organism is composed, it is perfectly natural to conclude, that general pathology should equally embrace every thing that concerns the abnormal condition both of the entire organism and of its several parts.”

In the above sentence the author has evidently mis-stated the province as well of general anatomy as of general pathology. General anatomy embraces the structure and properties of the simple textures, “ the organized elements,” as Bichat styles them, of the animal body, and, according to our conception of general pathology, it is an investigation into the morbid changes occurring in the vital properties and organizations of these simple textures—the history of the elementary forms, if we may so express ourselves, of disease.

The chapter closes with a definition of health and of disease. Upon the latter the author's remarks are laboured, but, at the same time vague and unsatisfactory. He passes in review the several definitions offered by different writers, to the whole of which he objects. His objections are, however, not always founded upon very satisfactory reasons, nor very clearly expressed. In this and other portions of the work, M. Dubois, when treating of the peculiar views of Broussais, has evinced a degree of personal animosity towards the latter, and a desire to undervalue the importance of the pathological doctrines advanced by him, which, notwithstanding an occasional expression of faint praise, exhibits not a little want of candour and liberality. In some instances, when he has attempted to exhibit the absurdity and contradiction of certain of the propositions of M. Broussais, we are under the necessity of presuming that he has misunderstood their meaning, or of accusing

him of a wilful misrepresentation of their real bearings, and of the conclusions deducible from them.

According to M. Dubois, disease consists in a derangement of the vital actions of the organism, totally independent of any degree or species of anatomical lesion. In attempting to arrive at a proper definition of the nature of disease, he remarks, "we should not examine into the *state* or *condition* (*ce que est*), but into the *actions* (*ce que fait*) of the organism. In other words, disease consists merely in a derangement of function, occurring under the influence of certain morbid causes. Hence he declares "there is no disease but when the organism has had time to react." "Diseases being, therefore, vital acts, cannot be located."—"The (morbid) acts are executed by the organs, but not located in them." These propositions M. Dubois considers of fundamental importance, as leading to the true character and relation of the different morbid affections to which the organism is liable.

The whole of M. Dubois' observations upon the nature of disease, generally considered, are rendered obscure and contradictory, and his leading deductions inaccurate, from his having confounded, in many instances, the remote effects of disease with disease itself; and from his having applied the same general term to the abnormal state of the simple textures, and also to the whole series of morbid phenomena thence resulting. In investigating the nature of disease, it is as necessary to examine into the condition of the organs as into the derangements of functions which they exhibit. The latter cannot with propriety be considered, as the author has apparently attempted, independently of the former.

All diseases consist primarily and essentially in an abnormal modification of the vitality of one or more of the simple tissues of which the different organs are composed, giving rise invariably to a derangement of function, often to a change, more or less extensive, in the organic or anatomical condition of the part affected. In many cases the modification of the vitality of a tissue has, it is true, a tendency very readily to give place to its normal state; in other instances the modification may occur in a tissue entering into the composition of an organ, the integrity of the functions of which is essential to life; here death often takes place without the occurrence of any anatomical lesion whatever. It likewise frequently happens that disease extends from the part primarily affected to some other tissue or organ, and terminates fatally, without any perceptible change being produced in the organization of that in which it commenced.

Pathologists, it is true, have not, as yet, and perhaps never will be able to discover the nature of that change in the vitality of the tissues which gives rise to derangement of their functions, and a deviation from their normal organization. Hence it is to the latter

alone that our investigations must be almost exclusively confined. But, as the functions of an organized structure are merely vital acts performed by it, it must be evident that, whenever these acts become disordered, the structure itself upon which they depend, must, to a certain extent, have likewise become changed from its normal state, notwithstanding this change may not be detected by our senses; hence, it is perfectly correct to say that diseases are located in the tissues or organs by the disordered actions of which their phenomena are produced. M. Dubois appears to have been misled, when commenting upon the opinions of those pathologists who insist upon the local origin of all diseases, by supposing that when a disease is said to depend upon a lesion of one or more of the simple tissues, it is invariably meant that a perceptible change has occurred in the organization of the latter: with our author, we fully admit that in all cases the anatomical lesion is the effect, and not the cause of the disease.

In the greater number of cases, when disease is considered as it occurs in the simple textures, its immediate as well as remote phenomena may be very properly denominated vital actions performed abnormally, but not invariably, for all the symptoms of disease may, and very often do, depend simply upon the suspension or diminution of the actions of one or more organs. The assertion of M. Dubois, that there is no disease, excepting when the organism reacts, is altogether erroneous, provided he employs the term reaction in its ordinary pathological sense. Many diseases are unattended throughout by reaction, and in many others, so far from even the general symptoms depending upon reaction of the organism, such reaction only occurs when the disease, properly speaking, is removed.

The author has carried his doctrine, that all diseases depend upon a vital reaction, so far, that in the case of tubercles of the lungs, for example, he will not admit that any disease exists, unless the tubercles have advanced to that state when they produce irritation or disorganization of the texture in which they are situated, together with an evident derangement of the functions of the respiratory organs. Carrying out this principle, he would, we presume, deny the existence of disease in the cases related by different writers, where, after death, extensive inflammation of important tissues was discovered, the presence of which had not been manifested during the life of the patient by any evident symptom. The existence of tubercles in any given tissue is an evidence not only of a modification of the organic function of that tissue, but of a consequent change in its organization, often to a very considerable extent. By the general pathologist, therefore, they must be ranked among the indications of disease affecting that tissue.

The ensuing chapters of this section are devoted to the consi-

deration of the general causes of disease. The opinions of the author, in relation to this subject, are, upon the whole, extremely judicious, and such as we should feel no hesitation in adopting to their full extent. It is true that from his explanation of the mode of action of morbid agents, we occasionally dissent, in consequence of the different views we entertain as to the true character and primary seat of certain diseases. We likewise notice a few inaccuracies into which the author has fallen, evidently from the want of an attentive examination of the points to which they refer. His remarks on hereditary affections, on specific causes, and on the sporadic, endemic, and epidemic forms of disease, evince, generally speaking, a sound and discriminating judgment. His views concerning contagion and infection, in particular, are extremely accurate.

The chapters which follow comprise the symptoms of disease in general. This is a highly important subject, but one which we regret to say the author has treated in a manner altogether unadapted to a system of general pathology. The phenomena of disease are referrible, first, to the altered vitality and derangement of the organic functions of the tissues primarily affected; secondly, to the derangement of the functions of those organs of which the diseased tissues form a component part; and thirdly, to the derangement of the functions of other tissues and organs, to which the disease has extended from the part where it commenced, or the normal actions of which are so intimately dependent upon the integrity of the latter, that a disturbance in the functions of the one produces invariably a disturbance in the functions of the other. It is the first set of symptoms which demand the principal attention of the general pathologist. M. Dubois has, however, overlooked entirely this analysis of morbid phenomena; while his remarks, extremely vague in themselves, relate almost exclusively to those symptoms immediately dependent upon disease considered in reference to the different organs and apparatus. It is unquestionably true, that an attention to almost every particular referred to in the chapters under consideration, is of importance to the physician; what we complain of is the little immediate connection that exists between them and the main subject of the present treatise, the general pathology, namely, of disease.

The author very correctly remarks, "that, at the present day, the doctrines of pathology have brought medicine back to its legitimate object—the knowledge and treatment of disease being at length based upon an investigation of the diseased organs." We, of course, should extend the term organ, as here employed, to every portion of the animal frame, including the simple tissues as well as the organs formed by their aggregation. "The symptoms," adds M. Dubois, "are nothing more than the phenomena connected with an abnormal state of the organism; phenomena, the occur-

rence, development, and succession of which are altogether dependent upon the morbid condition of the organs." It is to be regretted that the author had not always borne in mind these important truths—they have certainly had very little influence upon some at least of his pathological deductions.

The two chapters on the development and progress of symptoms, are replete with judicious observations. These relate, however, to the phenomena of diseases affecting the functions of the principal organs and apparatus, and have but an indirect bearing upon those points more immediately demanding the attention of the general pathologist. The rapid or gradual development and progress of disease in the simple textures—the nature and succession of the morbid phenomena thence resulting—their continuance, augmentation, remission and intermission, are almost entirely overlooked by the author, and yet they are subjects of very great interest and importance to the physician; correct views in regard to them being essential to a proper estimate of the same points in relation to the disturbances which affect the functions of the organs and apparatus.

In the chapters devoted to the general consideration of anatomical lesions, the author enters into a long argument, to prove, what we believe very few will deny, that, namely, the morbid changes which occur in the organization of the tissues do not constitute the disease, properly speaking; but are, on the contrary, produced by the latter. Under the term anatomical or organic lesion, it is proper, however, to remark, that M. Dubois includes not only those changes in the anatomical character of a tissue or organ, produced by an abnormal condition of the organic functions of the part, but likewise the immediate effects of injuries inflicted upon the tissues by external agents. Hence, he very properly remarks, that organic lesions, when taken in this extensive sense, "are sometimes the result of disease, and sometimes the cause, either eventual or real—either temporary or permanent, or finally indestructible, in that sense mortal, inasmuch as being incurable, they keep up continually a destructive reaction."

Confining ourselves strictly to the case of pathological lesions, or those which are actually produced by an abnormal state of the functions of the part in which they occur, it is well known that many of these also excite in their turn morbid phenomena, often of a more important character than those which existed previously to their occurrence, and hence may with propriety be classed, in a certain sense, among the causes of disease.

The author, however, has advanced the broad proposition, that the presence of anatomical lesions by no means implies the presence of disease, inasmuch as they may be unaccompanied by reaction of the organism. Although this would be strictly true to

its fullest extent, were disease to be considered only as a certain series of abnormal actions, resulting from the derangement of the functions of the more important organs, it is nevertheless incorrect, excepting in a very restricted sense, when disease is considered as it presents itself in the simple tissues. Every pathologist must be aware that abnormal actions may exist in certain textures, often for a length of time, and may even produce a very considerable change in the anatomical condition of the parts affected, without any very sensible derangement taking place in the functions of the organs into which these textures enter. It would not do, however, in such cases, to say that no disease exists, simply from the circumstance of the abnormal action and its effects being confined strictly to a structure capable of enduring very considerable injury, without exciting diseased actions in any other portion of the organism. As a general proposition, therefore, there is not a little error in the assertion of our author, "that numerous organic lesions may exist in the organs without the occurrence of disease, inasmuch as their presence is not invariably accompanied by (what he terms) the true elements of disease, the phenomena, namely, of either a general or local reaction."

Changes of organization do unquestionably occur as the effects of disease, and may remain after every symptom of the latter has disappeared. These changes come strictly under the denomination of organic lesions. They are, however, of a very peculiar character, as they do not interfere in any perceptible degree with the normal functions of the organ in which they are seated. But the term organic lesion, as the reader will hereafter discover, is employed by M. Dubois in its most comprehensive sense, and hence includes the local phenomena of inflammation, congestion, hæmorrhages, &c.; indeed every perceptible change in the secretions, colour, thickness, density, &c., of a tissue. It is on this account that we object to the proposition last quoted. We repeat, what we have already more than once remarked, that in a system of general pathology our investigations are to be confined to disease as it occurs in the simple tissues, and not to those groups of symptoms which constitute the diseases of nosological writers.

The organic lesions are divided by our author into congenital vices of conformation and accidental or acquired lesions. The first are referred to a derangement of what he denominates, after the German physiologists, the formative force or power—a power which is supposed "to exist in the homogeneous mass constituting the ovum, and by the agency of which all the elements of organization are produced in it, appropriated, harmonized, and, in a word, submitted to the laws of formation." This power may possess either an excess or deficiency of energy, or its action may be perverted; and hence there may occur, in the first place, an excess or

superabundance of development in the organs of the *fœtus*; or there may occur an arrest of development in certain organs; or, finally, "the organs may not have the requisite harmony of relation, their respective constitutions may be vicious, and their relative positions may be changed."

In considering the accidental or acquired lesions, the author first notices the alterations in the composition of the blood—then the modifications which it experiences in the course of its circulation, from derangements of the impulsive force, or from causes altogether physical. This includes the different congestions and stagnations of the blood. Next in order, he examines how far the several abnormal secretions are referrible to a disordered action of the eliminative force, or that force by which the materials of the secretions are separated from the mass of the fluids. Finally, the lesions of nutrition occupy his attention, all of which are referred to a morbid action of the plastic force.

That in most, if not in all, the abnormal states of the tissues, their capillary circulation, their secretions, and, perhaps, their nutrition, are more or less altered, is an important pathological fact. We cannot perceive, however, that our acquaintance with the nature and immediate causes of these alterations of function, is in the slightest degree augmented by attributing them to certain hypothetical forces. It is the character and extent of the different modifications which take place in the organic actions and conditions of the affected tissues, the particular circumstances under which they occur, and the various morbid phenomena to which they directly or indirectly give rise, that interest chiefly the pathologist. We regret to say that, upon all these particulars, the information detailed in the work before us is particularly meagre and unsatisfactory. While we are presented with many just and pertinent remarks, the author has failed, in general, to seize upon and present in bold relief, the leading pathological data and deductions connected with this part of the subject.

It is impossible to follow M. Dubois in his investigation of the several species of organic lesions, agreeably to the classification he has adopted. To attempt an examination of the opinions which he has advanced in reference to this subject, would extend the present review to an unreasonable length. Although he admits that many of the organic lesions are preceded by congestions, or even by a certain degree of inflammation, yet he denies that this is ordinarily the case. From the doctrine which attributes them generally to different grades of irritation affecting the tissues in which they are seated, he entirely dissents, as one insufficient to explain their production, and inconsistent with facts. Occasionally, it is true, his objections have some weight; but at the same time it must be admitted that he has failed, generally speaking, in establishing them

by sound pathological arguments—while the manner in which he has attempted to account for some at least of the morbid changes in the tissues, is far less satisfactory than the doctrine which he rejects.

The first section of the work closes with a view of the necroscopic investigation of anatomical lesions, and of the leading therapeutical indications, or general mode of treating diseases; in which latter is contained a series of highly judicious observations, the result evidently of extensive experience and much reflexion.

The manner in which the subjects embraced in this section are treated, prove the author to be emphatically a vitalist. All the phenomena of disease are, according to him, vital actions abnormally executed—all changes from the normal state of the tissues and organs are the result of a derangement of the organic functions. Thus far we should be inclined to subscribe to his opinions, without much hesitation; but in carrying out these general views, he may very properly be accused of *extra* vitalism. Vital or functional derangements are so generally spoken of as being distinct from organic derangements, that the real state of the disease in the organs is entirely lost sight of, or, more correctly speaking, denied—a most pernicious error in reference to its effects upon our diagnosis and therapeutical indications. Vitality and organization, function and organ, are so intimately connected, that it is impossible to separate them in our pathological reasoning. All those systems which lead to such a separation, so far from advancing our acquaintance with the character of diseases and facilitating their cure, have produced directly contrary effects.

The second section of the treatise is devoted to a consideration of those “diseases which may affect many systems of the economy.” The diseases arranged under this head form rather a strange medley, more particularly when we consider that the work before us professes to be exclusively devoted to general pathology. The maladies capable of affecting several systems, are, according to M. Dubois, inflammation, suppuration, wounds, ulcers, gangrene, burns, congelation, fever, poisoning, asphyxia, cachexia, and the verminous affections generally.

The author declines presenting any formal definition of inflammation. He prefers “rather, after the manner of the celebrated Hunter, to investigate with attention the various symptoms which it produces in its effects upon the different tissues and organs. So far, however, as it concerns the derangement of function caused by it in the latter, its investigation is the province of special anatomy. It is the consideration of inflammation in reference to the tissues alone which enters into the plan of the present work. Of what advantage is it,” inquires the author, “to repeat continually, that in every inflammation nature reacts, if we are ignorant of the

manner in which she reacts, and while there are as many modes of reaction as there are different tissues in the organism?" This is all extremely just, and in strict accordance with the principles of general pathology.

The remarks of M. Dubois upon the general causes of inflammation present nothing which calls for any particular remark, excepting one or two allusions to specific inflammation. We doubt very much whether it can ever be established by conclusive arguments, that, aside from those differences in the phenomena, progress and effects of inflammation derived from its occurrence in a particular tissue, or from its being associated with a diseased condition of particular organs, there is any thing strictly specific in the nature of any of its varieties. We deny, without hesitation, that, properly speaking, there exists a scrofulous, gouty, or rheumatic inflammation. The cultivation of general pathology has reduced the number of specific diseases to a very few, and we have little doubt that hereafter we shall discover, in the peculiar organization or vitality of the parts affected, the cause of the peculiarity of phenomena by which most of the remainder are characterized.

The chapters on the causes and symptoms of inflammation in general, present a tolerably full and correct digest of the leading facts connected with these points. In relation to the febrile symptoms by which inflammation, when of a certain degree of intensity, is almost invariably accompanied—the author, after stating the importance of determining with accuracy what are the febrile symptoms which are produced by local inflammation, that is to say, what are the symptoms of inflammation, properly speaking; and, secondly, what are the symptoms which are primitively febrile, or, in other words, immediately excited by the influence of the morbid causes by which we are surrounded, remarks as follows:—

"We acknowledge that it is much more easy to recognise the existence of the first than of the second variety of febrile symptoms. We know that local inflammations, when of a certain degree of intensity, give rise consecutively and symptomatically to phenomena of a general or constitutional character—in a word, to fever. We acknowledge, further, that pathologists formerly neglected, almost invariably, to investigate the morbid condition of the individual organs by which these symptoms are produced, and that they frequently described as primitive fevers, those which are actually symptomatic of local inflammations. It is from this circumstance we are to explain why, formerly, fevers were so numerous, while the occurrence of gastritis and enteritis was, or rather appeared to be, so rare. It is to Broussais, especially, that the honour is due of having directed the attention of physicians to this branch of pathology, by which he has rendered a real service to humanity.

"The closest attention and most minute investigation are frequently necessary to determine the local disease. This arises, no doubt, from the diversity of the functions assigned to the different organs. It is rare that

an inflammation affecting an organ whose functions are those of relation, and of sufficient intensity to produce general symptoms, will escape detection, excepting when the brain or its dependencies is at the same time labouring under disease. Such is not the case, however, when the inflammation occurs in a part the functions of which are those exclusively of organic life—frequently an inflammation thus seated remains obscure during its entire course, and it may even be masked by the febrile phenomena which it has itself provoked. The existence of the local disease is in fact often overlooked, until revealed by an autopsical examination after the death of the patient. It should not, however, be supposed, that in every case the inflammations observed after death have been the point of departure of the febrile symptoms. The latter may have preceded the local disease, they may even have played a part in its production.

“By the influence of atmospherical vicissitudes, or of those unknown causes which constitute, in a majority of instances, the medical constitution; or by the influence of causes altogether moral, the entire organism may be primarily modified, so as to produce a febrile reaction; for all its parts are so connected, that nothing is more natural than a general perturbation. The organism, when morbidly affected in its nervous centres, is soon functionally affected in the central organ of the circulation, and in this manner all the phenomena of fever are produced.”

While we object strongly to the looseness of phraseology evinced in the foregoing sentences, particularly the last, we have no objection to admit, to their fullest extent, the legitimate inferences deducible from the positions set forth in them. That those phenomena, strictly denominated febrile, very generally accompany local inflammations of any degree of intensity, is so well established a fact, that no pathologist has ever disputed it. That, also, what have been denominated primitive or idiopathic fevers, depend very generally upon a local inflammation, notwithstanding the existence of the latter is so frequently overlooked, is a fact that can be established likewise beyond the possibility of dispute. It is equally true, that certain causes acting directly upon the nervous system, and through it upon the heart, may produce all the phenomena of fever; and if this is what the author means by “the entire organism being modified,” and by “a general perturbation,” we admit the correctness of his observation, but not of the terms in which it is expressed. The excitement here alluded to, however decided may be the fever produced by it, will very soon subside, together with its effects, unless some portion of the nervous system, or of some one of the other tissues, becomes the actual seat of irritation, or of well marked inflammation. Hence, we assume it as a pathological axiom, that every fever, properly so called, if not produced, is, at least, kept up by the presence of local disease. We care not whether this be an irritation seated in the nervous centre; an inflammation of the pleura, lungs, stomach, peritoneum, or any other part.

The author's views as to the nature of what he terms primitive or essential fever, differ very materially from those which we entertain.

"It has been for a long time believed," he remarks, "and many pathologists still suppose, that the general symptoms excited by inflammation, are identically the same as the phenomena of primitive fevers, that there is no difference between these excepting in the parts primarily affected, or rather in their mode of production. The first depending upon a local inflammation, while the second are immediately excited in the organism by general causes. This position, when carried out to its full extent, is evidently erroneous. Without doubt, there is considerable analogy between the symptoms peculiar to that form of primitive fever, denominated inflammatory, and those of traumatic fever; but the analogy goes no further. We are not to suppose that the febrile symptoms, produced by a decided local phlegmasia, can assume the typhoid form, and still remain the symptoms of simple inflammation. Whatever may have been the origin of the febrile phenomena, whether they have or have not been produced primitively by inflammation of some organ, the moment the fever assumes the typhoid form, other elements enter into this new morbid condition than that of inflammation. We must admit, it is true, that a typhoid fever may, in certain cases, commence with the symptoms of an inflammatory reaction. We cannot deny, that in other instances, a local inflammation may have produced the primary symptoms, and that on opening the bodies of patients who have died in the course of a typhoid fever, evident traces of inflammation in the organs may be detected. But what do these facts prove? Do they prove that the phenomena of inflammation are alone sufficient to constitute a typhoid fever? By no means. They merely prove that in subjects predisposed, a severe local inflammation may give rise to a condition of things very favourable to the occurrence of fever of a typhoid character—that such subjects, when labouring under an inflammation sufficiently intense to excite febrile symptoms, may esteem themselves very fortunate should they experience no attack of this form of fever, and finally, that the presence of the latter does not necessarily imply that no visceral inflammation exists. No one asserts that in typhoid fever there is no inflammation; the coincidence of the latter has been admitted; it has even been acknowledged that it may have an agency in the production of the typhoid phenomena; but it has been maintained, and very correctly, that the production of these phenomena cannot be referred solely to the existence of such inflammatory lesions."

The important pathological question, in regard to the nature of fever, which has of late years been so extensively discussed, is very incorrectly stated in the foregoing sentence. So far as we are aware, no one has ever advanced the opinion that the prominent symptoms of all those diseases, ranged by nosologists under the head of idiopathic fevers, are dependent upon a mere increased excitement of the general circulatory system, caused by a local inflammation. It is acknowledged on all hands that, in the diseases referred to, there occur other morbid phenomena than acceleration

of the pulse, increased heat of the surface, and a hurried respiration. The fact is, the term fever, which ought to be confined strictly to designate the latter phenomena, has been applied by medical writers to designate a series of very complex symptoms, of which the febrile excitement forms often the least important part. The real point in dispute is, whether the affections, known by the name of idiopathic fevers, depend upon some mysterious modification of the entire organism, unconnected with local disease, or whether all the phenomena by which they are characterized, may not be traced to a diseased state of one or other of the tissues entering into the composition of certain organs. This latter doctrine is maintained by the physiological school of pathologists, and the facts and arguments in its support are, in our opinion, conclusive. We do not propose here to enter into an investigation of the phenomena which characterize those fevers the author has referred to, under the denomination typhoid; phenomena, upon the true character of which, however, scarcely two pathologists can be found to agree; yet we may remark, that the very fact, admitted by M. Dubois, that these phenomena may, and we may add, very often do occur, in connection with the general febrile excitement produced by local inflammations, is sufficient evidence that there is nothing specific in the typhoid phenomena; but that they are capable of being excited at least indirectly by the inflammation of a single tissue, when this is sufficiently intense to produce disease and consequent disturbance in the functions of the more important organs of the system. That local inflammations of the most intense grade do often occur, without giving rise to typhoid symptoms, is no evidence that the latter are independent of the local disease—all the phenomena of inflammations are modified, not only by the different tissues and organs in which the latter occurs, its greater or less degree of intensity, &c., but also by the predisposition to disease of different parts of the organism. In investigating the pathology of such complex diseases, as are many of the fevers of the nosologists, these facts should be kept constantly in mind. We very often forget that from a variety of circumstances, of the nature of many of which we are still ignorant, organs not primarily affected, may, in the course of the disease, become the seat of morbid action, and consequently, that, in its different stages, it may present very dissimilar phenomena; the whole of which are, nevertheless, strictly speaking, a series of morbid results, dependent primarily upon a local inflammation of very limited extent.

In regard to what are usually enumerated by pathologists as the terminations of inflammation, for example, adhesion, suppuration, ulceration, effusion, gangrene, &c., M. Dubois very properly remarks, that in the majority of cases, it is not true that the inflammatory action ceases upon the occurrence of the above phenomena;

many of them are, in fact, intimately connected with the presence of a certain grade of inflammation. In place, therefore, of being ranked among the terminations of the latter, they should be considered as distinct morbid conditions, occurring in parts which are the seat of inflammation, and produced by the latter. The only real termination of the inflammatory process, according to our author, is in resolution.

In the chapter devoted to the consideration of the act of suppuration, we are furnished with a very correct description of its leading phenomena, interspersed with numerous remarks, which, though possessed of little novelty, are, in general, sound, and of a practical bearing. With M. Louis the author would seem to consider the production of pus so distinctive a feature of inflammation, properly speaking, as to deny the inflammatory character to all diseases in which it does not occur. He has, in so doing, overlooked entirely the modifications in the phenomena, as well as in the progress and effects of inflammation which result from the difference in the structure and vitality of the tissues in which it occurs. It affords a strange comment upon the views of M. Dubois, just alluded to, when we find him subsequently, more than once, adverting to the pathological fact pointed out by Bichat, that in inflammations of the fibrous tissue suppuration never occurs.

If our space would admit of it, we should be inclined to enter into an examination of the hypothesis, adopted by our author from the older pathologists, that hectic fever is in every instance produced by the absorption of pus. We are persuaded this hypothesis will not be found to be very clearly established, when an investigation is made of all the circumstances under which the occurrence of hectic fever takes place. We believe it will be discovered, that in certain instances the presence of well defined hectic fever is unconnected with any evidence whatever of the existence, much less of the absorption, of purulent matter.

The remarks of the author in relation to wounds, ulcers, gangrene, &c., are, with few exceptions, in accordance with the opinions of the most recent and authoritative observers.

M. Dubois proceeds next to the consideration of fevers in general. It is not our intention to enter into a detailed examination of the doctrines advanced by him in relation to this highly important but very debateable subject. We have already noticed cursorily the author's views of the pathology of this class, as it is termed, of diseases. Admitting, with the majority of modern pathologists, that a large number, at least, of febrile diseases are dependent for their production and continuance upon local inflammation, more or less extensive, and of different degrees of intensity, he nevertheless still maintains that there are fevers of a particular character, which are altogether independent of local disease, and which consist in a ge-

neral reaction of the organism, produced by causes which act directly upon the nervous centres and the heart. The correctness of this hypothesis, the author has attempted to establish by an examination of the causes, phenomena, progress, and anatomical lesions of simple continued, intermittent, typhoid, yellow, and the other fevers described by systematic writers. How far the phenomena, connected with these, justify the general conclusions adopted by M. Dubois, as to the existence, character, and mode of production of idiopathic fevers, must be left to the reader to decide, after an attentive perusal of the author's arguments. So far as our own opinion is concerned, we have no hesitation to say, that notwithstanding the dogmatic and often exulting tone which the author has assumed in this portion of his treatise, we are under the necessity of calling in question the correctness of much that he has advanced as facts, and deny the legitimacy of many of his conclusions, even admitting the accuracy of his premises. That a fever of any duration can exist without the presence of local disease, we absolutely deny. We have already observed, that the fevers of nosological writers are not to be viewed as simple, but as very complex diseases—often, indeed, they may, with some degree of propriety, be said to consist in a succession of diseases of very dissimilar character. The only manner in which their pathology can be investigated with any hope of a profitable result, is by carefully noting from the very onset of the malady to its termination, the different organs that are morbidly affected, the order in which they become attacked, the nature, extent, and progress of the disease in each, and the modifications produced in the general phenomena by the transmitting or extension of the local disease from one portion of the organism to another.

The ensuing chapters treat of the different species of poisoning and of asphyxia. Upon the latter, the observations of M. Dubois are particularly interesting, and deserving of an attentive perusal.

The next subject treated of is that class of diseases which the author denominates cachexies. These he describes as affecting at their commencement, and, for the most part, consecutively, "several systems of the animal economy."

A chapter on verminose affections terminates the second section of the treatise. The third section comprises the diseases of particular tissues. In this a nearer approach is made to what we conceive to be the legitimate subjects and proper arrangement of a system of general pathology, than is displayed in either of the preceding sections. The manner, nevertheless, in which the author has thought proper to treat of the affections of the individual tissues is, we conceive, in many particulars decidedly vicious.

The different pathological states of the cellular tissue are those first treated of. The chapters on phlegmon, phlegmonous inflammation,

and abscess, call for no particular remarks. Those on œdema and anasarca are, however, highly interesting. The author's views in regard to the nature of these affections correspond with the observations of the most authoritative of the modern pathologists.

The active or acute form of serous infiltration of the cellular tissue, whether local or general, is referred invariably to a simple inflammatory condition of the tissue, the immediate effect of which condition is such an augmentation of the secretion of fluid into its cells, as to prevent the absorbents removing it with sufficient rapidity. The passive or chronic form of the disease results most commonly, in the opinion of M. Dubois, from the existence of some impediment to the free return of the blood by the veins, or to the transmission of the lymph through its proper vessels, which gives rise to a marked diminution, if not a total interruption of the absorption of the serous fluid secreted within the cellular tissue.

Passing over the remaining affections of the cellular tissue, we come next to those of the nervous system. The author treats first of inflammation of the central portions of the latter. His remarks upon this subject are upon the whole extremely correct, but of far too general a character. The causes, phenomena, and effects of the inflammatory conditions of the brain and spinal marrow are merely alluded to, while nearly all the important details connected with the subject, and essential to a proper understanding of it, are omitted. The same remarks are also true in regard to the succeeding chapter, which treats of inflammation of the nerves; M. Dubois, however, presents us with an interesting sketch of the anatomical lesions consequent upon neuritis.

The following are given by the author as the distinctive phenomena of neuralgia and neuritis.

"In neuralgia the pain occurs suddenly, and frequently is of such intensity as to be scarcely endurable. It subsides as suddenly, but continues to recur, after a longer or shorter interval, with a most provoking obstinacy. The pain in neuralgia is unattended by either swelling of the part or any very decided redness; it is often relieved by pressure, and, besides, is of a very peculiar and decided character. Sometimes it resembles an electric shock, a burning heat shooting, as it were, through the affected parts; in other cases, it consists simply in a sense of formication, or in a most intolerable burning. The pain commences at a point and follows the minute ramifications of the diseased nerve. Neuritis, on the contrary, is developed gradually, like other inflammations; the pain is continued and seated along the course of a large nervous trunk; it is augmented by the motions of the part, and is accompanied by some degree of swelling and increased heat. Finally, symptoms of a general reaction, indicated by augmented quickness and frequency of the pulse, heat of surface, thirst, &c. become developed as soon as the local disease acquires a certain degree of intensity. Frequently, however, it is somewhat difficult to distinguish simple neuralgia from inflammation of the nerve by the symptoms alone; in neuritis the

tumefaction of the part is not always appreciable, while in *neuralgia* (the author has it *neuritis*) pressure is often productive of extreme pain; but one circumstance should always be borne in mind when making up our diagnosis, which is, that inflammation almost always attacks the sciatic nerve, seldom the median or cubital (Martinet), while *neuralgia* attacks more frequently the branches of the trigeminal nerve. Besides, when the latter does affect the sciatic nerve, it is invariably intermittent; sciatic neuritis, on the contrary, is continued, while the pain is exasperated by the act of walking; the extremity often acquires a livid hue, its veins are swollen, and finally it becomes atrophied."

The chapter on softening of the central portions of the nervous system is altogether unsatisfactory, so far, at least, as relates to the pathology of this affection. The author admits, that, in many instances, the softening is consequent upon an inflammation of the nervous matter; but, in other cases, he asserts, that it occurs under circumstances altogether opposed to the existence of inflammation, and without ossification of the nutrient vessels of the part. Instead of a stimulation, there is rather, he observes, a debilitation of the tissue, as in the case of white softening, with discoloration or atrophy of the brain, &c. In other cases the softening would appear to him to be owing, in some degree, at least, to the solvent action of effused fluids, and finally, in certain cases, it is to be viewed, he maintains, merely as a cadaveric phenomenon. This may be all very true; the author, however, has produced no fact in its support.

The author's remarks on induration of the central portions of the nervous system, though extremely brief and of a very general character, are much more interesting and satisfactory than those on the preceding affection. Admitting, as he could not well avoid, from the numerous facts accumulated by the industry of recent observers, all of which go to establish the fact, that induration of the nervous tissue is frequently the result of inflammation, M. Dubois still insists that this lesion is often produced by special causes, altogether independent of inflammation. In individuals, he remarks, who are exposed to the influence of the different preparations of lead, a general induration of the nervous centres has been detected, unaccompanied by any trace of irritation, either in the organs themselves or in their envelopes.

The chapters which follow, treat of wounds and alterations of structure of the nervous system; in these we find nothing which calls for any particular comment.

Having thus considered the several abnormal states of what he denominates the central and peripheral portions of the nervous system, M. Dubois enters next into the investigation of the *neuroses*, or, in other words, those groups of morbid phenomena which have been erected by nosological writers into so many specific diseases of the nervous organs. While we admit that such groups of symptoms do frequently present themselves, and that to a certain extent they

originate from lesions of the brain and spinal marrow, we must confess that we have not much respect for the plan pursued by the author in their investigation; it is neither adapted to a system of general pathology, nor calculated to lead to any important practical results.

In treating of the morbid condition of each portion of the nervous system, and we should be inclined to subdivide that system to a much greater extent than has been done by M. Dubois, all the phenomena, whether primary or secondary, resulting from the several lesions to which it is liable, should be clearly and methodically stated by the general pathologist. It is the province of special pathology to consider these phenomena in the groups in which they generally present themselves, to enter into their analysis, and to refer each to the particular lesion by which it is produced. The same thing is true of many of the neuroses, as was noticed when speaking of the fevers of nosologists; that is, they are extremely complex diseases, originating often in the abnormal state of very different organs from those subsequently affected.

The remarks of the author on cephalalgia are vague and unsatisfactory. He restricts the term cephalalgia to pains seated in the nervous centres, and independent of any appreciable organic lesion. He admits, that, in many cases, however, cephalalgia is symptomatic of various affections of the brain itself, or of some other organ more or less remotely situated, and notices the influence of disease of the stomach in its production. Many persons, he observes, anticipate the occurrence of cephalalgia the moment they experience a derangement of their digestive functions; but, in other cases, the disorder of the stomach is, he asserts, consecutive; the pain of the head first occurs, and is succeeded, sooner or later, by loss of appetite, nausea, and even vomiting. That, even under the last mentioned circumstances, the cephalalgia is not symptomatic of gastric irritation, the author has failed satisfactorily to prove.

Upon the pathology of the neuralgia, the subject next in order, the author has not succeeded in throwing any additional light.

Had we sufficient space to allow us to enter into an examination of the leading pathological facts, established by repeated observations, which relate to those convulsive affections classed by M. Dubois among the neuroses, that is, diseases in which the nervous functions are disturbed without any appreciable change in the condition of the brain or spinal marrow, it would be easy to show that the opinions of the author in relation to these affections are to a very great extent purely hypothetical. That in many at least of the convulsive diseases there is a decided irritation, accompanied with very evident afflux of fluids, of some portion of the nervous centres, amounting often to positive inflammation, and giving rise very generally to changes in the physical condition of the parts in which

it is seated is incontestably true. That such is the case the author has, in fact, himself indirectly acknowledged. Speaking of the causes of infantile convulsions, he remarks:—

“Most frequently the process of dentition excites towards the brain a dangerous *malin*—in other cases it is a reaction, depending upon the state of the digestive organs; the presence of intestinal worms acts then upon the nervous system: often a state of plethora may become the occasional cause of convulsions.

“Females of a very plethoric habit are particularly predisposed to *eclampsia*, and especially such as are pregnant for the first time. M. Desormeaux adds, that we may also include among the causes of this affection, all those circumstances which dispose the brain to become the centre of fluxion, and which determine the blood with increased impetus towards that organ. These causes had been pointed out by M. A. C. Baudelocque, in his inaugural dissertation.”

So constantly, indeed, are the convulsions of infants and puerperal females preceded and accompanied by symptoms of irritation of the brain, accompanied by an increased afflux of blood to that organ, the fact of which is further established by the nature of the remedies which experience has shown to be most successful in the removal of the affections, that we were surprised to find them included by M. Dubois in his class of neuroses. That, after death, in many cases, no evident marks of an increased turgescence of the encephalic vessels can be detected, is no positive evidence that such turgescence did not exist previously.

The chapters on epilepsy, chorea, and catalepsy, present a very excellent, but very condensed, history of these affections, and of their remote and exciting causes. In regard to their pathology, however, the author contents himself by stating that they all depend, so far at least as regards their convulsive phenomena, upon some inexplicable derangement of those functions of the nervous system which preside over muscular action, independent of irritation or inflammation of the brain, or spinal marrow. The mass of facts accumulated in regard to the morbid anatomy of these diseases, by the most accurate observers, and the legitimate inferences to which such facts appear to lead, are entirely overlooked by the author, or set aside as altogether irrelevant or inconclusive.

We had so frequently heard the monograph upon hysteria, published about two years ago by M. Dubois, referred to in the highest terms of commendation, that we expected, in the chapter of the present treatise devoted to that disease, to meet with some new and interesting views in relation to it. But though we are there presented with an admirable description of its symptoms, the order of their occurrence and cessation, yet, so far as it regards the pathology of the disease, we are left, generally speaking, as much in the dark as ever. With the doctrine recently advanced by one or two

English writers, which refers the production of hysteria to spinal irritation, and which certainly demands some degree of attention from the facts adduced in its support; M. Dubois appears not to have been acquainted. The following extract will enable the reader to judge of the author's views of the pathology of this affection:—

"In hysteria, the *vital power*, sur-excited in one point of the organism, namely, in the uterine apparatus, reacts upon the cerebro-spinal axis. It is this sur-excitation of the vital power which, by its *violent influence*, sometimes exalts the moral faculties, and sometimes suspends the operations of the intellect, exciting sympathetically convulsions of the principal muscles of locomotion. It is it, finally, which frequently exhausts the *nervous influx*, so as to produce a state of apparent death, and frequently gives rise to paralysis and spasmodic retractions, more or less extensive and permanent. In regard to the primitive lesion experienced by the uterus, we have reason to believe that a *simple nervous modification* is sufficient to occasion the majority of the general symptoms, in consequence of the connections which exist between the uterus and the rest of the economy, and of the *special and powerful* nature of the nervous lesion alluded to. The partisans of the theory of irritation do not reason physiologically (query, does the author?) when they assume the necessity of a chronic gastro-enteritis, or metritis, to produce the convulsive paroxysms of hysteria."

We would here inquire, whether M. Dubois means to infer that the nature of the "special and violent nervous lesion," to which he refers the production of the convulsive phenomena of hysteria, has been more clearly determined by observation than that of the "nervous irritation," by the existence of which those of the physiological school attempt to explain these symptoms?

The proximate cause of tetanus, M. Dubois considers "to be equally unknown to us, as is the nature of that power which causes in the muscles of animal life their normal movements." He denies explicitly that the disease depends upon irritation or inflammation of the brain or spinal marrow, or of their membranes, or upon any sensible organic change in either.

Hydrophobia he describes as being produced by the insertion into the system of the saliva of a rabid animal; which saliva, being possessed of a poisonous property, causes a lesion of the nervous system, of the nature of which we are entirely ignorant. This lesion is, in the first instance, unattended with any evident organic change in the nervous or other tissues; it may, however, he admits, in certain cases, produce an inflammation, to a greater or less extent, of the brain, spinal marrow, or their meninges, as well as of other organs, but not necessarily or invariably.

We pass over the chapters on nervous tremors and delirium tremens, which brings us to the all-important class of mental diseases.

It is impossible for us to enter fully into the consideration of this

copious subject; since to test the accuracy of the doctrines advanced by our author in regard to the causes and character of the various mental diseases, would require us to discuss at some length the physiology of the brain and the philosophy of the intellectual faculties generally, as well as to notice, to a certain extent, that immense and interesting collection of facts in relation to their pathological conditions, that has been accumulated by the industry of many of the most eminent medical observers. We may be permitted, however, merely to say, that we hold the following propositions to be now fully established, namely:—1st. That all mental diseases, properly speaking, depend upon an abnormal state or condition of some portion of the cerebrum. 2nd. That this condition may be either the effect of causes acting directly upon the brain, or may result from disease existing in other organs, the brain being affected secondarily; and 3rd. That the affection of the brain, in many cases of mental derangement, amounts to an actual change in its organic structure.

M. Dubois observes, that he has made a separate class of the mental affections, “because they do not consist exclusively in either lesions of sensibility or of contractility. They are organic acts, but acts of an extremely complex character.”

The chapter on congenital idiocy is a very excellent one. The author correctly remarks, that there exist material conditions of the brain, or vices of conformation, which readily explain the non-development of the intellectual powers. The admission that this abnormal condition of the mental functions is dependent upon a material lesion of the brain, will, however, we conceive, remove it from out the author's class of nervous diseases, which, we are to recollect, are unconnected with any evident organic change in the nervous organs. Of this he appears to have been aware, for when speaking of the anatomical lesions existing in cases of idiocy, he observes:—

“The neuroses, according to our definition, it is true, consist in certain morbid actions, which do not appear to be dependent upon any permanent anatomical lesion, but which may nevertheless recur under the influence of certain anatomical conditions readily appreciable.”—“Many of the irregular manifestations of the mental faculties may be connected with an evident and permanent abnormal state of the intellectual organs.”

The whole of the author's remarks upon mania, its causes, symptoms, nature, and anatomical lesions, are embraced in about twelve small octavo pages. It must be evident, therefore, that, however excellent in themselves, they are far too brief and general to present any thing like a full elucidation of this highly important and, at the same time, obscure subject. He attaches, in our estimation, too little weight to the leading facts and arguments adduced by recent observers in relation to the pathology of the different forms of mania

That a disease of such long continuance, and so untractable in its character, and presenting, in its phenomena, evidence of so complete a subversion of the normal functions of so delicate and important an organ as the brain, should consist merely in a change of vitality, unaccompanied by any evident change in the organic condition of the affected part, we should hardly suppose *a priori*, and we find it to be in direct opposition to the evidence deducible from a very extensive series of apparently accurate observations. It is true, the author does not assert formally that such is the case—but from the manner in which he disposes of the autopsical phenomena described by different writers as occurring in persons who have died of mania, it is evident that he considers the traces of disease discoverable in the brain and other organs, as of very little or no importance, in accounting for the production of that disease.

That we are unable to explain why a certain lesion of the brain should produce derangement of the mental faculties, cannot be adduced as evidence that such lesion has no agency in its production. If it can be established that irritation, inflammation, or other abnormal conditions of certain portions of the brain, are very commonly attended by mental derangement, we have arrived at a positive fact in relation to the pathology of the latter, the importance of which, in directing our subsequent investigations into the true nature and causes of the disease, and into the means adopted for its prevention and cure, can be readily estimated.

In regard to monomania, M. Dubois remarks, that—

“In the human mind there exist two kinds of ideas: the one foreign to *self*, and indifferent to the well-being of the individual by whom they are conceived—the other relate to his affections, his mode of existence, and are essential to his present or future happiness. In the normal state of his organism, he occupies himself with the latter more than with the former. When an abnormal state occurs, and he occupies himself with them exclusively, he becomes monomaniac.”

The author divides monomania into several varieties, the principal of which are the hypochondriac, melancholic, suicidal, homicidal, religious, erotic, ambitious, &c. Under the hypochondriacal variety he includes nostalgia, and imaginary hydrophobia.

Hypochondriacal monomania is described as a disease of the mind, characterized by an excessive and constant fear of being the subject of strange and imaginary diseases, or by the strong persuasion that any real disease under which the patient may labour will terminate fatally. In the first period of the affection, there exists, he maintains, no real or organic lesion of the brain or other organs; but, subsequently, in consequence of the patient's attention being constantly and anxiously directed to the condition of his digestive or circulatory organs, every unusual and transient sensation occurring in them being magnified into the symptoms of some serious and

fatal disease, his regimen being at the same time modified, and a highly improper course of treatment pursued in accordance with those diseased conceptions, the functions of the stomach or heart become, at length, morbidly affected, giving rise at first to the symptoms of gastralgia, or some nervous disorder of the heart, and finally to chronic gastritis, latent or partial pericarditis, hypertrophy of the heart, or other organic change in the digestive or circulatory organs.

“There is nothing, however, to prove the existence, in hypochondriasis, of a cerebral irritation, resulting from a preceding chronic gastritis, as supposed by Broussais and his partisans. Every thing, on the contrary, tends rather to prove that, during the latter period of the disease, such irritations occur but very rarely. After death, we sometimes, it is true, discover organic lesions of the brain and its appendices, but these lesions, which by no means succeed invariably to encephalic irritation, are to be ranked, even when the latter has been the case, among those secondary affections which constitute the third period of hypochondriasis.”

Our readers will be able to judge from the foregoing, of the pathological views of M. Dubois in relation to monomania generally, for he remarks that what he has laid down concerning hypochondriacal monomania, is in part applicable to the other varieties.

“In other words, their point of departure is the same; and their symptoms, although very different in character, have a similar connection or filiation. Their terminations, however, differ; in the greater number of cases, the remaining varieties of monomania eventuate in complete and genuine mania, sometimes even in fatuity.”

The consideration of the mental affections concludes with an account of fatuity, or consecutive imbecility of mind, and somnambulism.

The remainder of the treatise is devoted to an investigation of the pathological states of the vascular, serous, muscular and fibrous, cartilaginous and osseous, mucous and cutaneous tissues. Many important and unsettled questions in pathology are connected with the diseases of these portions of the organism, all of which demand a very thorough examination, yet, from the space we have already occupied, we find that we shall be under the necessity of passing them over without notice, and of closing our review with merely a passing comment upon one or two of the subjects included in this portion of the work.

In the chapter on inflammation, as it affects the capillary vessels, we expected to meet, if not with any novel views on this important subject, at least with a very full exposition of all the facts connected with it. The agency of the capillary tissue in the production of the phenomena of inflammation, has a very direct bearing upon the pathology of an extensive class of diseases, of more frequent occurrence, perhaps, than any other, and therefore demanding a

very close investigation in a system of general pathology. But we confess a perusal of the chapter has disappointed us. The author has done little more than briefly state the differences of opinion which exist among physicians as to the actual condition of the capillaries in a part labouring under inflammation, and the difficulties attending the correct investigation of this particular, for which he is mainly indebted to the work of Dr. Thompson. Few chapters in the present treatise are characterized by a greater degree of vagueness, or containing so few facts calculated to lead to satisfactory conclusions, than the one under consideration.

In the short chapters devoted to inflammation of the serous tissue, and to dropsy of the cavities lined by the latter, M. Dubois has presented a very correct, but at the same time superficial, digest of the present state of our knowledge in regard to these subjects. We recognize as correct the doctrine which refers all dropsies, either to an inflammatory affection of the serous and seroid membranes, or to causes, whether vital or physical, by which the free return of the venous blood from the affected cavities is impeded or prevented.

Rheumatism, according to our author, is a disease proper to the muscular and fibrous tissues. He denies, however, that it is an inflammation, and this chiefly from the fact that suppuration never occurs in the parts affected; the formation of pus being considered by him as the true characteristic of genuine inflammation. When, however, we examine with due attention the exciting causes of rheumatism, the phenomena characteristic especially of its acute stage, as correctly detailed by our author, together with those remedies, generally speaking, which experience has proved to be the most successful in its removal, we can scarcely deny that the disease is an inflammation seated in the fibrous tissue. That this inflammation differs in some of its phenomena and in its effects from inflammation occurring in the cellular, serous, or mucous tissues, is very freely admitted; but at the same time it must be remarked, that it does not differ from the latter to a greater extent than phlegmon or pleurisy or pneumonia differs from gastritis, cerebritis, or colitis. The fact, which cannot be too much insisted upon, that the phenomena and results of inflammation differ according to the difference of the organization and functions of the tissue in which it occurs, has been in a great measure overlooked by M. Dubois. Rheumatism is an inflammation strictly of the fibrous tissue; and, as Bichat has pointed out, and our author has fully admitted, inflammation of this tissue never gives rise to suppuration.

We have thus endeavoured to present to our readers a general view of the plan of the treatise before us, and of the views of its author, in relation to some of the more prominent subjects which it embraces. We are aware that our notice of the work is, in many

particulars, imperfect and superficial, notwithstanding we have extended it beyond the length usually allowed. This, however, could not well be avoided ; it is to be recollected, that M. Dubois has not confined himself to those particulars which fall strictly within the province of a system of General Pathology ; but enters likewise into an examination of the nature, causes, symptoms, and treatment of the principal groups of morbid phenomena, which constitute the diseases of nosological writers. To do justice to a work of so extensive a character, including subjects so important, and at the same time so copious, upon many particulars in relation to which some of the most distinguished pathologists of the present day are still divided in opinion, would swell our review almost to the same bulk as the work itself.

We have expressed our opinions freely, in regard to the opinions of M. Dubois, whenever we have believed them to be erroneous ; and though we differ from him materially in many of his pathological views, and are convinced that in not a few instances he has overlooked or denied the facts recorded by the more recent observers, and in others has mistaken the legitimate conclusions deducible from such as he admits to be fully established, yet we should be doing gross injustice to him, were we to deny to the work, taken as a whole, a very considerable degree of merit. It contains, unquestionably, a large amount of valuable matter. The author's therapeutical directions, in particular, notwithstanding they are of a very general character, are all of them peculiarly excellent.

There never was, perhaps, an age in which Europe could boast of so great an amount of professional talent as the present. Amongst the eminent, many of our own countrymen stand conspicuous. But while it is pleasing to observe these few toiling away with unceasing industry in the choked up fields of medical science, what can be said of the great bulk of medical practitioners, and especially of the Colleges, those legally appointed guardians of the profession, when we see at this time in London several mountebanks, who are daily committing murder under the pretence of practising physic !

ART. IX.—*Spain Revisited.* By the Author of "A Year in Spain."
2 vols. London: Bentley. 1836.

It always supplies a point of interesting and instructive moment, when two or more witnesses bring their evidence to bear upon one and the same thing. Not only may the truth be more exactly arrived at between them, than it could be by implicitly taking the testimony of any one person, however honest and observant he may be, but the various ways in which an object may be regarded—the different spots which the observer may choose for his standing

ground—and the precise characteristics of individuals, never fail to afford to the person who is called upon to judge between them, matters for engaging reflection. The distracted and turbulent condition of Spain at this time cannot but present subjects of engrossing interest, and for conflicting testimonies, according to the prejudices and the opportunities for judging, which may distinguish the various authors who have lately directed their inquiries towards such a field. In a previous article in the present number of our Review, we have had occasion to consider the testimony of a decided Carlist and legitimatist, and here we have two volumes from one who, as a citizen of democratic America, may reasonably be supposed to entertain no bias in favour of Don Carlos and despotic monarchy. An account of some portions of these volumes will therefore possess a double interest, arising from an indirect or comparative, as well as from their individual character.

The visit which our author describes in this work was of a short duration ; but then, it is to be borne in mind that it was not the first which he had paid to Spain. It took place early in 1834, about seven years after his first acquaintance with the country. The interval between these dates, and the altered condition of the country, that had in the meanwhile taken place, cannot but have afforded to him some peculiar advantages over travellers whose scope of observation, both as to time and circumstances, has been less varied and extensive. The author is besides a person of great activity and acuteness, while his naval profession must have enabled him to enjoy singular opportunities for improving his mind, and studying society as it exists in different countries. His visits to Spain indeed have acquired a notoriety distinct from their own merits, unless perhaps it be the merit of telling unwelcome truths ; for, we learn from the opening chapter of the present publication, that by one of Ferdinand's orders the "Year in Spain" had been condemned, because it was said to give ill-digested and injurious expressions concerning the king and royal family of Spain, and to indulge in a sacrilegious mockery of her institutions and laws. For these alleged offences the work was to be seized wherever found, and the author, if he returned, as was his understood intention, was to be immediately conducted to the nearest frontier and dismissed. We had not the pleasure of perusing the former work ; but if it was characterized by the same temper that is apparent in the one which is now before us, it must have been because truth, liberality, and free discussion were unwelcome, that it was denounced. It appears to us, indeed, that there is a candour and an allowance for antiquated institutions and national peculiarities in our author's present strictures, that were not to have been anticipated from one, who, we daresay, is strongly attached to the style of government, and the condition of society in his own

country—a candour and an allowance that are likely, also, not to be altogether pleasant to the partisans of the present government of Spain.

On the 10th January 1834, the author informs his readers that he arrived at Bayonne on his way to Madrid—for, since the period that he had given offence to Ferdinand's government, there had been such important changes, that he did not greatly dread having to encounter any peculiar obstacles. And yet it is not the safest journey in the world that a country affords which is torn by the violence of civil war. Putting himself, however, under the care of a well-recommended muleteer, the author started from Bayonne for Pamplona, instead of attempting to penetrate by Vittoria, the road to which was said to be covered with guerilla parties. The muleteers, he found, were generally, in that part of his journey, outrageous Carlists, although they evinced great dissatisfaction with Carlos for not coming forward to assert his rights and head his party, who were exposing themselves, and dying unavailingly in his quarrel. They seemed to have the idea, too, that the Queen's ministers were temporizing, and endeavouring to keep well with both parties, in the event of a change.

The muleteer to whose care the author was entrusted was called Sylveti Fermin; and the smuggling, confidential, and warlike sort of life which such characters lead on the frontier, must afford many picturesque scenes and romantic turns of life. The party had not penetrated far into Spain, when something in the way of adventure was encountered.

"Presently, as we toiled on, we discovered beyond the valley a band of armed men defiling along the mountain opposite, in the direction of the village. A party of horsemen was in front, probably the chief with his staff; then came three or four hundred foot soldiers with muskets, and in the rear followed a long train of laden mules and asses, making the appearance of the whole group, as it wound along the mountain, highly picturesque. Sylveti immediately commenced congratulating himself on not having passed through the town, which would have brought us face to face upon this guerilla party. He had scarcely finished, however, when fifteen or twenty fellows suddenly appeared above the crest of the mountain in front of us, and, levelling their pieces, seemed about to fire.

"They were not long, however, in discovering that they had nothing to fear from us, and, quickly changing their hostile attitude, they came towards us, saluting Sylveti and his brother, and the guardian, all of whom they knew. They said they had taken us for the Queen's cavalry, and seemed rather glad to find they were mistaken.

"They were armed with English muskets and bayonets, the cartridge-box being belted round the body after the fashion of the country, and were all young, some mere boys of sixteen, who, being clad in the ordinary dress of the country, kept up the idea of their being members of society—brothers, sons, or husbands, just from the bosom of their families, instead

of professional soldiers, estranged by long absence from their homes, not likely to be very useful or agreeable if they returned thither, or much mourned if they did not.

"The idea that some of these youths would certainly fall by the hand of violence before the day was up, leaving a blank in many a domestic circle which nothing could fill, and of the misfortune that the struggle must inevitably bring upon the pretty village which nestled so peacefully in the vale below, gave rise to no very pleasant reflections in my mind, and no very charitable feelings towards the ministers of a merciful religion, who had mainly contributed to excite this civil war, with a view to prop their tottering state. These young men seemed to have a peculiar animosity against the volunteers, who were their own countrymen; they boasted, in the most blood-thirsty manner, of what they would do to them: by their account the pistareen men were likely to fare no better than Roland and the twelve peers of France, who were all slain in the neighbouring valley of Roncesvalles, whence the Christinos had so unwittingly ventured."—vol. i, pp. 32—34.

At the period described, General Saarsfield was Viceroy of Navarre; a man whose reputation for military genius has been so distinguished; but he was said to be in bad health, occasioned by his fondness for the pleasures of the table. The author says, that the Navarrese not being subject to the odious system of taxes, which palsies industry in every other part of Spain, and only paying a certain subsidy to the crown, which they raise by a just repartition among the towns and villages, are so strongly attached to these privileges, that their opposition to the constitution and its liberals, has arisen because they rather strove to bring about their system of equalization by taking away liberty in their day of power from those that possessed and valued it, than by conferring it on those who had it not. If this feasible account be true, it is not so much an attachment to legitimacy, and an abstract principle of partiality for a male rather than a female sovereign—which elsewhere has been represented—as a natural and just regard for their own privileges, and the support of the party least likely to infringe their ancient rights, that binds them to Carlos.

Other persons attribute the present insurrection in Navarre, in a great measure to the clergy. A veteran companion-traveller, who seemed in favour of the queen, although his politics reduced themselves to obedience to the powers that be, gave the following account of the manner in which the clergy use this influence.

"In the war of independence, when he went to confession, his spiritual father used to say to him, '*Has muerto a muchos Franceses hijo?*—Hast thou killed many Frenchmen, child?' '*Muchos padre!*—Many, father!' '*Puesmateis firme; porque asi ganaraís el cielo!*—Kill on boldly, my son; for thus thou shalt be admitted into heaven.'

"History has told us how well our old veteran and his countrymen obeyed the mandate. In the time of the Constitution, however, when the French were about to march to restore despotism in Spain, the clergy

spoke in a different strain. '*Teneis rencor hijo?*—Dost thou hold any malice or hatred in thy heart, my child?'—'Yes, father! the French are coming among us, and I long to grapple with them again.'—'*Pues sois en pecado mortal!*—Take heed, my child, thou art in deadly sin! We are all brethren of one family, and children in the Lord. Our neighbours are coming to sustain our blessed religion and the holy Church, which sacrilegious hands have attempted to cast down.' Now, again, the doctrine was that Carlos was the true king, the friend of the Church, the anointed of the Lord. The Queen was a frail and sinful woman, who was bringing back the liberals to destroy religion, seize the goods of the Church, and murder its ministers. The French who were threatening to come again to Spain on a very different errand, were children of the devil, and were to be treated accordingly."—vol. i, pp. 95 9 6.

The author observes upon this statement, that he who fully considers the import of it, will learn much of the modes of thought, and the kind of motives which prevail among the Spaniards, and may perhaps see the expediency, instead of attempting to fashion and adapt a people to a government, of allowing the government to be in harmony with the wants, the condition, and the prejudices of the people; so that he is not so enamoured of a theory as to maintain it against the tranquillity of a whole country. He even argues, that had Don Carlos possessed the prompt courage necessary to present himself to his partisans, upon the death of Ferdinand, or some months afterwards, he not only would have ascended the throne, but with less bloodshed than has since ensued. A civil war would probably have been avoided, although many atrocities, it is likely, would have been perpetrated upon the scaffolds, and perhaps by the Inquisition. We must take leave to differ from the author—influenced as we are by events and evidence, some of which probably have transpired since these volumes were prepared for the press—when he gives the Don the character of being "an amiable, honest, and conscientious man," and a person of extreme mildness, "rendered so evident by late events," as to furnish something like "a security against any ultra attempts at persecution, which might excite to revolt, or his putting down liberal opinions by cruelty and oppression."

In presenting his readers with sketches of some of his fellow travellers, the writer compliments the Spaniards highly for their conversational powers. He says they never interrupt each other in the ill-bred manner common among people of some pretension elsewhere; nor do they change the subject suddenly and without any other cause than may be found in the intellectual caprices of the parties. One subject passes with them naturally into another; their remarks being characterized by good sense, and their arguments by stories at once apt and interesting, or enforced by sententious proverbs. When describing the manners of his fellow travellers, he also marks another peculiarity regarding the manner in which persons of very unequal ranks in society mingle together.

"That ladies, belonging to the high aristocracy of Spain, of a nobility often so ancient that it is lost in the obscurity of remote ages, should be seated at the same board and served from the same dish with their own servants; and that the brother of a duke, for such was the individual now returning from his long exile, should, in dispensing a portion of the repast, attend, with equal courtesy, to the wants of the one and of the other, may astonish my republican readers at home, and shock their sentiment of exclusiveness. But, accustomed as I was to Spain, I saw nothing to wonder at, though a great deal to admire, in this exhibition of a simplicity, in no wise inconsistent with real dignity, among a people whose manners and social intercourse admit of more equality than any other. In some countries the existence of an aristocracy entails the curse of servility upon a whole nation. The inferior classes are for ever striving at a fruitless imitation of their betters; for where there is imitation there can be no reality. There each man respects himself as he approaches to the privileged class, despising and frowning upon those who are removed from it in the same proportion, and his peace of mind and happiness are sacrificed in daily efforts to ascend, and in the rebukes which grow out of them. There none but the great and their associates are well bred, simply because none but the great are natural. Not so in Spain, where each man is contented with his lot, and the peasant bears himself with as much ease and dignity as his lord."—vol. i, pp. 149, 150.

Spain thus appears to have many attractions for our American. Not but that we have many base and dark pictures in these pages, as of a country sadly demoralized, and abounding with proofs of bad government, criminal intrigues, ignorance, superstition, and murderous jealousies. It appears also to us, that these pictures are not the less likely to be correct, that in some instances they are different from what we have been previously led to trust in. For example, we are told that on this revisit, the facts learned concerning Ferdinand, the late king, placed his character before the author in an entirely new light to that in which he had before been accustomed to regard it. He prefaces some political anecdotes and notices of that monarch in these terms:—

"I had described him in my previous work as a stupid, slothful and ignorant, but rather good-natured individual. But I now found that he had much natural cleverness, had read extensively, and was well acquainted with the laws of his country and with history generally. He had managed, too, with admirable tact, so as to balance the opposing parties of the liberals and the absolutists, or rather the advocates of the church, as to keep every thing quiet, and maintain all the real power in his own hands. He did not labour, indeed, at all, for the prosperity and advancement of the happiness of Spain, but only for the stability and secure possession of his own despotic and undisputed sway. It must be owned, however, that by his last marriage, and his anxiety to leave the throne to an heir of his own body, he bequeathed to Spain a legacy of strife and contention, which the advantage gained by a premature transfer of the government from the hands of the church party to those of the liberals, may scarcely be able to compensate.

"From having lived a very licentious life in his youth, Ferdinand became in late years exceedingly severe towards such as followed his early, rather than his later example. He exercised a rigorous censorship over the morals of the court, receiving and listening to complaints from husbands against their wives, and wives against their husbands and their husbands' paramours, sending the offenders, for one or more years, to the retirement of some obscure pueblo, or to read the lives of the saints, or sing penitential psalms, in the cloisters of a convent. These edicts of banishment were often revoked, on a display of penitence by the offending party, at the desire of a wife anxious to be restored to the arms of her repentant spouse, or upon the mutual stipulation of the parties to live well together, and lead in future an exemplary life, and set an example of dovelike attachment. There is much in all this to remind one of the singular state of society which existed in France, in the two or three reigns which preceded the revolution, when *lettres de cachet* were the order of the day, and the intrigues of peace-making dowagers would send a libertine to the Bastille until he was ready to bind himself in future to attend properly to all his domestic duties: in short, '*à bien vivre avec son épouse.*' In Spain, indeed, one might look in vain for the high refinement which then existed in the sister kingdom; for the wit, sprightliness, grace, and good taste, which gilded the immorality of her nobility, and for that polished form of existence which the country villas and chateaux exhibited, as we read of them in the light and sprightly memoirs of the time."—vol. i, pp. 216—218.

The duplicity and odiousness of Ferdinand's character are not however much mitigated by this admission, as regards the powers and the culture of his intellect. It is here declared to have been a practice of his, notoriously common and undisguised, to pursue a system of peculation, not to be surpassed by any public functionary in Spain, which is saying much; that in all the sales of monopolies and in farming out the revenues, he was wont, before consenting to a bargain and affixing his royal name, to ask and hear satisfactorily answered the sordid question—*que servicio para mí?* His treachery and hypocrisy were still more flagrant. These accusations and statements are founded upon the authority of certain persons who were in some way connected with the affairs of the court, especially of one young gentleman attached to the American embassy, and therefore may be presumed worthy of considerable credit.

"During the time of the Constitution, Ferdinand, while he pretended to acquiesce in it, was yet intriguing, and using every effort to overturn it. By the aid of a very young officer in the cavalry of the guard, by the name of Cordova, he projected a rising among the troops, to put down the Constitution. On the day appointed, Cordova rode into the palace-yard, at the head of some soldiers of his own corps, whom he had gained over, shouting, '*Viva el rey absoluto!*' Instead of being joined by the rest of the guards, they were attacked and borne down by superior forces, and, notwithstanding the courage with which they fought, were ridden over and cut to pieces. Meantime, Ferdinand, who witnessed the transaction from his palace window, seeing that the attempt was to have an

unsuccessful result, and dreading lest his complicity should be suspected, bawled out at the top of his voice, '*A ellos!*—At them; cut them to pieces! Do not spare one of the rascals!' One can scarce conceive any thing in Eastern treachery more consummate and more refined; the massacre of the Mamelukes is not worthy to be named with it, for the Mamelukes were the enemies of their executioner; perhaps it may be regarded as even more infamous than that delusive treachery which tempted his own quondam page and favourite Torrijos to land on the coast of Andalusia, and when the news came that he and his followers were snugly caught in the net which a well-chosen agent had spread for them, suggested the characteristic despatch—'*Let them be shot. I, the King—Que los fusilan. Yo el Rey.*' As for Cordova, he escaped the massacre of the palace-yard, where he fought with the greatest bravery, and after languishing in prison until the overthrow of the constitution by the French, he was borne at once to a high military station, being promoted, at a single step, from captain or lieutenant to mariscal de campo. At the death of the King he represented him as Minister to Portugal, and has since taken service under the Queen's government, and distinguished himself against the Carlists in Navarre."—vol. i, pp. 224, 225.

The King's treatment of the Marquis of Amarillas, as recorded by the author, was on the other hand maguanimous. His Majesty had said something before his courtiers, which drew from this nobleman the indignant exclamation—"what a beast that man is!" But though this was overheard by Ferdinand, and was ever afterwards remembered, he neither visited the offence with open punishment, nor secret persecution, but simply left the offender unemployed, until when pressed by some minister to call for the services of the Marquis, he consented, at the same time giving his reason for appointing him to an office distant from the royal presence, being the first time that his having overheard the disrespectful speech was made known.

The writer goes on to inform his readers, that only two persons are said to have evinced any sorrow at Ferdinand's death, these being his younger brother and his old tutor, the Duke of Alagon. The Queen, it is however added, acquitted herself most creditably of all her duties towards him, down to the latest moment, attending to all his wants, and ministering to him, though he was latterly a disgusting object, and loathsomely diseased.

On account of the mourning for the King, no courts were held at Madrid during the author's last visit, but he had an opportunity of beholding her Majesty and other members of the royal family in a little theatre which had been established by her as a conservatory of music, into which are admitted all young persons of both sexes who are noticed in any part of Spain to possess musical talent, and who have here a thorough musical education. The gallantry of our author, and the general style of his descriptive powers may be fairly judged of from the following passage.

"At the appointed hour, the clatter of many hoofs in the street, and soon after the clang of sabres and halberds falling on the marble pavement of the stairway and galleries, and shouts of 'Long live Christina!' mingling with the stern orders of the military officers, announced the arrival of the queen. All rose to receive her, and she presently entered, accompanied by Don Francisco and Don Sebastian, with her two sisters, their wives. As she advanced up the passage to her seat, she was received with enthusiastic vivas and waving of fans, which she returned with a rare grace, and a captivating smile of recognition directed to those whom she distinguished. Her height is good, and she is extremely well formed, though inclining to become large. She was dressed with great simplicity and good taste, in black, with jet ornaments, and a parrache in her hair, which was dressed *à la Chinoise*. Though her nose was somewhat larger than is necessary, and, withal, slightly *rétroussée*, yet the style of her face was decidedly good, and the effect of the whole enhanced by a sweet amiability and goodness of heart, was quite captivating. She did not take her seat on the species of throne, surmounted by a canopy, which was placed at one side, but on the front rank of benches, which happened to be only two immediately in advance of that on which I was sitting. The three princesses were attended by their chamberlains, among whom I noticed particularly one, on whose arm hung the queen's pelisse of velvet and costly furs, and who was a very noble-looking man, with a classical cast of countenance, and a pale complexion, contrasting strongly with his black and nicely-defined mustache, and a full dark eye, which, while it reposed languidly within its lid, seemed capable of ghting up, and kindling with excitement and fire. His plain dress of black, with no other ornament than the gold key which designated his office, corresponded with the simplicity and striking character of his whole person. On inquiry, I was told that his name was Munoz, whom it was impossible not to look on as a most happy fellow, to hold an office of the kind about the person of so charming a lady. When the curtain rose, there was a variety of music, singing and a play, in which the pupils acted, with the aid of the tragedian La Torre, from the theatre of the Principe. Though the acting was the best I had seen in Madrid, I was not sufficiently interested in it not to find a much greater pleasure in looking at the queen. Her head was finely shaped, with a couple of little ears fitting nicely and tightly on either side; the first pair, indeed, that ever struck me as having any beauty; then her neck was so swan-like and faultless, and it so gradually and naturally spread out, and expanded into such a noble foundation, increasing at each instant in beauty and charms, until it disappeared vexatiously beneath the dress which concealed it; but, above all, when she turned her head, as she did from time to time, to notice and salute the ladies about her, her countenance so lit up with smiles, and became radiant with sweetness and amiability, that I could not keep from feeling towards her a degree of reverence and enthusiastic admiration, which was less a homage to her grandure and proud condition as a queen, than to her exceeding loveliness as a woman."—vol. i, pp. 230—232.

We change the canvass, and behold pictures of an opposite cast of features. The author enters into a somewhat particular account

of some of the prisons in Madrid, and shows that much oppression is exercised over the unhappy inmates, if they are unprovided with the means of satisfying the sordid avarice of such persons as may have been appointed, with the kindest intentions of kings, for superintending and benevolently examining into the condition of the imprisoned. Accordingly there are privileged criminals as well as cruelly oppressed and vulgar offenders. Of female convicts, in a country where the actions of the people, in the absence of a salutary control of well regulated laws are prompted chiefly by impulse, we may be sure there are many remarkable instances. There is a prison for women condemned to seclusion by their husbands and fathers, with a view to their punishment and reformation. Over the portal of this seclusion there is a motto, which rendered literally, proclaims that the system of the place is conceived in the spirit of hatred of crime, and compassion for the criminal, which on inspection appeared to be true. The cases of some of the female convicts, who occupy a part of the same prison, are striking enough.

"One woman of middle age, and moderately well-looking, whom we found knitting, asked the colonel if he had brought her *inadulto*, or pardon. He inquired of her the nature of her offence, and her answer was 'nothing,' though she presently added, 'one little that I did, and another little that I was accused of doing, make two littles, and for these am I here—*Un poco que he hecho, y otro que me han puesto, hacen dos pocos, y por estos estoy a qui!*' The Alcayde improved upon this tale of innocence, by adding, that her offence was having gone twice to mass in one day. He afterwards told us that she was a woman of notorious character, and, moreover, an abetter of robbers and assassins. Her character had, indeed, been so vicious, that before her imprisonment, she was publicly paraded through Madrid, where she was perfectly well known, being seated on the back of an ass, with a bunch of false keys hung round her neck like a rosary, pausing, from time to time, in a public square, or at a corner, to be scourged on the bare skin with rods.

"Among the more noted still there was Josefa Ramos, a schoolmistress from one of the neighbouring pueblos. Her brother had been serenading his mistress at an unseasonable hour, in the opinion of the Alcalde, who, wishing to keep the streets quiet in the night, or, as the Rectora sententiously added—'*queriendo comer*'—being anxious to extort money, without which it is not worth while to be Alcalde in Spain, any more than Cadi among the Turks, summoned the musical delinquent to appear. He kept out of the way, and his sister, with whom he lived, was summoned as his sponsor. She appeared accordingly, and, after much interrogation, was mulcted in a sum which it was neither convenient nor agreeable for her to pay. Her temper, which doubtless had not been much softened in her profession of *maestra de niñas*, was roused at such outrageous injustice, and after words of recrimination on either side, she seized the Cadi's penknife, and struck him on the back of the neck, just where the mercy-stroke is given by bull-fighters, as he leaned over to take down some fresh accusation.

" But of all the atrocious women that I had seen or heard of, either here or elsewhere, the most vicious, as well as the most valiant, was Maria Guadeno. This woman, who lived in a neighbouring pueblo, had one day a quarrel with five men, who were assembled in a tavern, and who attempted to seize and beat her, for some abuse she had vented on them. Having rushed out of the house to escape, they pursued her, when she caught hold of a grating of the window with her left hand, to prevent herself from being dragged away, while, wielding a knife with the right, she presently dealt a mortal blow in the stomach to one of the assailants, and badly wounded another, when a stroke on the arm with a bludgeon brought the knife to the ground, and it was taken from her. In this situation, her rage ministered a singular weapon in the comb which she wore in her head, with which she struck the man who stooped to secure the knife, and tore away his left eye. She then made her escape, and was soon after found at home, by the justicia, very quietly seated beside her mother, breakfasting on fried liver."—vol. i, pp. 293—297.

The number of domestic criminals in every Spanish district is said by the author to be great, every town having its own list of murderers, assassins, and robbers. The civil war cannot but furnish a school prolific in such characters; neither need we wonder that in a country where the revengeful and the murderous are so abundant, the barbarities committed by the soldiers should be monstrous and quite unexampled in modern times, or among a people professing Christianity. Although the author does not furnish his readers with many particular statements respecting the contending parties in this disastrous war, and cannot give us any recent information, the whole work induces the fear that tranquillity is still distant; that the elements of discord and deeper exasperation are rank and strong over the breadth and the length of that sunny land; and that something not much short of extermination in certain districts can alone bring peace, which will be like the stillness of the grave.

We quote, in conclusion, some notices of the Royal College of Noble Irish in Salamanca, where the author was kindly invited to take up his abode, and which he accepted.

" Having a letter to the rector of the Irish college, I lost no time in presenting it, finding my way without difficulty to a ruinous building in the oldest part of the town, at present occupied temporarily by this institution, which originally possessed a very fine edifice in Salamanca, though it was entirely destroyed by the French, to revenge the imprudent interference of Dr. Curtis, late Catholic Primate of Ireland, and then rector, who, instead of keeping his students to the profitable seclusion of halls and libraries, sent them about with the Duke of Wellington's army to act in the capacity of interpreters. The reader may, perhaps, be aware that the Catholic clergy of Ireland were formerly driven, by the persecutions and restrictions that awaited them at home, to seek their education in foreign countries, where they possessed colleges of their nation, connected with universities of note; thus, the Irish have long possessed institutions for

the education of their clergy in Paris, Valladolid, and Salamanca. That of Salamanca, owing to the superior character of the university of that place as a school of divinity, has long been very celebrated, claiming among its pupils some of the most distinguished Irish bishops, such as Dr. Curtis, Dr. Doyle, and Dr. Murray, the present Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. If genius, learning, and piety be still qualifications for episcopal honours in Ireland, the present rector is not unlikely to share the elevation of his predecessors.

" Since, however, the Catholic religion has recovered a recognized existence in Ireland, and a government provision has been made there for the education of the clergy, by the establishment of the College of Maynooth, this institution of Salamanca has ceased to attract a great number of students from Ireland, although about a dozen of scholars, usually, still resort there to enjoy the advantage of the divinity lectures of the university, being supported by the endowments of the institution, which had their origin chiefly in the benefactions of noble Irishmen who entered the service of Spain on the downfall of the Stuarts, and who, rising to rank and distinction in their adopted country, thus evinced their attachment to that from which the evil fortunes of their kings and an honourable fidelity had driven them.

" As I rang the bell at the head of the corridor of the Irish college, the stairs of which I had ascended, I was a little bewildered to see the notice — 'Stick no bills'—very legibly written in current English. The home recollections, so little in harmony with the patio, the corridor, and every surrounding object, were, however, quickly put to flight, by the stern challenge of 'Quien?' which, being able satisfactorily to answer, I was speedily admitted. The old man who stood before me as porter, to answer my summons, though a Charro in dress, and a Spaniard to all intents and purposes in appearance, even to his mode of holding his paper cigar, was yet an Englishman, as I ere long discovered, though ever and anon, in his discourse, he oddly enough introduced some Spanish word, to supply the place of the English one which he had forgotten. To hear a person speak a language with an accent which shows that it is a native one, and yet to betray the want of the commonest words, is singularly perplexing. I afterward discovered that this man had been a serjeant in the army of the Duke of Wellington, and that, on its march into France, having taken a special liking to the country and its manners, including its bright sun, its cloak, its wine, its women, its ollas, and paper cigars, and being moreover moved, perhaps, by a partiality for some particular petticoat, he deserted his colours and station, and throwing aside red coat, and donning cloak and calines, became from that day a Spaniard. It must be admitted, that there is much seduction in Spanish manners; the instances are very rare of a Spaniard living with perfect contentment in any other country; but, go wheresoever you will that the Spanish language is spoken, you will find individual Frenchmen, Englishmen, and even Americans, domesticated and happy there."—vol. ii, pp. 65—68.

ART. X.—*The Life and Works of William Cowper.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. L. L. D. London: Baldwin & Cradock. 1836.

SINCE the times are favourable to an impartial estimate of the merits of this distinguished man, we cannot help regarding it as a signal calamity that he should have fallen into the hands of Mr. Robert Southey. The whole work consists of shreds and patches, taken partly from the writings of Cowper, and partly from the biographies and criticisms of others, strung together with a want of skill which does much to destroy their charm. Hayley's Life, it is true, was made up in the same way; but then Cowper's letters were new, and Hayley was wise enough to know, that to permit Cowper to be his own historian would give the work a surprising attraction. But now, when those who would read a new biography are already familiar with his letters and history, the biographer must adopt a different course, and one which requires higher qualifications. He must, to be sure, set down the incidents of Cowper's life, but this is a trifling part of his duty. He must tell us what Cowper was, and show how far circumstances tended to make him what he was; he must explain to us the nature and spirit of his mind, and the strength and weakness of his heart; he must show us what that mysterious affection was, before which he sometimes bowed down in infant helplessness, while, at other times, he threw it off like dust from the eagle's wing. In short, a biographer, worthy of the subject, must do much which Mr. Southey never thought of doing, and if he had, would not have been able to do.

The first biographer of Cowper, Hayley, was a man in no respect equal to the undertaking; but, by a fortunate accident, he adopted a plan similar to Mason's in his life of Gray, and thus acquired considerable reputation from the circumstance that so little of the work was his own. He was probably induced to take this course by the embarrassing nature of his subject. Having no taste or capacity for philosophical investigation, he did not venture to inquire into the causes of Cowper's literary success nor of his physical depression; and, knowing that his religious opinions, if expressed, were likely to give offence to some of Cowper's surviving friends, he seems to have been unwilling to provoke them to a conflict, in which his elegant literary repose would have been seriously endangered. There was also another reason for his reserve, which we cannot find it in our hearts to condemn. The details of mental suffering, when they oblige us to follow a man of fine genius to the cells of a madhouse, are painful and revolting. It was natural that he should wish to draw a veil over this dismal scene in the history of his excellent and honoured friend: but this forbearance gave an incompleteness to his work, and its readers found many questions

starting up in their minds to which it furnished no reply. As often happens in such cases of truths withheld, the imaginations to which it gave birth were worse than the worst reality. But it was necessary to say something, and nothing can be more misplaced than Hayley's attempt at explanation. He says, "had Cowper been prosperous in early love, it is probable that he might have enjoyed a more uniform and happy tenor of health." Here let us stop to say, that we learn only by intimation that Cowper was disappointed in love, not, however, by the insensibility of his mistress, but the interference of their relations. An event so important in the annals of his life might surely have been described at large after the lapse of more than a generation. "Thwarted in love," says Hayley, "the native fire of his temperament turned impetuously into the kindred channel of devotion. The smothered flames of desire, uniting with the vapours of constitutional melancholy and the fervency of religious zeal, produced altogether that irregularity of corporeal sensation and of mental health, which gave such extraordinary vicissitudes of splendour and darkness to his mortal career." This explanation, for doubtless it was so intended, only serves to show the writer's perplexity, and when translated, means that Cowper's malady was owing in part to circumstances, in part to physical constitution, and in part to the habits of his mind. But Hayley does not seem to have been aware of the power of disease to destroy the moral energy: the mind, like the harp, when under firm command, gives out bold, expressive, and inspiring sounds; if the moral energy be lost, it is like the harp of the winds, all sadness. But in criticising Hayley's work, we must not forget what does him more honour—his generous kindness to Cowper; he was one of those matchless friends who remained faithful to the poor invalid, when even the Samaritan would have been tempted to pass by. Nothing in the endeavours and successes of genius can make our hearts burn within us like the self-devotion of those living martyrs, who, unseen by the world, can sit within the shadow of death with the sick and sorrowful, and count it their highest glory to bind up the broken heart.

Cowper evidently had, in his constitution, the elements of that disorder which made such fearful inroads upon the happiness of his life; and the circumstances of his childhood brought them into early action. His mother died when he was but six years old; and if we may believe the accounts we have respecting her, she would have had the judgment to detect and control the native tendencies of his feeling. It is not at all uncommon for the young, at a very early age, to be suspicious of kindness, jealous of affection, and to betray all those infirmities which, if not resisted, make their possessor, or rather their victim, a burden to himself, and useless to the world. But so slow and difficult is it to give a new direction to

character which has already begun to take its form, that nothing less than a mother's affection has the long patience which it requires. What Cowper's father was, we do not know. His biographers only tell us that he was once chaplain to George II., and afterwards rector of Great Berkhamstead : as to his character we have no information beyond the fact, that he was a learned and respectable man. But whatever he may have been, he could not fulfil that delicate trust, which nature has confided to a mother's hands, nor does it appear that he secured to himself more than an ordinary place in the affection of his son. We do not remember, in all his letters, any particular allusion to his father, except where he speaks of the sorrow with which he felt that his death dissolved the relations that bound him to the place of his birth. Till his father's death, he had always considered their dwelling-place as a family possession : he had become intimate with every tree that grew near it ; and it was with a bitter feeling that he gave it up to the stranger's hands.

Immediately after the death of his mother, which was of itself a sore calamity, he was sent by his father to a public school. Young, shy, and timid as he was, he shrunk back into himself, at witnessing the rough and savage manners of the older boys ; and being unable to defend himself, and finding no defender, he was treated by them as lawful prey. Dr. Johnson said to a parent, who wished to overcome the retiring disposition of his child by sending him to a public school, that it was forcing an owl into the sun : a comparison more just than the Doctor himself imagined ; for every one familiar with the woods knows, that when the owl is forced into the day, the painful glare of the sunshine is not the worst evil he endures. Every thing that has wings takes advantage of his helplessness, and torments him with insults and injuries, till he is weary of existence. The wonder is, that such discipline did not entirely break the gentle spirit of Cowper. He tells us that one young savage tortured him in such a manner, that he was afraid to lift his eyes upon him, higher than his knees : but he dared not to complain, and this dire oppression was discovered by accident at last. Here his heart was confirmed in the habit of keeping to itself its own bitterness ; an unfortunate reserve ; for there were more instances than one, in which the counsel of a judicious friend, who could have entered into his feelings, would have been worth more to him than all the world besides. The consumptive patient, wasting in loneliness and sorrow, is not a sight more affecting to the thoughtful, than he whose moral energy is withered by disease of mind. But in the world at large, the sight inspires less sympathy than ridicule and scorn.

There must be a time in every man's life, we mean every good man, when he begins to act from principle ; and Christians, of course, regard Christian principles as the rule by which the con-

duct and feeling should be governed. It is the object of religious education to supply these principles to the young, and to teach them to act upon them ; and nature points to the beginning of conscious existence as the time when these principles should be formed, requiring those who have given life to the child to teach him how to live—to give him a right direction, so that, when he becomes responsible for himself, his tastes and habits may be already formed in favour of loving and doing that which is excellent, honourable and good. When the young mind has been so unfortunate as not to receive this early care, it is hard to supply the deficiency in later years. Still it can be done, and not unfrequently is done ; and we take it that, when he who has lived at random begins decidedly to form the character of a Christian, and to govern himself by Christian principles in all that relates to himself, to others, and to God, he is said, in the dialect of our religion, to begin life anew, or in other words, passes through the conversion of the Gospel.

Now such is our condition, that energetic principles of action are absolutely necessary. The man without them can no more reach excellence, usefulness, and peace, either in this world, or another, than a vessel can drift to its destined harbour. The ship, which moves most rapidly and powerfully when under command, would drive most wildly, when left to the winds ; and the man most largely gifted with passions and powers is dangerous to himself and others, in exact proportion to the success and glory with which he might exert himself in the way of duty. Cowper, unhappily, by the misfortune of his childhood, lost the benefit of a religious education, which might have formed principles, and taught him to act upon them : nor was there ever a time in the earlier history of his life, though he often lamented the defect, when he could summon energy enough to make himself what he wished to be. He felt that he was living without purpose ; but as often as he attempted to break his habits and associations, he was like a man with a withered hand. His conscience perpetually haunted him, but it disturbed him like a dream ; the moral energy to act was wanting. We do not believe that he was a profligate wretch, as he afterwards represents himself in his own confessions : we see more evidence of weakness and frailty than hardened guilt, in his course of life : but there certainly was enough to deplore in the loss of his earliest and best years, in which little was done, and that little not what it ought to have been.

That his conscience was always upbraiding him, appears from various incidents recorded by his own hand. His tastes were evidently in favour of what was right, but the force of circumstances was too strong for mere taste ; and as for principles, as we have said, they never had been formed. The admonitions of his conscience, which seems to have had power to avenge though not to

redress its own wrongs, were deeply felt at the time, but his unhealthy sensibility gave so much force to external things, that her warnings were lost, if not forgotten. Still they returned again and again : he endeavoured to escape from them by joining in society with gay companions, but in vain. Even at that early period when he was at the public school, he tells us that one day, when sitting in solitude, he was forcibly struck with a passage of Scripture, which applied to the oppression under which he laboured : it started up suddenly in his mind by some association which he could not discover, and he seems to have regarded it as a suggestion *made* to his soul. While he was at Westminster, happening to cross a churchyard late one evening, a sexton, who was digging a grave by the light of a lantern, threw up a skull, which struck him upon the leg. This excited his conscience through his imagination ; but he was, he tells us, "as ignorant in all points of religion as the satchel at his back," and though he regarded these as religious impulses, he did not know how to use them. Never having been taught to regard the subject in its true light, he seems to have considered these incidents as supernatural intimations, and to have condemned himself for neglecting them, as if they had been given by an articulate voice from on high.

This weakness and frailty, however, were owing principally to disease ; for his taste and judgment were so decidedly in favour of what was right, that we can hardly account for the disturbing force which held him back from religious excellence and intellectual exertion, except by supposing that this secret infirmity weighed him to the dust. His diseased frame communicated its unhealthy action to the mind : and the mind, in turn, worn by perplexities, increased the disorder of the body ; so that, although he was painfully conscious of the defects of his early education, he had not sufficient energy to repair them. But his mind naturally turned toward the subject of religion in times of sadness : it was like the fountain of Ammon, which, however cold by day, grew warmer as the shadows fell. Soon after he went to the Temple, a cloud of dejection settled heavily upon him. He met accidentally with Herbert, and some of the beautiful inspirations in which that writer threw off the restraints of the bad taste which prevailed, and followed his own taste and feeling, went to the heart of Cowper, and touched the string which was then silent, but was afterwards waked into deep and full vibration. He tells us distinctly, that it was the piety of that devout writer which gave him such a hold upon his mind. Inspired by the example, he attempted to secure the peace which religion alone could give : but not being aware that such peace is not to be found till the whole heart consents to this direction of the feeling, nor indeed till familiarity has made it easy and sweet, he gave over his attempts in despair, because he did not find at once the relief

which he expected. As often as his mind attempted to rise, the strong hand of his disorder bound it down. He gives us a remarkable instance of this in his own narrative. At the time alluded to, he went into the country. While there, he walked one day to some distance from the village, and set down in a retired spot, which commanded a noble prospect both of land and sea : the land-view was quiet and lovely, and the sun shone bright upon the sleeping ocean. Suddenly, as if a new sun had been kindled in the heavens, his soul was lighted up with joy, and filled with a glow of gratitude to the Power, to which he felt that he was indebted for this unexpected blessing. Unfortunately he returned to his old associations, and the benefit of this restoration was lost. The effect here described was precisely similar to what he tells us of his later periods of depression. He rose in the morning, he says, "like an infernal frog out of Acheron, covered with the ooze and mud of melancholy ;" but as the sun rose higher, his gloom gradually cleared up, its depth and duration depending upon the brightness of the day. In all this we see the misfortune of a man, whose heart longed to commune with the grand and beautiful works of nature, but was compelled to remain in the cells and caverns of the town, who needed to associate with the contemplative and thoughtful, but was driven to the society of the busy or the gay, who had a mind formed for poetical musing, but had not yet discovered where his strength lay, whose soul was made for devotion, but never had been taught to rise ; and who, in addition to all these unfavourable circumstances, was afflicted with a disorder, which palsies every faculty of body and spirit at the time when the man most needs exertions of power.

Situated as Cowper was, those difficulties, which in better times might have operated as springs to his active and powerful mind, became so many dead weights to him. Difficulties came thick and fast. His resources were so few and small, that an attachment, which, so far as we can discover from slight intimations, was returned by the object of his affection, was broken off by the friends of the parties : and not merely did this privation interfere with his happiness ; he had the prospect of actual poverty before him. Affrighted at this vision, he eagerly grasped at the place of reading-clerk to the House of Lords, which a friend offered him, and forgot that the nervous shyness, which made a public exhibition of himself "mortal poison," would render it impossible for him ever to discharge its duties. The moment this difficulty occurred to him, it covered his mind with gloom. But he had not resolution to explain himself to his friend ; and though they passed great part of every day together, it was only by letter that he could bring himself to propose that this office should be exchanged for that of clerk of the journals, which required no public appearance,

and was also in the gift of his patron. No sooner had he applied for the change as a personal favour, than his friend generously consented to it, though it disappointed his kind purpose and even, from particular circumstances, exposed his integrity to suspicion. Thus, where a single word would have saved him from much suffering, it was one which he had not strength to speak ; and yet, hardly had his mind been set at rest on this subject, before it was called upon to make a similar but still greater exertion. For reasons, of which it is enough to say that they were not personal, he was threatened with a public examination before the House, before he entered upon the duties. This made him completely wretched ; he had not resolution to decline what he had not strength to do : the interest of his friend, and his own reputation and want of support, pressed him forward to an attempt, which he knew from the first could never succeed. In this miserable state, like Goldsmith's Traveller, " to stop too fearful and too faint to go," he attended every day for six months at the office where he was to examine the journals in preparation for his trust. His feelings were like those of a man at the place of execution, every time he entered the office door, and he only gazed mechanically upon the books, without drawing from them the least portion of the information which he wanted. A single letter to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, shows how helpless and hopeless was his condition ; he had not strength to stand self-sustained, and he had not courage nor confidence to reveal to his friends the torture which was wasting the living fibre of his heart. Perhaps those only, who have been in a condition in which the lightest touch is to the mind like sharp iron to the naked nerve, can sympathize with the heart-sick delicacy which prevented his making another appeal to his friend, who seems to have been actuated throughout simply by the wish to serve him. As the time drew nigh, his agony became more and more intense ; he hoped and believed, that madness would come to relieve him ; he attempted also to make up his mind to commit suicide, though his conscience bore stern testimony against it ; he could not by any argument persuade himself that it was right, but his desperation prevailed, and he procured from an apothecary the means of self-destruction. On the day before his public appearance was to be made, he happened to notice a letter in the newspaper, which to his disordered mind seemed like a malignant libel on himself. He immediately threw down the paper and rushed into the fields, determined to die in a ditch, but the thought struck him that he might escape from the country. With the same violence he proceeded to make hasty preparations for his flight ; but while he was engaged in packing his portmanteau his mind changed, and he threw himself into a coach, ordering the man to drive to the Tower wharf, intending to throw himself into the river, and not reflecting that it would be impossible to accomplish

his purpose in that public spot. On approaching the water, he found a porter seated upon some goods: he then returned to the coach and was conveyed to his lodgings at the Temple. On the way, he attempted to drink the laudanum, but as often as he raised it, a convulsive agitation of his frame prevented its reaching his lips; and thus, regretting the loss of the opportunity, but unable to avail himself of it, he arrived, half dead with anguish, at his apartments. He then shut the doors and threw himself upon the bed with the laudanum near him, trying to lash himself up to the deed: but a voice within seemed constantly to forbid it, and as often as he extended his hand to the poison, his fingers were contracted and held back by spasms. At this time some one of the inmates of the place came in, but he concealed his agitation, and as soon as he was left alone, a change came over him, and so detestable did the deed appear, that he threw away the laudanum and dashed the phial to pieces. The rest of the day was spent in heavy insensibility, and at night he slept as usual: but on waking at three in the morning, he took his pen-knife and lay with his weight upon it, the point towards his heart. It was broken and would not penetrate. At day-break he rose, and passing a strong garter round his neck, fastened it to the frame of his bed: this gave way with his weight, but on securing it to the door, he was more successful, and remained suspended till he had lost all consciousness of existence. After a time the garter broke and he fell to the floor, so that his life was saved: but the conflict had been greater than his reason could endure. He felt for himself a contempt not to be expressed or imagined; whenever he went into the street, it seemed as if every eye flashed upon him with indignation and scorn: he felt as if he had offended God so deeply, that his guilt could never be forgiven, and his whole heart was filled with tumultuous pangs of despair. Madness was not far off, or rather madness was already come.

Here we must say that we entirely agree with those who contend, with more zeal it may be than the occasion calls for, that religion had no agency in any of its forms in causing his insanity. Those who have thrown out this suggestion seem to have done it as matter of inference merely; finding in him that despair of salvation, which they think that certain views of religion are fitted to produce, and knowing that he afterwards adopted those views of religion, they have taken it for granted, that this was the cause which produced depression at various periods, and once conducted him to the maniac's cell. But if they look into the history of his life, they will see that his depression took the same form before he embraced that religious system: he was then agitated by the same fears, lest he had committed the unpardonable sin, and destroyed all his hopes of immortality. And after he had become a convert to that faith, his mind, in its seasons of depression, was oppressed

with fears which were in direct opposition to his religious convictions ; for in health he believed himself accepted, but in depression he imagined that he was cast out in consequence of his neglecting to destroy himself on the former occasion. Surely it is needless to assign intellectual causes to such wild fancies as this. We are rather disposed to believe, that some such anchor to the soul as religion would have afforded, might have enabled him to outride the storm ; for though his disorder was physical, the calm energy and sacred confidence which religion would have inspired, might have prevented it from affecting his mind so deeply ; the concentrated purpose and quiet determination which religious principle gives to the mind, might have removed some of those perplexities by which the fever of his soul was exasperated to madness and despair. Of course we do not speak of the effect of the views of religion which he adopted : this is not the place to discuss the merits and influences of different systems. Each sect, by a natural habit of association, imagines that the water of life has most virtue when drawn from its own fountains, as wayfarers in the world think that the element is no where else so sweet and reviving, as that of their father's well. Any one who reads Cowper's letters, will see that his religion was pure and undefiled by the spirit of any party. In fact we know not where to find a finer exhibition of the beauty of holiness, than in the life of this remarkable man. Hardier spirits could doubtless accomplish more in the warfare and struggle of the world ; and feeling that he was physically disabled for such a service, he retired from the public ways of men. But those who suppose him to have been a recluse, are entirely mistaken in his character. He was ready to enter into society and contribute to its employments, when disease did not prevent him : and so far from cherishing a spirit of devotion like the shew-bread of the temple, which was a formal offering to Heaven, his religion was always carried out into useful and benevolent action. He was familiar in the cottages of the poor, where he gave comfort, counsel, and such relief as his slender means would allow. He seems to have been employed by Thornton, the well-known philanthropist, who considered him as a judicious and faithful dispenser of his bounty to the destitute, and who would not have entrusted it to incompetent hands. This is in our view the very spirit of religion. That messenger of Heaven dwells not exclusively in cells or cloisters ; but goes forth among men not to frown upon their happiness, but to do them good ; she is familiar and cheerful at the tables and firesides of the happy ; she is equally intimate in the dwellings of poverty and sorrow, where she encourages the innocent smiles of youth, and kindles a glow of serenity on the venerable front of age ; she is found too, at the bedside of the sick, when the attendants have ceased from

their labour, and the heart is almost still ; she is seen in the house of mourning, pointing upward to the house not made with hands ; she will not retire so long as there is evil that can be prevented, or kindness that can be given, and it is not till the last active duty is done, that she hastens away and raises her altar in the wilderness, so that she may not be seen by men.

There never was a spirit more evidently made for religious excellence than that of Cowper ; through all that early period of life, of which he speaks in such exaggerated but natural terms of condemnation, his conscience was, as we have seen, always upbraiding him with the infirmity of purpose which made his best resolutions vain. In times of distress, too, he seems like a ship-wrecked man, constantly trying to cling to the Rock of Ages, but as often as he seemed to clasp it, sinking down from his hold with the returning waves. But while the tendencies of his feeling were naturally favourable to religion, it seems probable that they must have received a direction in his early childhood. Many deep and lasting impressions in favour of religion may be made by a mother's affection, before she is aware that the young heart is open to receive them : and if the parent be early lost, as in the case of Cowper, the heart will be conscious of the impressions, without being conscious whence they proceed. Certainly his recollections of her were strong and vivid, as will be seen by those who read his sweet and affecting lines upon his mother's picture ; and it is not to be supposed that a parent, so tender and faithful, would have been inattentive to the most sacred of all her duties.

The complaint under which Cowper laboured throughout his life was *hypochondriasis*, a disorder not, as is idly supposed, originating in the imagination, though it employs perverted fancies as its chief instruments of torture. Cowper was aware of this ; for he says to Lady Hesketh, " could I be translated to Paradise, unless I could leave my body behind me, my melancholy would cleave to me there." His disease was dyspeptic habit, which gave a morbid sensibility to his body and mind, and placed him in that state which predisposes to insanity. The conscience shares in the general excitement. The disease is not without its remissions ; we see in his letters, written at the times when his melancholy disqualified him for society and exertion, occasional flashes of humour, which seem strangely at variance with the accounts of his biographers ; but it was the fact, as he says, that sometimes, while he was the most distressed of all beings, he was cheerful upon paper. But as the disease gains ground, even these gleams of happiness vanish ; all becomes dreary, comfortless, and cold ; there is no beauty in nature ; its sights and sounds become painful and disgusting ; there is no brightness in the sun ; however brilliantly it lights up the world, it cannot shine inward to the heart. Kindness, friendship, and affection, all lose their power ;

their attentions are accepted without seeming gratitude or pleasure ; even the voice of religious consolation speaks as hopelessly as if it were addressed to the dead. The anguish arising from this constant depression is so intolerable, that it often drowns all sensation of the most intense bodily pain. Sometimes the sufferer prays for madness, like King Lear, hoping in that way to be relieved from the agony of thought ; it would seem as if there could be no darker change beyond this ; but it is, if possible, worse, when it settles down into the frozen calm of despair. Here, there is often a conflict between the wish and the fear to die. The sufferer longs for death as a hidden treasure, and would welcome it from the hand of another, but dares not inflict it with his own. Sometimes the hatred of life prevails, and he resorts to poison, the pistol, or the halter. Such is, in general terms, the description given of hypochondria by those whose profession makes them familiar with it ; and almost every one of these signs and sufferings is found in the history of Cowper.

It would have been surprising if a heart like his, after being tormented for months by such a disease, should not have overflowed with gratitude and praise as soon as light broke in upon the darkness of his soul. For we have seen that this was the case on a former occasion, when the veil of darkness was suddenly lifted ; but at this period, when he felt that he was sinking into an insanity which might last as long as life, and was grasping at every thing that afforded the faintest hope of relief, his attention was turned to the subject of Christianity. His mind fastened itself upon that subject ; it was his prevailing imagination while he was ill, though of course perverted by the wildness natural to his disease, and was the idea uppermost in his mind when he began to recover. And now, being separated from his old associations, and placed in a situation favourable to the indulgence of his religious feelings, where the influences about them were all auspicious, and no uncongenial pursuits and temptations were present to distract his mind, he studied the subject of Christianity, and applied it to his life and feeling, till his whole heart became a living sacrifice of grateful praise. Nor is it strange, that the particular aspect in which the subject was presented to him when it first engaged his earnest attention, should have been dear to him ever after ; but if any think of him as the slave to a system, they will find, on reading his letters, that he did not take offence at the sentiments of others, and was content with holding fast his own. There was not in his whole composition one particle of the material of which bigots are made. Interested, ardent, and zealous no doubt he was, but his zeal, instead of blazing out against others, rose upward in a clear bright flame, which, wherever it shone before men, could have no other effect than to attract them onward in the same strait and narrow path of duty.

Some of the evangelical friends of Cowper, considering the honour of their views of religion deeply involved in the discussion of this subject, have entered largely into an investigation of this curious page in the history of human nature. They have endeavoured to draw the limits between religious concern and the terrors of a disturbed imagination; they allow that his religious anxiety might have had a tendency to increase his disorder for the time, but so far as his unhappiness was of a religious nature, he was wounded only that he might be more effectually healed. A sensible writer on the subject allowed "the extreme difficulty of determining, in all cases, the true character of those alterations of joy and despondency, of levity and seriousness, naturally enough connected with correspondent frames of thought, to which his narrative continually refers." "In cases where the sympathy between the body and the mind is peculiarly exquisite; where the slightest change in the temperament of the frame communicates itself to the imagination and the feelings, and the breath and pulsation seem in return to be regulated by the thoughts, it is almost impossible to depend upon a person's own account of the origin of his emotions. There can be no doubt, that the presence of fever is the real cause of much that passes for religious transport in the prospect of dissolution, and that despondency is not less frequently the mere effect of the bodily languor, consequent upon the exhaustion." But he contends that these emotions, though they may originate in physical changes, are not to be viewed as physical phenomena; impressions may be made in dreams which are true; and convictions may come over the mind in sickness, which are not the less just because partly attributable to the state of the system. The way to ascertain whether they are delusive or not, is to learn whether there is any ground for them; meaning, we suppose, that the question is, whether the mind creates unnatural or only exaggerates natural emotions. His inference, if we understand him, is that Cowper was an example of the latter state of mind; and of course, that disordered as he was, he may be considered as a moral agent, and his conversion quoted as a genuine instance of the effect of the influences of religion.

One would think, however, that admitting the justness of this distinction, it would be unsafe and undesirable to present a mind, which has lost the power of judging and comparing, as an illustration of the effect of religion upon a healthy understanding. When the man in delirium sees spectres about him, it will not do to point out objects in the chamber, which his mind distorts and enlarges into shapes of terror; they may furnish a starting-point for the imagination, but they will not prove that the patient's observations are any more to be trusted. Neither will it do to say, that the subject of religion is infinite, and that no amount of devotion to the subject

can therefore be excessive. This will be readily admitted by all, if by religion we understand religious duty. The question is, whether there is no such thing as excessive remorse for neglect of some particular obligation. On the whole, we think, that the friend of religion, instead of endeavouring to find order in the confusion which prevailed at that time in Cowper's mind, will consult the honour of Christianity more, by pointing to the healthy action of his powerful intellect and the daily beauty of his unclouded life, as a fine and attractive example of the spirit and power of religion. His regret for lost and wasted years, was best manifested by the earnestness with which he redeemed the rest ; his gratitude for the divine goodness, which restored him from suffering, was displayed by his beginning life anew. These facts are undoubted ; and they afford volumes of testimony in favour of Christian truth.

When Cowper, at the age of thirty-three, had recovered so far as to be able to leave the care of the physician, and retreat into the country, he became acquainted with the family of Unwin, to which he was indebted for so much of the comfort of his later years. Wherever he felt at ease, his manners were said to be singularly attractive : and this family seem to have had a simplicity and warm-hearted kindness, which offered him precisely the social resources which he wanted, besides having the advantage of being able to sympathize with him in all his religious feelings. After residing with them two years, the circumstances of the family were changed by the death of Mr. Unwin, and, at the suggestion of Mr. Newton, they went to reside near him in Olney, the scene of his pastoral labours. In Mrs. Unwin, a woman of intelligence as well as excellence, who was seven years older than himself, he found a counsellor as well as friend, who was so much interested in his welfare, that after her children, who were both of mature years, left her, she made it her duty and pleasure to devote her life to him. Beside the all-engrossing subject of which his heart was full, he spent his time in exercise, conversation, and music, in which he always delighted. It does not appear that he engaged seriously in writing any thing more than the Olney Hymns, which he undertook in conjunction with his friend Mr. Newton : but as he wrote with great facility, these were trifles which made but small demands upon his mind. By external circumstances he was little troubled, with the exception of the loss of his brother, a learned and excellent member of the University, whose death he deeply deplored ; but he found consolation for sorrows like this more easily than for the perplexing evils of the world, and this will not furnish us with a reason for his relapsing into gloom. Hayley ascribed it to his excessive religious feeling, not discriminating between the feeling itself and the means which he took to cherish it. In true religious feeling there can be no excess ; since the feeling, as it grows, will spend itself in works of active

duty ; but in his religious exercises, possibly there may have been a cause for his returning disorder.

But though Cowper may have been in error in giving, not too much of his feeling, but too much of his time to religion, this period of his life seems to have been more tranquil and serene than any other. There are not many letters, but those are on the subject nearest his heart, and are written in a cheerful spirit, which seems to show that there was nothing morbid in his devotion. There is nothing in the least presumptuous or intrusive in his manner: he speaks of himself in terms of unfeigned humility, stating his own sentiments with manly freedom, but never complaining of others because their feelings did not keep pace with his own. This way of life seems much more favourable to the health of his mind, than the more brilliant period when he stood out before the gaze of men: for however much he endeavoured to guard himself against excessive sensibility to the world's opinion, it is manifestly impossible that any man should be indifferent to censure or praise, and he of all mankind was least likely to present a breast of steel to the critic's blow. He succeeded much better in guarding himself against the temptations of flattery, than against the depressing effect of censure. His letters betray the consternation with which he looked for the critical sentence of Johnson, and the almost bodily fear in which he waited for the signal from the Doctor's heavy gun, which should give notice whether the poet was to live or die. He was delighted with a line from Franklin, which, though it betrayed no great poetic enthusiasm, showed that he had discernment to see the substantial excellence of the new candidate for fame. Throughout Cowper's life, he seems to have been deeply wounded by neglect and scorn, whether as a poet or a man. When he first went to Huntingdon as an invalid stranger, some one had spoken of him as "that fellow Cowper;" and he does not disguise the satisfaction which it gave him to prove that he was by birthright a gentleman. He never was reconciled to the neglect which he experienced at the hands of Thurlow, who was once his intimate friend. He had once playfully engaged to provide for Cowper if he ever had the power; but when he became Lord Chancellor, he followed the example of Pharaoh's chief butler, a person who has found more imitators than most others recorded in the Scripture. It was not to be expected, that a coarse and somewhat savage individual like Thurlow could sympathize much with one so gentle and refined; nor would it have been easy to provide for him except by a pension; but all that Cowper wished from him was an assurance that he was not forgotten, and it is a disgrace to Thurlow that this small measure of attention to his feelings was never paid.

After eight years of health, in the year 1773 Cowper's depression returned, and soon deepened into an impenetrable gloom. No en-

joyments, no cares nor duties could find the least access to his mind; he did not show the least interest in the society of his friends, nor gratitude for their kindness, though they were unwearied in their exertions to rescue him from his distress. Mr. Newton, though he was sometimes injudicious in his treatment of Cowper, proved himself a faithful friend on this occasion; and Mrs. Unwin attended him with a kindness and self-devotion, which were requited by his lasting gratitude and affection. But nothing would avail; he remained in a state of helpless despondency for five years, all the while in utter despair of salvation; and when he began to recover, it was five years more before he regained sufficient firmness to throw off his anxiety, and return to the world again. It was at this period that he helped forward his restoration by taking care of the tame hares which he has made so celebrated.

When he was so far restored as to be able to write, Mrs. Unwin, with a judgment which does her honour, urged him to employ his mind upon poetical subjects; and as this had always been a favourite pursuit, without his being aware of the richness and variety of his powers, he was easily induced to make the exertion. He made a beginning early in life, and one or two specimens, preserved by Hayley, show the same vigour of thought and expression which distinguish his later writings. *Table Talk* was the earliest of the pieces which compose his first volume, and the rest were written at the suggestion of friends, on subjects which happened to strike his imagination. Original and powerful as these poems were, they were very slow in winning their way to the public favour; the sale was far from rapid, and the critical verdicts of literary tribunals did not tend to increase their circulation. One of the reviews declared, that they were evidently the production of a very pious gentleman, without one spark of genius. But considering all circumstances, this was not surprising; the versification of the day was such as Pope had left it, and ears accustomed to the even flow of his numbers were startled by the bolder grace of Cowper's lines; it seemed like absurd presumption, in one unknown to fame, to step so widely from the beaten path; and, as every one knows, literary independence is not easily forgiven. Then, too, the preface by Mr. Newton was of a nature to alarm light readers: it was written with more solemnity than was called for by the occasion; he does not seem to have admired the play of Cowper's humour, though it was one of his most remarkable powers; the poet studiously apologizes for it in his letters to Newton, assuring him that it was introduced in order to gain a hearing from the thoughtless, on the same principle that induces parents, in giving physic to their children, to touch the brim of the cup with honey. This language is one of those instances of bad taste, of which Cowper was not often guilty. It must be manifest to every one, that he indulged his humour simply because he could not help it.

It was much more natural to him to give way to this sportive wit, than to launch anathemas at the head of Charles Wesley, for amusing himself with sacred music on Sunday evening, and was at least as likely to have a good effect upon the world. The tone of severity with which he cannonades follies and sins alike, does not seem like Cowper's choice, but has the appearance of being borrowed from some one who exerted a powerful influence over him. It is in direct opposition to sentiments which he sometimes expresses, particularly in a letter where he disapproves a certain clergyman's preaching, or rather his constant endeavour to scold men out of their sins. He says "the heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with good manners, and scolds again. There is no grace, that the spirit of self can counterfeit more successfully than a religious zeal." "A man that loves me, if he sees me in an error, will pity me, and calmly endeavour to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it: if he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily, nor in heat and discomposure of spirit." We fear that Cowper was guilty of some violations of his own excellent rule, and he was ready afterwards to acknowledge it: when a friend applied the phrase "*multa cum bile*" to the tone of those poems, he confessed that in some respects it was just. All this only serves to prove what was forcibly stated by an old English divine, that religious zeal, though a sweet Christian grace no doubt, is "exceedingly apt to sour."

Though the immediate success of his first volume was not great, it was sufficient to encourage one who never had a very exalted opinion of his own powers; and having at this time a new and animated companion, Lady Austen, who had much influence over him, and used it to induce him to write, he commenced a new poem, *The Task*, which was completed and given to the world in 1785. This work was at once successful, and placed him at the head of all the poets of the day. But all the while that he was thus fortunate in gaining reputation, he was a prey to his constitutional melancholy, believing himself unfit to engage in religious exercises, and entirely cut off from the hope of salvation. A domestic incident, too, tended to destroy the happiness which he might have received from his literary fame. He was obliged to give up the society of Lady Austen, in deference to the feelings of Mrs. Unwin, who felt herself eclipsed by this new companion. Mrs. Unwin has been generally condemned for this jealousy, as if it proceeded from a narrow mind; but there are several circumstances to be taken into view. It does not appear, that she ever complained of the ascendancy of Lady Austen. Cowper perceived that she was dispirited, and for this there was sufficient reason. She felt that she was the person on whose care and kindness he had leaned for years. She had devoted her life to secure the happiness of his; and in his seasons of

melancholy he had required a self-devotion to his welfare, which very few were able or willing to give. While she had done all this for him, Lady Austen had only amused him, and it was not in human nature to behold the interest, to which she was entitled by years of hardship, thus transferred to a more entertaining companion, without regret. Cowper knew that there was cause for her uneasiness, and at once made the sacrifice which he felt was her due. The loss was soon after supplied by Lady Hesketh, his cousin, said to have been a woman of fine understanding and remarkable social powers, who was often an inmate in the same household, and faithful to him till the last. Soon after his renewal of personal intercourse with her, and about a year after the separation from Lady Austen, he went to reside at Weston, at the instance of the Throckmortons, a wealthy family, who spent the summer in that village. It was time to leave Olney, if we may judge from reports circulated concerning them, which accused them of fashionable dissipation. These foolish reports reached Mr. Newton in London, and he, with a singular want of good sense, transmitted them to Cowper; and this, at the time when the poor invalid was "miserable," as he himself says, "on account of God's departure from him, which he believed to be final, and was seeking his return, in the path of duty and by continual prayer." The Throckmortons were Catholics, and his intercourse with them, which began while he was still in Olney, might have occasioned this rumour to his disadvantage. Cowper was above those miserable prejudices against other sects and sentiments, which are sometimes inculcated as a duty.

His literary undertakings, thus far, had not been of a kind which exacted severe labour; they were sufficient to engage and interest, but not to tax and exhaust his mind. But when he found the benefit of being employed, he seems to have thought, that it would be well to put himself under a necessity for exertion; he therefore undertook the gigantic enterprise of translating Homer, and thus, in avoiding the danger of doing too little, ran headlong into the danger of doing too much. He thought, like the rest of the world, that Pope had not succeeded; but he ascribed his failure to his moving in the fetters of rhyme; and it does not seem to have occurred to him, that no translation, however exact and worthy of the original, could ever equal the demands of scholars or the imaginations of the unlearned. This enterprise was not fortunate in any point of view. It rather wearied than employed him; it added nothing to his literary fame, and when it was completed it left a vacancy of mind, in which, having neither strength for labour nor power to live without it, he was open at once to the attacks of his depression. These were deferred for a time by various literary plans which he formed; but in 1794, the cloud settled upon his mind, and it remained in eclipse to the last.

The fact seems to have been, that the distinction which his genius gave him, though it was in some respects gratifying, was not favourable to the health of his mind. Though no man was less vain or assuming, he was very much annoyed by the critical remarks to which he was constantly exposed. His eminence also made him a subject of public curiosity, which, however flattering, was necessarily oppressive to his retiring disposition. The friends of his later years do not appear to have sympathised with him in his peculiar views of religion. The subject disappears from his letters, and though it never lost its hold upon his mind, still, if those about him had no feelings in common with his, he would not force it upon them, and therefore folded it up in the depths of his own heart. But since he needed free conversation with judicious friends to correct his own diseased imaginations, it is evident that the water of life itself, like the material element in a sealed fountain, might generate an atmosphere fatal to light and life. His history, throughout his life, cannot be contemplated without deep feelings of pity for his misfortunes, and admiration of his moral excellence and intellectual power. But that history is yet to be written. In all cultivated minds it still excites an unabated interest; and should it fall into the hands of one sufficiently enlarged and enlightened to do justice to it, he will find an ample reward for his labour.

We have already alluded to the success of his earlier poems, and explained the reasons why it was so small. But his change in the style of English versification, though it seemed wild and lawless at the time, was a great improvement upon his predecessors. There was an artificial elegance in the measure of Pope, which, however pleasing to the musical ear, was a restraint upon the flow of sentiment, and sometimes wearied with its sweetness. Cowper's bold freedom, though it seemed at first like uncouth roughness, gained much in variety of expression, without losing much in point of sound. It offended, because it seemed careless, and as if he respected little the prevailing taste of his readers: but it was far from being unpolished as it seemed. He tells us, that the lines of his earlier poems were touched and retouched, with fastidious delicacy: his ear was not easily pleased; and yet, if we may judge from one or two specimens of alterations, his corrections very often injured what they were meant to repair. As to the kind of zeal which abounded in those poems, and which, as we have said, was one obstacle to their success, it was not the earnestness which gave offence, so much as the manner in which it was displayed. And it is true, that fierce and angry sarcasm is a very injudicious way of expressing generous emotions. We see very little of it in the letters of Cowper, where he pours out his soul without reserve, and we hardly know how to account for his adopting it in those poems. But whatever his motive may have been, the public could not be

persuaded that bitterness was any proof of deep conviction ; or that those who were most severe upon offences and offenders, were the most likely to attempt their reform. We occasionally witness similar displays of feeling, and it is easy to see that, while they are hailed with acclamations by all who agree in opinion with the writer, they are offensive and disgusting to those whose hearts it is most important to reach. It was truly said of these poems, in the words of the younger Pliny, translated, " many passages are delicate, many sublime, many beautiful, many tender, many sweet, many acrimonious." " Yes, yes," said Cowper, " the latter part is very true indeed ; there are many acrimonious." The truth was probably, that, as often happens in men of retired habits, his words outran his feelings.

Those of the earlier poems which are written in this spirit, are quite inferior to the others. *Expostulation*, which treats the sins of his country in a solemn tone of remonstrance and warning, is an admirable poem ; it breathes a spirit resembling that of one of the ancient prophets—grave, dignified, and stern. Its sound is that of a trumpet blown to warn the people—a sound, which wakes no angry passion, but before which the heart stands still and listens with a shuddering chill of dread. *Conversation* is next in excellence ; it is written in a fine strain of humour, not with the " droll sobriety" of Swift, nor the grave irony of Fielding, but with a wit peculiarly his own, such as makes his letters the best English specimen of that kind of writing, and at times affords a singular contrast with his gloom.

The *Task* is a work of more pretension than his other writings, we mean in its form : for it has no singleness of subject, and is in fact a collection of poems, in each of which the topic which affords the name serves only as a text, to which the images and sentiments of the writer are attached by the most capricious and accidental associations. One advantage of this freedom is, that it affords an agreeable variety ; it excludes nothing above or beneath the moon ; it requires no unity of thought, or manner, and permits the poet to pass from the serious to the playful, at his pleasure, without formal apology or preparation. Cowper certainly availed himself of the privilege, and made his readers acquainted with all his feelings, circumstances, and opinions, affording a curious example of a man, reserved to excess in social life, and almost erring on the side of frankness in his writings, if we can possibly call that frankness excessive, which simply tells what all the world was burning to know. For we must consider that his previous works had made him known sufficiently to gain him the reputation of a genius, at a time when such stars were not common in the British sky. He made his first appearance, too, in the maturity of his years and powers—no one had beheld his rising

—no one had marked him till he suddenly emerged from the cloud. There was a natural desire to know who and what he was—and all such questions were answered in the poem, in a manner which rendered his readers familiar with his powerful mind and amiable heart. They found much to respect in the vigour of his understanding, which refused to be enslaved by inherited prejudices, and manifested every where a manly love of freedom and of truth: nor could any one help admiring his singleness of heart, and the openness with which he declared its emotions. The effect of the work was greater than can now be imagined: it conducted many to the pure fountains of happiness which are found by those who commune with nature, and many to those sources of religious peace, which keep on flowing when all earthly springs are dry. It tended to make man feel an interest in man, and opened the eyes of thousands to those traditional abuses, which are detested as soon as the attention of the world is directed full upon them: and in a literary point of view, it gladdened the hearts of all who felt an interest in English poetry, by reviving its old glories at the moment when the last beam of inspiration seemed to have faded from the sky.

As a poet, Cowper was a man of great genius, and in a day when poetry was more read than at present, enjoyed a popularity almost unexampled. The strain of his writing was familiar even to homeliness. He drew from his own resources only; throwing off all affectation and reserve, he made his reader acquainted with all his sentiments and feelings, and did not disguise his weaknesses and sorrows. There is always something attractive in this personal strain, where it does not amount to egotism, and he thus gained many admirers, who never would have been interested by poetry alone. The religious character of his writings was also a recommendation to many, beside those who favoured views of that subject similar to his own. There were those who felt, like Burns, that “bating some scraps of Calvinistic divinity, the Task was a noble poem.” There was a wide sympathy, a generous regard for all the human race expressed in it, which gave his readers a respect for his heart. Then, too, his views of nature were drawn from personal observation; all his readers could remember or at any time see those which precisely resembled the subjects of his description. He associated no unusual trains of thought, no feelings of peculiar refinement, with the grand and beautiful of nature, while at the same time the strain of his sentiment was pure, manly, and exalted. By addressing himself to the heart universal, and using language such as could be understood by the humble as well as the high, he influenced a wider circle than any poet who went before him; and by inspiring a feeling of intimacy, a kind of domestic confidence in his readers, he made his works “household words,” and all who shared his feelings became interested in his fame.

NOTICES.

ART. XI.—*Illustrations of the New Testament, from Original Paintings by R. Westall and J. Martin; with Descriptions.* By the Rev. H. CAUNTER. London: Churton. 1836.

THESE are eight engravings in each part. The pictures and the descriptions are happily wedded together, and strongly illustrative of the spirit of the New Testament. We always try such works by asking ourselves, do they leave a deeper and more vivid conception of the simple but affecting narratives, and of the divine character as exhibited in the Holy Scriptures, than before we examined them? According to the result do we speak of such works, and on this principle we praise these illustrations. There is singular neatness, completeness, and judgment in Mr. Caunter's short descriptions. We must not pass unnoticed the fact, that the pictures and letter-press are of form and size that will suit and embellish any New Testament, from the largest quarto downwards.

ART. XII.—*Five Hundred Questions on Geography, being a Series of First Exercises in that Important Branch of Education.* By W. H. SLOMAN. London: Whittaker.

THESE questions regard the most important points in the Map of the World—of the Four Quarters of the Globe—of the British Isles, &c. The author states that they have been successfully used by himself, which we cannot doubt, seeing that they require of the pupil answers that are of eminent practical utility. Thus, regarding the British Isles:—

“Of what is the United Kingdom composed?”

In what year, and in whose reign was Scotland united to England?

When did the Irish Union take place?

Where does England make the nearest approach to the Continent?

What counties are most productive of iron?”

ART. XIII.—*A German Interpreter, or Short Key to the German Language, with an Easy Introduction to the Grammar.* By a Teacher of the English Language, at the College of Frankfort on the Maine. London: F. Coghlan.

To beginners in the study of the German language, this very small publication offers a plain and simple help, while to those who visit Germany, and are previously totally unacquainted with the language of the country, it will be a still more valuable assistant, on account of its short, comprehensive, and easy character. The “Interpreter” contains a great variety of idiomatic and familiar matter, with which the traveller requires to be acquainted; and the notes interspersed, give and receive from such illustrations, a good deal of grammatical information, that will be most readily appreciated.

ART. XIV.—*A Guide up the Rhine, from London.* By FRANCIS COGHLAN. London: Coghlan.

THIS Guide can be described in the shortest way, by taking its character from the lengthened title-page. It conducts the traveller from Lon-

don up the Rhine, by Rotterdam, the Hague, and Amsterdam; Ostend, Brussels, and Cologne; and Dover, Calais, Brussels, and Antwerp. It describes every place and object worthy of notice in each route. It contains a great variety of minute information regarding the fares of packets and diligences; as also passports, tables of coins, lists of expenses, &c., and every matter of practical utility to travellers through Holland and Germany. The map by which the volume is illustrated, presenting routes to the principal towns in Europe, adds much to the value of this Guide. Altogether, it is worthy of Mr. Coghlan, whose works of a similar class are well known and approved of.

ART. XV.—*The Galley; a Poem, in Two Cantos, Descriptive of the Loss of a Naval Officer and Five Men, off St. Leonards, Nov. 20th, 1834.* By the Rev. EDWARD CORBOLD, M.A. London: Boone. 1835.

"THE Galley," it is said by the author, forms a faithful record of the sad event set forth in the title-page. It is a poem of no ordinary merit; and although the narrative be without much of the ambitious imagery of laboured verses, it yet fills the mouth of the reader with manly words and the heart with noble sentiments. It is a moving tale, rapidly, vividly, and vigorously told. There is a singular command of appropriate language, of flowing lines, and happy rhythms, throughout the whole; proving not only that the author is capable of writing first-rate heroic ballads, but more intricate and difficult pieces. The few verses that we quote as a specimen, will show how easy and natural is his description, and how impressive his reflections. Poetry that is worthy of a man to write, and a man to read, should contain something better than "Ohs!" and "ings," and soft cadences, pretty lisplings, or empty conceits. It should in every case melt, elevate, or teach, at the same time that it delights, with the beauties of poetic language, as the following verses do—the first two taken from the opening, the other from the closing of the poem.

"The sun had robed the sky with red;
 Yes, Rosa, where we stood,
 We saw him seek his ocean-bed;
 He kiss'd the brow of Beechy-Head,
 Then sank into the flood.

There rose a cloud behind that hill
 As he withdrew his ray:
 Methought that cloud foreboded ill,
 Though the night winds were hush'd and still,
 Though calm old Ocean lay.

* * * * *

And who art thou, pale mourner, say,
 Whose tears forget to flow?
 Why fling those time-thinn'd locks away
 To the rude winds?—Already grey;
 Bleach'd less by age than woe!

And dost thou mourn thy fav'rite son ;
 Thy youngest born—thy best—
 Most loved—because thy youngest one !
 The boy, that thou hast doted on,
 And priz'd beyond the rest ?

* * * * *

'Tis not an urn, or marble bust,
 Shall in his ear proclaim,
 The deeds of our departed dust,
 Or on his mighty wisdom thrust
 A vain and empty name !

The worlds were modell'd by his might,
 And seas were made to flow ;—
 He hath created all things right ;
 Then all are holy in his sight—
 Yea, e'en those waves below !

'Twas on the deep, ere order reign'd,
 Or ever time begun
 His mighty spirit, unrestrain'd,
 Moved—brooding o'er the flood ;—and deign'd
 To rest those waves upon !

Then think not in that hour of need
 Thy boy was less his care ;
 God in his wisdom had decreed
 A soul from thralldom should be freed,
 And live, a spirit fair.

Beyond the bellowing storms of time !
 Beyond, or care or pain ;
 A witness of his ways sublime !
 The creature of a happier clime !—
 Thou'lt see thy boy again.—

Thou'lt go to him—he, not to thee
 Return ; the spark hath fled !
 O, let thy lamp still lighted be—
 The Grave shall yield its victory—
 The Sea give up its dead !”

ART. XVI.—*An Attempt to shew that by a Law of Reflection existing in Nature, every one is the Performer of Acts similar to those he attributes to others ; that Self-preservation is Self-destruction, &c.* London: Palmer.

A PAMPHLET strictly of a piece with its title. Paradox contradictions, gratuitous assertions, undefined terms, where a good deal of ingenuity mingles, which, if properly regulated might amount to something valuable, are the features of this display. The author has a considerable share of self-knowledge and candour about him too ; for he says in a short preface, that “ he believes what he has written must very much depend upon the patience of the reader, in order to be understood, and that a person who will not read it with the attention which the nature of the

subject, and the defects of the writer require, might as well proceed no further than the preface." And yet the pamphlet extends only to forty octavo pages, in the course of which the author confesses twice that he has deviated from his subject—that subject being a principle, the knowledge of which is to furnish a remedy for the greatest and most extensive evils. How much nonsense do some persons contrive to utter in a short time!

ART. XVII.—*Animal Magnetism and Homœopathy*. By E. LEE, formerly House Surgeon to St. George's Hospital. London: Churchill. 1835.

THIS sensible and judicious pamphlet forms an appendix to observations by the same author, on the principal medical institutions and practice of France, Italy, and Germany. Animal Magnetism, which at one time excited so much attention on the continent, but never, we believe, extensively in England, has been for a number of years despised and nearly exploded, as a piece of almost matchless quackery, and most absurd pretension, even in the history of medicine—which is saying a great deal. It has been ascertained, that when the adept who practised the art, obtained not the desired symptoms and effects of his power through collusion and trickery, the supposed action on the body was referrible to the influence exerted through the medium of the imagination. The author gives a curious description of the procedure and manipulation observed by the magnetiser with his patients. Homœopathy, of which we had some months ago occasion to take notice, in consequence of a small publication then put forth by an English practitioner, is, according to Mr. Lee, an analogous influence to the former. We, of ourselves, pretend to know nothing of the matter, excepting what we have read in the publication of the homœopathist just now alluded to, and in the present; but we must say, that Mr. Lee seems to offer facts, experience, and reasons for his doctrine, which are not likely soon to be overturned.

ART. XVIII.—*Lays of the Heart, being an Ode to the Memory of a Father; and other Poems*. By J. S. C. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1836.

IT is very clear from the dedication, the advertisement, and the appendix, that though Mr. J. S. C. believes himself a poet, that he is neither a very manly nor varied one. We really do hope in this instance, at least, "that poesy is not always an index of the mind" of the poet, as he tells his patroness, Miss L. E. Landon, to whom these *Lays of the Heart* are dedicated; for really, if we are to judge from these, the tiny silken thread of puling plaintiveness that seeks its way, with a matchless sameness from the beginning to the ending of the volume, affords evidence only of a very pretty gentleman, who has culled from a number of very pretty poets their prettiest epithets and measures. The delicacy of J. S. C. is perfectly delectable, and, we were going to say, that his self-complacency was still more so, as witness the following specimen, which, in every respect, forms a fair example. Our readers must be satisfied with three verses from the "Poet's Farewell to his Harp."

"Go rest on the willow, while over thy slumbers
The soft winds of Heaven shall peacefully play;
The dirge that in passing, they breathe o'er thy numbers
May save for an instant thy chords from decay.

Yes, sad are the strains that the wild hand of feeling
Hath wrung from thy strings, my poor harp, I allow,
And deep was the anguish—too deep for revealing,
Save only to friend sympathetic as thou.

Alas, for the bard! he must leave thee for ever,
The toils of the world are unfitting for thee:
My own plaintive harp, 'tis in sadness we sever,
But duty, stern duty, impels the decree."

ART. XIX.—*The Pictorial Bible; illustrated with many Hundred Wood-cuts.* London: Knight.

THE principal feature of the "Pictorial Bible" is defined by its title—which is, to make the objects described or referred to in the Holy Scriptures familiar to the eye of the general reader. The wood-cuts, it is promised, are to represent the historical events after the most celebrated pictures; the landscape scenes are to be from original drawings or from authentic engravings; and the subjects of natural history, of costume, and of antiquities, from the best sources. To all this is to be added original notes chiefly explanatory of the engravings and of such other passages as more particularly require elucidation. The first part is before us, price two shillings; and, in so far as it goes, redeems the pledges thus given. The wood cuts are effective pictures, and among the very finest specimens of that style of engraving, that we have ever witnessed. The notes are judicious and pious; and as they are chiefly devoted to an explanation of the objects mentioned in the text, the work must be acceptable to all denominations of Christians.

The proprietors promise to complete the "Pictorial Bible" in 18 or at most, 20 parts. It is of a super-royal octavo form, and is printed on a fine thick paper, with a bold type. It cannot fail of success, if the whole be as beautiful and valuable as the present specimen. It would appear that a Picture-Bible is publishing in Germany, with remarkable success.

ART. XX.—*Dialogues on Popery.* By JACOB STANLEY. London: Mason. 1836.

ACCORDING to the preface, the author's object in these Dialogues, "is to prevent the progress of what he believes to be the vilest corruption of Christianity." He adds, "in accomplishing this, he has met fearlessly and fairly the most potent arguments he has been able to select from the writings of the advocates of popery. He has weighed it in the balances of Scripture, reason, and antiquity, and in each has found it wanting." Now, although nothing can be farther from our intention than to enter into controversy on points of religious belief, it must be evident to every one, that where a person expresses himself so strongly hostile to a religion, as the author has done in his preface, he is not likely, if a bold, to

be a fair mouth-piece as respects the arguments of his antagonists. The author has the dialogues all his own way—he both questions and answers; and therefore the presumption is against his fairness. We must add, that there is much coarseness [in these same dialogues, and a levity, which, admitting his antagonists to be wrong, ill becomes the solemn subjects handled, and the creed of millions.

ART. XXI.—*The Assembled Commons, 1836. An Account of each Member of Parliament, embracing Particulars of His Family, &c.* London: Churton.

THE author declares that his sole purpose, in this publication, has been to afford authentic information regarding the several members of the British senate, without verging on the spirit of party. The same information certainly is not to be found within such a narrow compass, or anywhere; and therefore, we can easily believe him when he says, that he has obtained it from sources peculiarly his own. A specimen will best show the character of the work, and recommend it. We open at random.

“PEASE (SOUTH DURHAM).

“Joseph Pease of Southend, a worsted manufacturer of the firm of Pease and Co., Darlington Mills, has sat for the county since the passing of Reform, and advocates ultra-liberal principles. He is a member of the Society of Friends, and the first of that singular yet highly respectable body who has had a seat in parliament. From principle Mr. Pease pays the closest attention to the business of the house, and is unremitting in his attendance. In addressing the speaker, or mentioning a member, he avoids all honorary distinctions whatever.”

ART. XXII.—*Graphic Illustrations of the Life and Times of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* Murray. 1836.

THESE illustrations are to extend to four parts; each part to contain six engravings, consisting, generally, of two portraits of distinguished individuals who occupy a prominent place in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; two landscapes of the actual localities of the Doctor's life; and two plates containing fac-similes of the autographs of his personal friends and contemporaries, explained by short biographical and other notices.

Part second, for February, is now before us, and is in every respect worthy of the publisher, and the *Life and Times* it is meant to embellish. The engraving of the Sketch of General Oglethorpe, conveys the characteristic intelligence and earnestness of that benevolent man most gratefully; while the exquisite portrait of that injured statesman, Warren Hastings, from an original painting by Osias Humphry, and engraved by Finden, is really an enviable picture. These illustrations will enrich the new variorum edition of Boswell's *Life of the Great Lexicographer*, far beyond the amount of their price; for the work which can never require a successor, is not perfect without them.

ART. XXIII.—*The Magazine of Health; conducted by a practising Physician.* London: Tilt. 1836.

Two numbers of this Magazine are now before us. Its professed object is the treatment of human health in a popular form, avoiding all quackery.

"Its aim," it is said farther in the prospectus, "is not to supersede the medical attendant, but rather to assist him in his endeavours to improve the physical condition of his *fellow-creatures*, by informing *them* of the principles on which health depends; of the causes which most commonly disorder the system; of the means of preventing the accession of disease; and, so far as attention to diet, and to the various measures that may be classed under the head of regimen, can effect it—of the means by which *his* maladies may be relieved or alleviated." This explanation is neither very lucid, nor, as the words which we have marked show, very grammatical. The meaning seems to be, that the Magazine is intended to enable every person who will study it, to lend a hand to the professional gentleman—establishing a sort of universal half-medical knowledge throughout the community. The heads of some of the sections which are to form a part of each number strengthen this interpretation. We have only farther to say, that from the present specimens, we do not think much more favourably of the execution than of the principle of the work; and that its utility and literature are pretty nearly on a par.

ART. XXIV.—*The Cabinet Library of scarce and celebrated Tracts.*
Edinburgh: Thomas Clark.

THERE are three numbers of these Tracts before us; the first containing "Sir James Mackintosh's Introductory Lecture on the Law of Nature and Nations," delivered in 1798, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and which from men of all parties and of the greatest note and learning has secured unlimited praise. Mr. Pitt said, "I have never met with anything so able and elegant on the subject in any language." The second number gives us "Mr. Justice Story's Discourse on the past History, present State, and future Prospects of the Law." Many of our readers must know that Dr. Story, who is one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States of America, is a legal scholar and philosopher of the highest order. The candour, the sagacity, and the elegant breadth of his views in this tract, for instance, are as perfect and beautiful as anything we ever met with. In the third number is to be found, "Lowman's Arguments to prove the Unity and Perfections of God, *a priori*," which was published a century ago. This kind of reasoning on the subject in question has of late been generally considered as inconclusive, owing probably to the disadvantageous form in which Dr. Samuel Clarke has put it. We must say that Lowman has presented the argument in a much simpler and more satisfactory shape, which deserves universal consideration. The tract, however, has for long been one of the scarcest in English theological literature, and will now have a wide circulation, as indeed must the whole of these rare gems, which are also recommended by their neat form and cheapness.

ART. XXV.—*Rhymes from Italy, in a Series of Letters to a Friend in England.* London: Ridgway. 1836.

THE rhymesters that do such wonders while standing on one foot, are the most tiresome animals on the face of the earth: as for example,

"In hunting for pictures, for statues, for music,
It oft has made me, and I'm sure must make you sick—

To think what snug comforts we all leave at home for it;
 And let it but only be fix'd in the minds of us,
 That pleasure is spreading her lap in these climes for us;
 And quick, in a moment, away we all roam for it.
 But hold—this prancing steed will not
 Go either in a walk, or trot;
 But starts in lines so very long—
 In truth, they ne'er will suit my song.
 So, I must look about to find
 A beast more suited to my mind;
 I hate such high-flown, bounding paces,
 Just only fit for Epsom races."

Such is the opening of the *Rhymes from Italy*, and the author supposes them Hudibrastic. Pity the man! But then they were entirely unpremeditated, and "have been written quite extempore," for I "never sat down to them one single hour, with the exception of the time employed in writing a fair copy. They have all been composed in walking about when I happened to be alone, or travelling in a diligence, or mail-paced vettura;" but "I am not quite certain that I could have done them much better with the greatest care and attention." Nothing more likely. What next?

ART. XXVI.—*The Kingstonian Poems*. By WM. KINGSTON, the "Inventor of the Art of Painting in Dry Colours," Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THOUGH the title be something queer, the preface to the *Kingstonian Poems* is queerer still. William Kingston says that he wrote several poems in 1816, but that until about six months ago he seldom ever felt any movings in that way. Within the said six months, however, "on my arrival in Plymouth," continues William Kingston, "the poetical faculties of my mind were irresistibly excited to such a degree, as to make me entirely neglect my art of painting; and in fifteen days, ninety of the poems in this volume were written." "My aim has been to write for the voice, inasmuch as the character of the human mind is more affected by song, than by lengthened tales." Let Spenser, Byron, and all the other long-winded fellows hide their heads in presence of William Kingston, the author of "*The Kingstonian Poems*." Again, "My aim has been to avoid the introduction of everything offensive to morality or delicacy." There are some misgivings, it would appear, on the score of decency; but then let it be remembered, that when one is so irresistibly excited, how can one be accountable? Lastly, "I presume I have brought before the public a sufficient number of pieces for their decision, which, if favourable, I shall write another volume." Excellent! let it be done in fifteen days, and also christened after William Kingston, for no other name is worthy of them, and the world can never sufficiently reward the poet, as all will confess who read the two first verses of the "*Tailor Sailor*."

"A country tailor went to sea,
 To mend old Neptune's breeches;

But soon he found to his surprise,
 They were not made with stitches.
 Oh! the wondrous stitches,
 Found in Neptune's breechs.
 They bade him at the anchor heave,
 Who'd only heav'd a needle—
 To fire a gun, just for their fun;
 Away went Jemmy Tweedle.
 Oh! the wondrous stitches,
 Found in Neptune's breeches."

ART. XXVII.—*The School Boy; a Poem.* By THOMAS MAUDE, M. A.
 London: Longman. 1836.

THIS is a poem, indeed, full of the fresh breathings of tenderest, fondest, purest recollections, from a mind of high culture, an imagination of fine compass, and one whose taste for the nobler beauties of the muse cannot be questioned. We must not forestall the reader's pleasure and profit, or mar the power of "The School Boy," by any prosaic account of its parts. A short extract, however, will be sufficient to show to every one that the author is incapable of writing badly or thinking sillily. But to those whose knowledge is familiar of the localities described, these being at Ovingham, on the banks of the Tyne, and in Durham, the poem will present peculiar beauties. We quote an apostrophe to the Tyne.

"Dear native stream! along whose broomy shore,
 In life's first morn I seem to roam once more,
 Where Akenside, where Bewick thought it sweet
 To press thy pastoral marge with filial feet—
 While each, with pencil or with lyre renown'd,
 Made all thy wooded vales poetic ground;—
 Musing on thee, meandering wild and clear,
 I clasp, in thought, all—all to childhood dear;
 O! I forget the years that intervene—
 Before my eye fresh blooms each earliest scene;
 Again, mine ear thy rippling music charms,
 And every first-born joy my fluttering bosom warms."

ART. XXVIII.—*Eupædia; or, Letters to a Mother on the Watchful Care of her Infant.* By a Physician. London: Sherwood and Co.

THE author means by the term *eupædia*, the happiness of having *healthy* children, and has given in this series of plain, practical, and unambitious letters, a great deal more of interesting and deeply important instruction than we expected either from the size or the title of the book; for, so often have we reason to be disappointed with popular medical manuals, that we are apt to presume unfavourably of every new publication of the kind. It is a little volume exempt from quackery, and admirably calculated to impress upon a mother not merely the magnitude of her duties to her infant, but to teach her a great variety of lessons, which every affectionate bosom

will delight to study and cherish. The title of a few of the nineteen Letters, here introduced, will afford some idea of the nature and value of its contents. Thus, the first six or seven are headed:—Of the Duties of a Mother and of Wet-nurses—Of the Early Detection of Infantile Diseases—Of the Countenance—Of the Gestures—Of the Breathing and of the Beat of the Heart—Of the Cry, &c.

ART. XXIX.—*The Youthful Impostor.* By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS. London: F. Coghlan.

THE author commends his work to the "tedious hour of some love-sick maiden or amorous youth;" consisting, as he says it does, of "the labrations of one who has boldly set forth into the world to vary the sameness so incidental to modern novels." In truth, it is only suited to the melancholic or the foolish; while its bad taste and outrageous improbabilities are even too much for love-sick maidens and amorous youths. His departure from the sameness so incidental to modern novels, is all for the worse.

ART. XXX.—*Antipathy; or, the Confessions of a Cat-hater.* Edited by JOHN AINSLIE, Esq., Author of *Aurungzebe*. Macrone.

THERE is much improbability in the account of the manner in which the autobiography of Mr. Butler got into the hands of the author, and something more than extravagantly silly in supposing a man's history to be controlled, and throughout life affected by the antipathy which cats have been capable of exciting. Still there are many laughable and moving adventures at home and abroad detailed in these volumes, and some valuable information given. The title and the burden of the story, however, are ludicrously absurd and vulgar, forming a constant blemish to descriptions that would otherwise be effective. It is one thing to be original and another to be *outré*.

ART. XXXI.—*Progressive Exercises in English Grammar. Part II. Containing the Principles of the Synthesis or Construction of the English Language.* By R. G. PARKER, A. M. London: Priestley, 1836.

A FORMER part of this Grammar, containing the Analysis, or the Principles of English Parsing, has in a short time gone through six editions. This volume contains the application of these principles in the construction of English sentences; and a third part is shortly to appear, containing the Prosody of the Language. The plan of this series of Parts, and of the Exercises in each Part, is excellent, and the fulfilment of that plan not less so. It appears to us that the aid which these works will afford to teachers, as a guide, will be the channel of the most manifest and effective good they will yield in a systematic course of education; while the simplicity, the precision, and the philosophic order of progression which characterizes them, cannot but find a welcome scope and produce an appropriate

and corresponding effect in the eager and naturally grasping mind of every ingenuous youth. We look upon these works as possessed of first-rate merit; they are calculated to lay a sure and sound foundation in the knowledge of our rich language, and form an admirable introduction to the study of the most celebrated works on rhetoric and literary composition.

ART. XXXII.—*What is Phrenology? Its Evidence and Principles familiarly Considered.* By EDWIN SAUNDERS. London: H. Benshaw.

THIS short, plain, and elegant work will convey to the ordinary reader in the course of half an hour, which its perusal will not require, a more satisfactory knowledge of the science of phrenology, than the examination of a number of volumes where it is more systematically treated. Like the author's "Five Minutes' Advice on the Care of the Teeth," this little tract impresses the reader with the conviction that every thing, and nothing more, has here been said on the subject that is necessary. It will make converts to the doctrines of phrenology.

ART. XXXIII.—*The Elements of Latin Grammar, for the Use of Schools.* By RICHARD HILEY. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

MR. HILEY has already a well known name through his excellent English Grammar and other elementary works; and he has in the present manual added to the number of his valuable productions. His object in it is to furnish the classical student, at a trifling expense, with a good First and Second Latin Grammar, a desideratum which in the generality of schools is much wanted, where no other than a common grammar is adopted. No other or better recommendation can be given to the work than the following, by the venerable Archdeacon Butler. "I think," says he, "your book, wherever I have examined it, done with care and ability; it is short, clear, and well selected, and likely to be very useful."

ART. XXXIV.—*The Portfolio; or, a Collection of State Papers, &c. &c. Illustrative of the History of Our Times.* Vol. I. London: Ridgway. 1836.

OUR readers must be generally aware, from the noise which the Newspapers have made about these papers, that they possess no ordinary degree of importance as specimens of diplomacy, and still more as regards the late and present condition of the great European powers. There has been a good deal of curiosity expressed touching the authenticity of these documents, nor does the notice prefixed to their present collected form, afford a more precise answer, than that the reader must judge for himself, and trust to his own lights. But until we see, which we believe has not yet appeared, a formal and authoritative refutation of their claim to being genuine, it is but fair that the parties whose political intrigues and designs are herein exposed, should be held as confessed, and the whole as authentic. If so, what an array of talent, what a depth of duplicity, and

what a complication of designs have been united, through the efforts of certain foreign statesmen, against the liberties of Europe and the world, while England was ignorant of the existence of such engines, and at ease in her false security! The Portfolio, which will continue to be published periodically, if it really has got possession of the real diplomatic documents sent by Russian ambassadors and others from England and France to their own cabinets, will, we doubt not, effectually open the eyes of these nations to the unbounded and faithless ambition of the northern autocrat, before it be too late.

We feel that these papers, to be at all intelligibly and fairly handled in a review, would require a comment of a length and a nature not suitable to our pages. But, to all who take a deep and enlightened interest in European politics, and who are willing to become familiarized with such diplomatic assurance; and daring intrigues, as without ocular demonstration, it would be thought madness to credit, let them peruse and judge of the papers before us, regarding as they do, not ancient or distant transactions, but the events and the prospects of the present time.

ART. XXXV.—*The Greek Pastoral Poets, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus*. Done into English by M. J. CHAPMAN, M.A., of Trin. Col. Cambridge. London: Fraser. 1836.

MR. CHAPMAN has here presented the English reader with a work which will never, so long as our language remains in its present form, require to be superseded. He may find it necessary in future editions, which the production is sure to reach (for it will take its place among the standard classics that have been "done into English," by the ablest hands), to polish, to mend, or to prune certain passages; but we think there has seldom or never, on its first appearance, in a work of similar extent, been a more satisfactory translation. It exhibits ample proofs of the ripest scholarship, and the power, the ease, and the grace of an accomplished versifier. He entertains, besides, a deep and pure veneration for the sweetest and simplest poets that ever tended the fleecy flocks; and hence arises the spirit and tenderness which he has infused into every part of his work, as well as the fidelity, which depends far more upon the kindred feelings and fancies of the poet and the translator, than a mere knowledge of the original language. Theocritus stands unrivalled among pastoral poets, because his purity and gracefulness are equal to the simple and living nature that breathes throughout every one of his Idyls, while Bion and Moschus are his worthy companions. Of the tuneful three, we confine ourselves to Theocritus, and a portion of his "Despairing Lover."

"Harsh, cruel girl! stone-heart and pitiless!
The nurseling of some savage lioness,
Unworthy love! my latest gift I bring,
This noose—no more will I thine anger sting.
But now I go where thou hast sentenced me—
The common road which all reports agree
Must at some time by all that live be gone,
And where love's cure is found—Oblivion.

Ah! could I drink it all, I should not slake
 My passionate longing; at thy gates I take
 My last farewell, thereto commit indeed
 My latest sigh. The future I can read—
 The rose is beautiful, the rose of prime,
 But soon it withers at the touch of time;
 And beautiful in spring-time to behold
 The violet, but ah! it soon grows old;
 White are the lilies, but they soon decay;
 White is the snow, but soon it melts away;
 And beautiful the bloom of virgin youth,
 But lives a very little time in sooth.
 Thy time will come—thou too at last shalt prove,
 And weep most bitterly, the flames of love.
 But grant, I pray thee, grant my latest prayer;
 When thou shalt see me hanging high in air,
 E'en at thy door—O pass not heedless by!
 But drop a few tears to my memory.
 From the harsh thong unloose thy hapless lover,
 And from thy limbs a garment take, and cover
 The lifeless body, and the last kiss give;
 Fear not that haply I may come alive
 At thy lip's touch—I cannot live again;
 Thy kiss, if given in love, were given in vain!
 Hollow a mound to hide my love's sad end,
 And thrice on leaving cry, 'here lie, my friend!'
 And, if thou wilt, by thee this word be said,
 'Here lies my love, my beautiful is dead.'
 And let this epitaph mine end recall,
 Just at the last I scratch it on thy wall:
 'Love slew him; stop and say—who here is laid
 Well but not wisely loved a cruel maid.'”

ART. XXXVI.—*Practical Mercantile Correspondence. A Collection of Modern Letters of Business, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, &c. &c.* By W. ANDERSON. London: Wilson. 1836.

THIS work will remedy a great defect in the initiatory studies of young men in this country, destined to a commercial career. Along with the practical lessons taught, and the habits and spirit of business induced by a great variety of genuine commercial letters here brought together, the work will confer a taste for literary neatness and elegance in one of the most important duties of the counting-house, viz. in letter-writing. Mr. Anderson has selected simple transactions, and in many cases given the entire correspondence relating to them. In some instances, he has confined himself to the one side only, to afford the student an opportunity of concocting an answer, by way of exercise. It appears to us, that to commercial teachers, as well as pupils, the present work will be of great and immediate service; and perhaps not less so to foreigners who are solicitous to acquire the English commercial style.

There is a valuable appendix to the work, containing *Pro Forma Invoices*, *Account Sales*, *Bills of Lading*, and *Bills of Exchange*; also, an Explanation of the German Chain Rule as applicable to the calculation of *Exchanges*, which, though of unquestionable utility, has hitherto been little known in this country.

ART. XXXVII.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library; an Historical and Descriptive Account of China*. By HUGH MURRAY and others. In 3 vols. Edin. Oliver and Boyd. Lond. Simpkin. 1836.

THE first volume of this important and much wanted work is now before us. It will, we think, be the most valuable and popular portion of the Cabinet to which it belongs—careful, learned, and full of enlightened research, as every branch of this Library has hitherto been. At all times China has been a subject of extraordinary interest and curiosity. The antiquity of the people and their institutions, their stationary character, their peculiar customs, and their probable future history, together with the nature of their connection with the rest of the civilized world, must always be fertile themes for the philosophic historian. But never before has the Celestial Empire been so well understood, or so anxiously regarded, as at the present moment. Our commerce with that immense and wonderful country has reached a crisis of unexampled magnitude and nicety. Upon the firmness, magnanimity, justice, and decision of England, the weightiest interests are placed. The continuance of trade and intercourse between the two empires, upon equitable and friendly terms, and all the concomitant and resulting benefits to both nations, are not the only matters involved. These must no doubt be vast; and among them, the spread of knowledge and true religion, are necessarily comprehended. But we are also to remember, that the cause of the whole of the civilized world is in our hands; that that world has its eyes upon us; and that its respect and homage towards us will be greatly affected according as our conduct may be wise, timid, or shuffling.

At all times the present work would have formed a rich addition to historical literature. It is truly said, that hitherto there has not existed any channel by which the inquirer could obtain a complete and connected view of China, either as to its annals, its commerce, its natural productions, the learning of the people, nor their social habits. There is, to be sure, the general history of the empire, in thirteen large quarto volumes, and sixteen more of miscellaneous memoirs. But from these, although they afford, together with other sources, ample materials for a work like the present, no precise and adequate knowledge could be acquired by the ordinary reader, even though he had time and inclination to peruse them. This production, however, supplies the defect in a manner far more satisfactorily than we could have anticipated; exhibiting, in an instructive and entertaining form, the advances made in civilization and the arts by the Chinese—the most memorable events of their history—together with a philosophical view of the causes whence originated their rise and their downfall. But this is the less to be wondered at, when we find, that, as in the previous portions of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, a number of the ablest pens in the country have bestowed their time and talents upon the history of China also.

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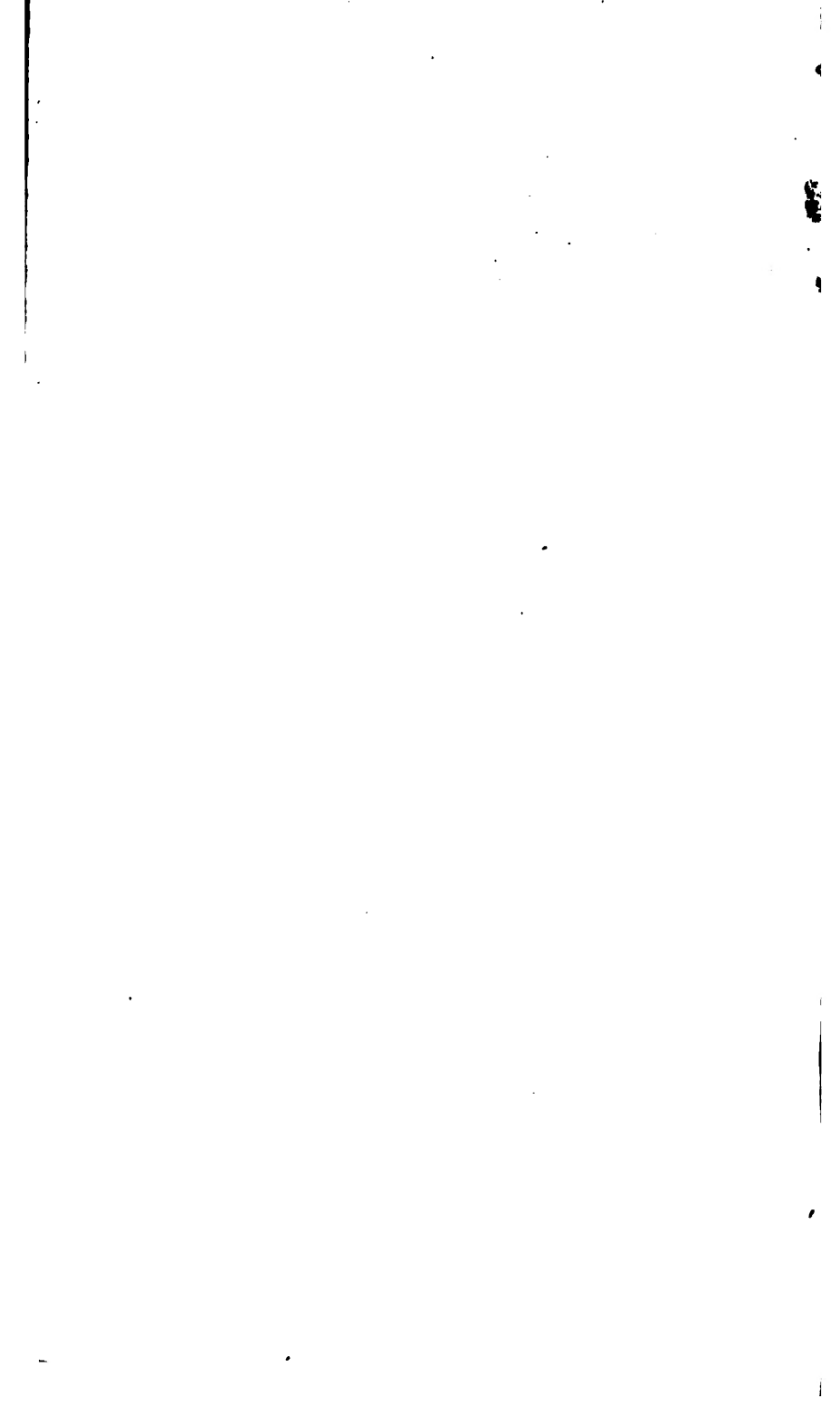
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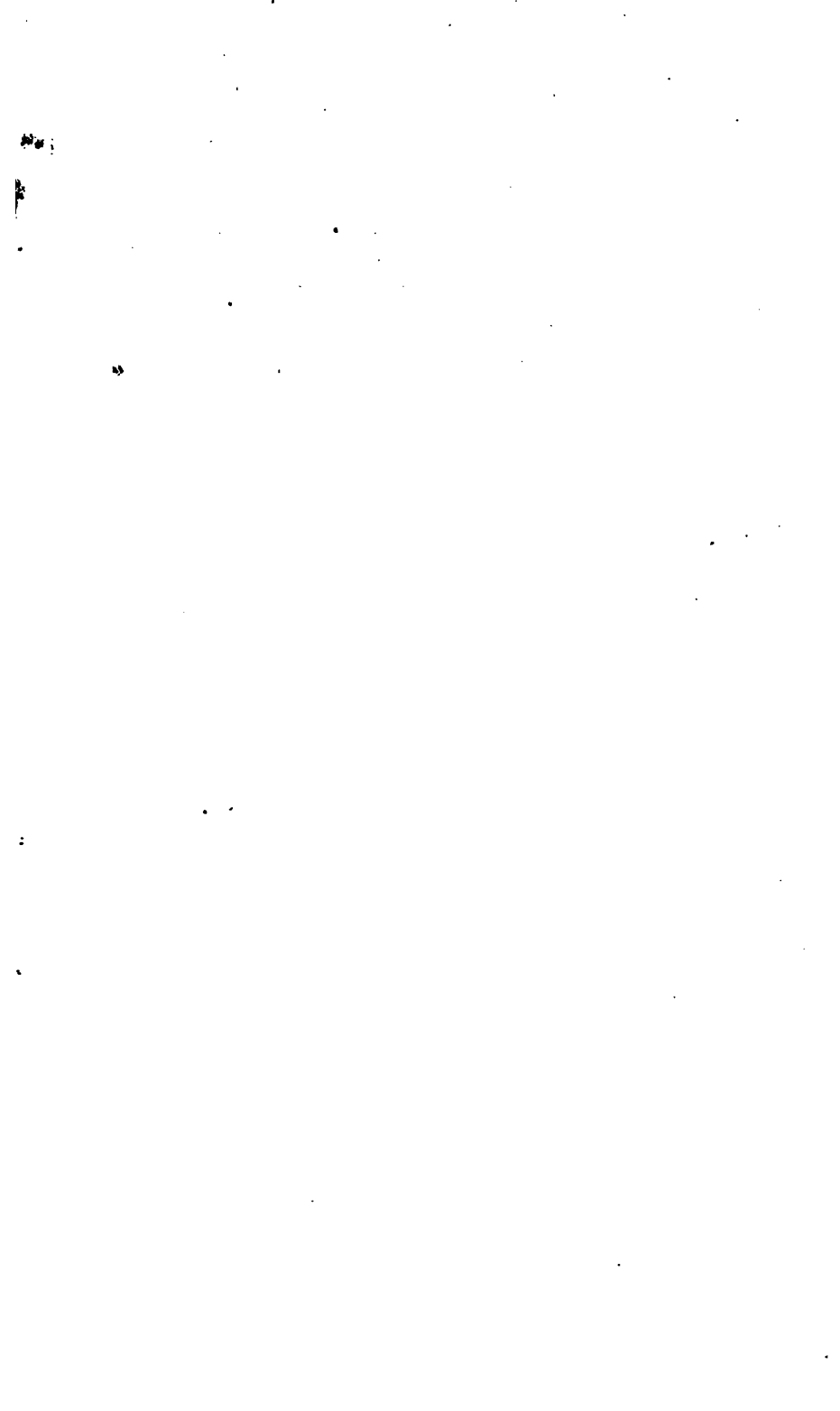
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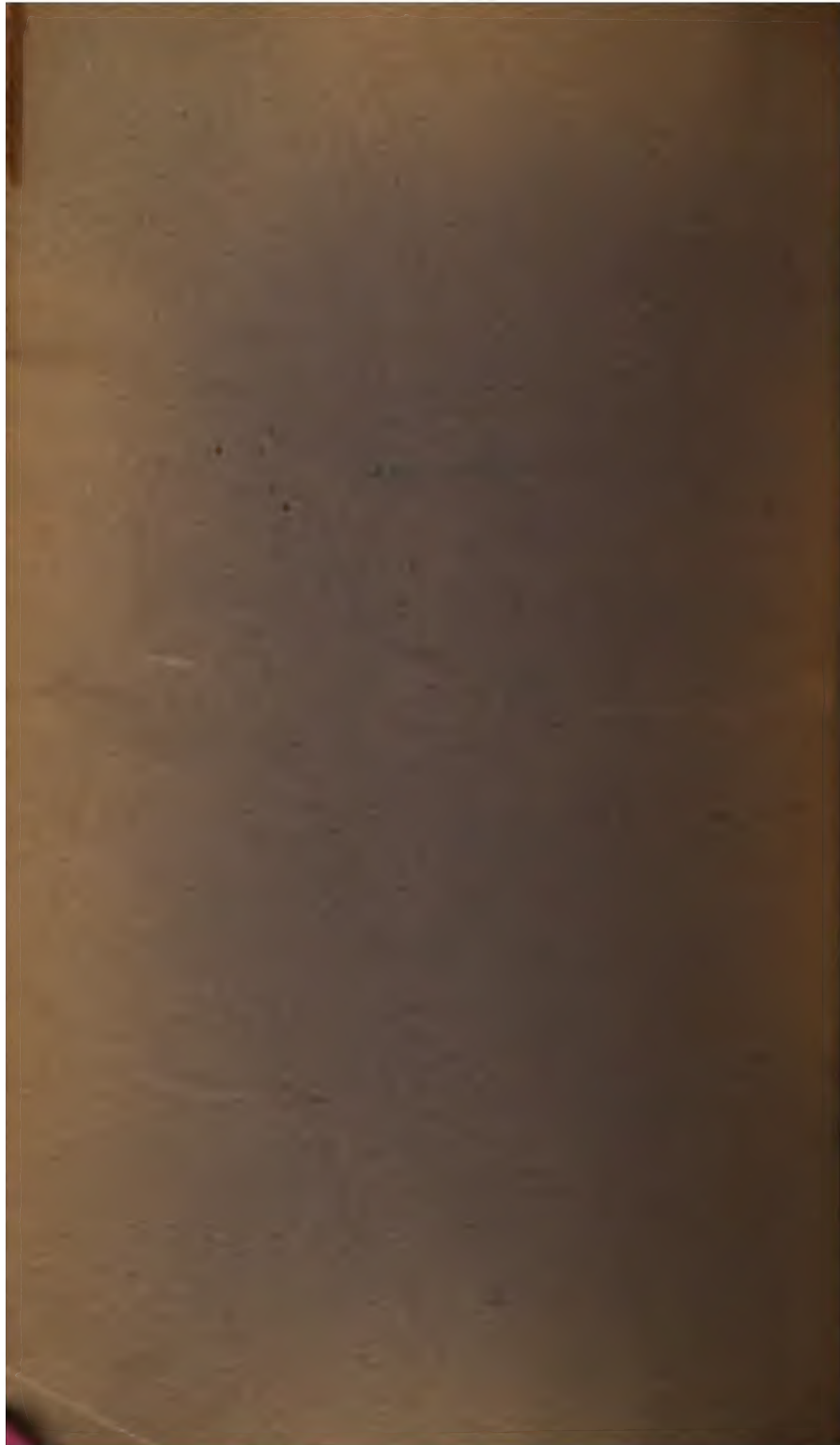












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